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INTERMEDIATE ENGLISH EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

FOR COMPARATIVE STUDY AND TRAINING
IN COMPOSITION

BY

F. H. PRITCHARD

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"ENGLISH EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES" "STUDIES IN LITERATURE"

"TRAINING IN LITERARY APPRECIATION" ETC.

EDITOR OF "ESSAYS OF TO-DAY"

"HUMOUR OF TO-DAY" ETC.



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PREFACE

THIS book is intended to bridge the gap which has been felt to exist between the two earlier books, *English Extracts and Exercises* and *Studies in Literature*. It should meet the requirements of those pupils who are preparing for one or other of the School Certificate examinations.

The general plan of the former books has, in all essentials, been followed here. That is to say, an extract studied intensively is made to yield material for all the English practice that is needed during the week. So the work has an interest which abstract and disconnected exercises can never give. The extracts have been chosen from a wide field, so as to make a collection that shall have a value of its own and at the same time be fairly representative of all the forms and periods of modern English literature.

Brief comments on each passage or group of passages are supplied, with the object of concentrating attention on salient points of thought and expression and of enabling the reader to pierce through the words of the writer to the personality behind them. These notes, it should be observed, are suggestive merely. They are introduced neither to render superfluous the comments of the teacher nor to save thought on the part of the pupil, but rather to stimulate independent effort and to indicate the lines along which original research work may profitably proceed.

The exercises have been framed so as to bring into play all those faculties of criticism and expression that are too often allowed to rust unused. It is presumed that the pupil has already a fair grasp of the elements of his language, but

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

that he stands in need of that facility and felicity of thought and expression which continued practice and wider reading alone can give. This need for wider reading will be met, to some extent at least, by the lists for comparative reading. These each illustrate some topic that arises naturally from the study of the extract. They afford a glimpse of pleasant avenues that will repay exploration at leisure. The books necessary for the pursuit of these comparative readings should form the nucleus of the class library, and a bibliography is appended indicating suitable and accessible editions. Here again it should be borne in mind that this list is suggestive and by no means exhaustive.

It remains to acknowledge my indebtedness to Sir Henry Newbolt for permitting *The Old Superb* to be reprinted from his *Poems New and Old* (John Murray); to Dr Bridges and Mr John Murray for the poem *A Passer-by*; to Mr John Masfield for the poem *An Old Song Re-sung*; to Messrs Longmans, Green and Co. for the passage from Newman's *Idea of a University*; and to Messrs Macmillan and Co., Ltd., for the extract from J. R. Green's *Short History of the English People*.

F. H. P.

CONTENTS

I. EXTRACTS

	PAGE
I. THE COMPLETE LETTER- WRITER <i>Charles Dickens</i> .	13
II. THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT <i>Michael Drayton</i> .	21
III. THE POSTMAN'S KNOCK . <i>Various authors</i> .	27
IV. ULYSSES <i>Lord Tennyson</i> .	35
V. THE ESCAPE FROM THE TOWER <i>Charles Reade</i> .	39
VI. TWO NAVAL EPISODES . <i>Newbolt and Cowper</i>	45
VII. THE ADVENTURES OF A PIECE OF LACE . . . <i>Mrs Gaskell</i> .	50
VIII. THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR <i>Sir Samuel Ferguson</i>	54
IX. THE FIGHT <i>William Hazlitt</i> .	60
X. SEA-SONGS <i>Various authors</i> .	67
XI. THE UMBRELLA . . . <i>George Borrow</i> .	75
XII. TWO DREAMS . . . <i>William Shakespeare</i>	83
XIII. MRS QUILP'S TEA-PARTY . <i>Charles Dickens</i> .	90
XIV. THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS . <i>R. H. Barham</i> .	102
XV. PAGES FROM A DIARY . <i>John Evelyn</i> .	109
XVI. FOUR VIGNETTES . . <i>Various authors</i> .	117
XVII. A CHARACTER-SKETCH . <i>Edmund Burke</i> .	123

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

	PAGE
XVIII. TO A SKYLARK . . . <i>P. B. Shelley</i> .	129
XIX. PEN-PORTRAITS . . . <i>Various authors</i> .	135
XX. THE OPEN AIR . . . <i>William Shakespeare</i>	142
XXI. THE FAMOUS MR JOSEPH ADDISON <i>W. M. Thackeray</i> .	149
XXII. LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCY <i>John Keats</i> . . .	163
XXIII. TWO POPULAR FALLACIES <i>Charles Lamb</i> . .	167
XXIV. THE BATTLE OF NASEBY <i>Lord Macaulay</i> .	174
XXV. A GENTLEMAN . . . <i>J. H. Newman</i> . .	179
XXVI. SAINT BRANDAN . . . <i>Matthew Arnold</i> .	184
XXVII. THE CAT BY THE FIRE . <i>Leigh Hunt</i> . .	189
XXVIII. EIGHT SONNETS . . . <i>Various authors</i> .	198
XXIX. MY FIRST BIVOUAC . . <i>A. W. Kinglake</i> . .	205
XXX. ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY . <i>John Milton</i> . . .	215
XXXI. FIVE PICTURES . . . <i>John Ruskin</i> . . .	225
XXXII. KNOWLEDGE AND UNDER- STANDING <i>Job</i>	232
XXXIII. THE NEW JERUSALEM . <i>Revelation</i> . . .	237

II. EXERCISES

(A) THE USE OF WORDS

Verbs and Nouns, *p.* 43. Verbs and Adjectives, 73. Suitable Verbs, 34. Prepositions, 81. Nouns and Adjectives, 196, 213. Descriptive Words, 121, 128, 196, 213. Unusual Words and Phrases, 116, 224. Puns, 89. Synonyms, 52, 100, 161. Antonyms, 88, 230. Homonyms, 48, 88, 147, 165, 187.

CONTENTS

Substituting Words, 19, 52, 240. Words easily confused, 38, 48, 52, 81, 88, 100, 116, 128, 140, 182, 196, 203. Silent Letters, 25, 33, 147. Ambiguous Words, 25, 58, 165, 178. Meaning of Given Words and Phrases, 19, 43, 48, 58, 107, 213, 224, 240. Words with Like or Similar Endings, 65, 81, 116, 127, 161, 235, 240. Words with *ch*, 172. Words with *ee* Vowel-sound, 187. Pronunciation, 73, 224. Obsolete Words and Archaisms, 116, 224. Words often misused, 140. Emphasis, 235. Dictionary Practice and Research-work, 19, 48, 58, 100, 107, 182, 213.

(B) SENTENCES AND PARAGRAPHS

Sentences containing Given Words, *pp.* 19, 43, 48, 133, 161, 172, 196. Sentences distinguishing between Similar Words, 19, 38, 48, 52, 81, 88, 100, 116, 127, 128, 140, 196. Sentences distinguishing between Ambiguous Words, 25, 43, 58, 133, 165, 203. Changes in Meaning of Sentence, 48, 235. Sentences containing Antonyms, 88, 230. Sentences containing Homonyms, 48, 147, 187. Sentences containing Synonyms, 161. Sentences containing Given Phrases, 100, 107, 187, 213, 214, 240. Sentences containing Words of Similar Endings, 65, 235, 240. Sentences containing Dash and Hyphen, 34. Simple and Complex Sentences, 25. Sentence-length, 65. Comparison between Sentences and Phrases, 231. Paragraphs containing Given Words and Phrases, 107, 240. Paragraph-length, 172. Opening Paragraphs, 230. Descriptive Paragraphs, 38, 116, 134. Descriptive Phrases, 121.

(C) SPELLING AND PUNCTUATION

Abbreviations, *pp.* 19, 52. Dash and Hyphen, 34. Verse-form, 58, 161, 178. Direct and Indirect Form, 81, 100. Completion of Given Words, 65, 240. Accent and Stress, 43, 73, 88, 107, 178, 182, 187, 203, 224. Pauses, 88. Prose- and Verse-form, 58, 107, 121, 161. Pronunciation of *ch*, 172. Eye-rimes, 178. The Long *e* Sound, 187. General Exercises in Punctuation, 43, 53, 81.

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

(D) STYLE

Periphrasis and Circumlocution, *p.* 19. Humour, 19, 107. Effective Words, 25, 121. Suitable Words, 34, 38, 73, 147, 165, 231. Euphemisms, 33. Figurative Expressions, 43, 204, 236. Simile and Metaphor, 133. Alliteration, 25. Puns, 89. Imitative Words, 73. Descriptive Words and Phrases, 121, 128, 182, 196, 214. Obsolete Words and Archaisms, 224. The Word *only*, 48. Hackneyed Phrases, 118. Emphasis, 235. Parallelism, 73, 236. Direct and Indirect Form, 81. Stresses and Pauses, 73, 88, 107. Verse-form, 58, 178. Active and Passive Form, 52. Vowel-music, 133. Comparative Exercises in Style, 65, 140, 161. Rhythm, 165, 178. Sonnet-form, 204. Fast and Slow Time, 165. Musical Lines, 224. Masculine and Feminine Rimes, 25, 224. Rime-pattern, 25, 58, 107, 161, 178, 204. Writing in Given Style, 65. Comments on Style, 231. Poetry and Prose, 121.

(E) ADDITIONAL EXERCISES

Essay-writing, *pp.* 20, 25, 34, 38, 43, 48, 58, 65, 73, 81, 89, 101, 107, 116, 121, 128, 134, 140, 147, 162, 166, 173, 178, 183, 187, 197, 204, 214, 224, 231, 236, 240. Letter-writing, 19, 34, 52, 65, 165. Character-studies, 38, 89. Descriptive Passages, 38, 58, 107, 182. Verse-composition, 58, 89, 161. Pen-portraits, 65, 116, 140, 196. Dialogue, 81, 89. Imaginary Conversation, 178. Story-telling and Story-writing, 38, 43, 52, 89, 107, 166, 173. Narrative-form, 65. Completing a Story, 89. Beginning and Ending an Essay, 230. Parody, 107. Keeping a Diary, 116. Vignettes, 121. Speech-making, 19, 128. Dramatic Form, 89. Exercises in Criticism, 100, 134, 224. Imaginary Interviews, 140, 178. Discussions, 38, 140, 162, 178, 182. Point-of-view Exercises, 52, 65, 89, 116, 140, 147, 173, 187. Précis and Summarizing, 43, 52, 100, 116, 140, 178, 196, 204, 231, 235. Suitable Titles, 43, 140, 165, 196. Prose Versions, 48, 58, 147, 204. Preferences, 48, 73, 133, 203, 231. Reporting, 65, 134. Quotations, 65. Telegrams, 81.

CONTENTS

Eulogies, 81. Comments on Text, 128, 147, 161, 182, 197, 240. Fallacies, 173. Fables, 197. Fairy-tales, 166. Comparisons, 161. Meaning, 224.

GENERAL EXERCISES	242
PASSAGES FOR PRÉCIS-WRITING	248
BOOKS FOR THE CLASS LIBRARY	269

INTERMEDIATE ENGLISH EXTRACTS & EXERCISES

I

THE COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER

To ladies and gentlemen who are not in the habit of devoting themselves practically to the science of penmanship, writing a letter is no very easy task ; it being always considered necessary in such cases for the writer to recline his head on his left arm, so as to place his eyes as nearly as possible on a level with the paper, and while glancing sideways at the letters he is constructing, to form with his tongue imaginary characters to correspond. These motions, although unquestionably of the greatest assistance to original composition, retard in some degree the progress of the writer ; and Sam had unconsciously been a full hour and a half writing words in small text, smearing out wrong letters with his little finger, and putting in new ones which required going over very often to render them visible through the old blots, when he was roused by the opening of the door and the entrance of his parent.

“ Vell, Sammy,” said the father.

“ Vell, my Prooshan Blue,” responded the son, laying down his pen. “ What’s the last bulletin about mother-in-law ? ”

“ Mrs Veller passed a very good night, but is uncommon perwerse, and unpleasant this mornin’. Signed upon oath, S. Veller, Esquire, Senior. That’s the last vun as was issued, Sammy,” replied Mr Weller, untying his shawl.

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

"No better yet?" inquired Sam.

"All the symptoms aggerawated," replied Mr Weller, shaking his head. "But what's that you're a doin' of? Pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, Sammy?"

"I've done now," said Sam with slight embarrassment; "I've been a writin'."

"So I see," replied Mr Weller. "Not to any young 'ooman, I hope, Sammy?"

"Why, it's no use a sayin' it ain't," replied Sam. "It's a valentine."

"A what!" exclaimed Mr Weller, apparently horror-stricken by the word.

"A valentine," replied Sam.

"Samivel, Samivel," said Mr Weller, in reproachful accents, "I didn't think you'd ha' done it. Arter the warning you've had of your father's wicious propensities; arter all I've said to you upon this here wery subject; arter actiwallly seein' and bein' in the company o' your own mother-in-law, vich I should ha' thought wos a moral lesson as no man could never ha' forgotten to his dyin' day! I didn't think you'd ha' done it, Sammy, I didn't think you'd ha' done it!" These reflections were too much for the good old man. He raised Sam's tumbler to his lips and drank off its contents.

"Wot's the matter now?" said Sam.

"Nev'r mind, Sammy," replied Mr Weller, "it'll be a wery agonizin' trial to me at my time of life, but I'm pretty tough, that's vun consolation, as the wery old turkey remarked wen the farmer said he wos afeerd he should be obliged to kill him for the London market."

"Wot'll be a trial?" inquired Sam.

"To see you married, Sammy—to see you a dilluded wictim, and thinkin' in your innocence that it's all wery capital," replied Mr Weller. "It's a dreadful trial to a father's feelin's, that 'ere, Sammy."

THE COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER

"Nonsense," said Sam. "I ain't a goin' to get married, don't you fret yourself about that; I know you're a judge of these things. Order in your pipe, and I'll read you the letter. There!"

We cannot distinctly say whether it was the prospect of the pipe, or the consolatory reflection that a fatal disposition to get married ran in the family and couldn't be helped, which calmed Mr Weller's feelings, and caused his grief to subside. We should be rather disposed to say that the result was obtained by combining the two sources of consolation, for he repeated the second in a low tone, very frequently; ringing the bell meanwhile, to order in the first. He then divested himself of his upper coat; and lighting the pipe and placing himself in front of the fire with his back towards it, so that he could feel its full heat, and recline against the mantelpiece at the same time, turned towards Sam, and, with a countenance greatly mollified by the softening influence of tobacco, requested him to "fire away."

Sam dipped his pen into the ink to be ready for any corrections, and began with a very theatrical air:

" 'Lovely——' "

"Stop," said Mr Weller, ringing the bell. "A double glass o' the invariable, my dear."

"Very well, sir," replied the girl; who with great quickness appeared, vanished, returned, and disappeared.

"They seem to know your ways here," observed Sam.

"Yes," replied his father, "I've been here before, in my time. Go on, Sammy."

" 'Lovely creetur,' " repeated Sam.

" 'Tain't in poetry, is it? " interposed his father.

"No, no," replied Sam.

"Werry glad to hear it," said Mr Weller. "Poetry's unnatural; no man ever talked poetry 'cept a beadle on boxin'

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

day, or Warren's blackin', or Rowland's oil, or some o' them low fellows; never you let yourself down to talk poetry, my boy. Begin again, Sammy."

Mr Weller resumed his pipe with critical solemnity, and Sam once more commenced, and read as follows:

" 'Lovely creetur i feel myself a dammed——' "

"That ain't proper," said Mr Weller, taking his pipe from his mouth.

"No; it ain't 'dammed,'" observed Sam, holding the letter up to the light, "it's 'shamed,' there's a blot there—— 'I feel myself ashamed.' "

"Werry good," said Mr Weller. "Go on."

" 'Feel myself ashamed, and completely cir——' I forget what this here word is," said Sam, scratching his head with the pen, in vain attempts to remember.

"Why don't you look at it, then?" inquired Mr Weller.

"So I *am* a lookin' at it," replied Sam, "but there's another blot. Here's a 'c,' and a 'i,' and a 'd.' "

"Circumwented, p'haps," suggested Mr Weller.

"No, it ain't that," said Sam, "circumscribed; that's it."

"That ain't as good a word as circumwented, Sammy," said Mr Weller, gravely.

"Think not?" said Sam.

"Nothin' like it," replied his father.

"But don't you think it means more?" inquired Sam.

"Vell p'raps it is a more tenderer word," said Mr Weller, after a few moments' reflection. "Go on, Sammy."

" 'Feel myself ashamed and completely circumscribed in a dressin' of you, for you *are* a nice gal and nothin' but it.' "

"That's a werry pretty sentiment," said the elder Mr Weller, removing his pipe to make way for the remark.

"Yes, I think it is rayther good," observed Sam, highly flattered.

"Wot I like in that 'ere style of writin'," said the elder

THE COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER

Mr Weller, "is, that there ain't no callin' names in it,—no Wenuses, nor nothin' o' that kind. Wot's the good o' callin' a young 'ooman a Venus or a angel, Sammy?"

"Ah! what, indeed?" replied Sam.

"You might jist as well call her a griffin, or a unicorn, or a king's arms at once, which is werry well known to be a collection o' fabulous animals," added Mr Weller.

"Just as well," replied Sam.

"Drive on, Sammy," said Mr Weller.

Sam complied with the request, and proceeded as follows; his father continuing to smoke, with a mixed expression of wisdom and complacency, which was particularly edifying.

"'Afore I see you, I thought all women was alike.'"

"So they are," observed the elder Mr Weller, parenthetically.

"'But now,' continued Sam, 'now I find what a reg'lar, soft-headed, inkred'lous turnip I must ha' been; for there ain't nobody like you, though *I* like you better than nothin' at all.' I thought it best to make that rayther strong," said Sam, looking up.

Mr Waller nodded approvingly, and Sam resumed.

"'So I take the privilidge of the day, Mary, my dear—as the gen'l'm'n in difficulties did, ven he valked out of a Sunday,—to tell you that the first and only time I see you, your likeness was took on my hart in much quicker time than ever a likeness was took by the profeel macheen (wich p'raps you may have heerd on Mary my dear) altho it *does* finish a portrait and put the frame and glass on complete, with a hook at the end to hang it up by, and all in two minutes and a quarter.'"

"I am afeerd that werges on the poetical, Sammy," said Mr Weller, dubiously.

"No, it don't," replied Sam, reading on very quickly, to avoid contesting the point:

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

“ ‘Except of me Mary my dear as your walentine and think over what I’ve said.—My dear Mary I will now conclude.’ That’s all,” said Sam.

“That’s rather a sudden pull up, ain’t it, Sammy?” inquired Mr Weller.

“Not a bit on it,” said Sam, “she’ll vish there wos more, and that’s the great art o’ letter-writin’.”

“Well,” said Mr Weller, “there’s somethin’ in that; and I wish your mother-in-law ’ud only conduct her conwersation on the same gen-teel principle. Ain’t you a goin’ to sign it?”

“That’s the difficulty,” said Sam; “I don’t know what *to* sign it.”

“Sign it, Veller,” said the oldest surviving proprietor of that name.

“Won’t do,” said Sam. “Never sign a walentine with your own name.”

“Sign it ‘Pickvick,’ then,” said Mr Weller; “it’s a wery good name, and a easy one to spell.”

“The wery thing” said Sam. “I *could* end with a werse; what do you think?”

“I don’t like it, Sam,” rejoined Mr Weller. “I never know’d a respectable coachman as wrote poetry, ’cept one, as made an affectin’ copy o’ werse the night afore he wos hung for a highway robbery; and *he* wos only a Cambervell man, so even that’s no rule.”

But Sam was not to be dissuaded from the poetical idea that had occurred to him, so he signed the letter,

Your love-sick,
Pickwick.

And having folded it in a very intricate manner, squeezed a down-hill direction in one corner: “To Mary, Housemaid, at Mr Nupkins’s Mayor’s, Ipswich, Suffolk”; and put it into his pocket, wafered, and ready for the General Post.

CHARLES DICKENS, *The Pickwick Papers*

THE COMPLETE LETTER-WRITER

THE humour of the extract will be seen to depend very largely upon the incongruous situations, as when old Mr Weller's distress leads him to drink his son's brandy and soda ; the far-fetched comparisons, as when the same gentleman compared himself to a "very old turkey" ; and the periphrases, or roundabout ways of expressing simple facts, an example of which can be seen in the paragraph beginning : "We cannot distinctly say." Notice, too, how natural the dialogue is. It is just what you would expect from such characters as Sam and his father. Allied to this is the close observation shown. An unpractised writer still goes to work in the way that is described here.

EXERCISES

1. Substitute a single word as an equivalent for each of the phrases italicized in the following sentences :

- (i) *The science of penmanship* is by no means easy to those unaccustomed to it.
- (ii) These motions are unquestionably *of the greatest assistance* to original composition.
- (iii) Mrs Weller is uncommonly *perverse and unpleasant* this morning.
- (iv) He thought that Sam was *engaged in the pursuit of knowledge* under difficulties.
- (v) Possibly the *consolatory reflection* that a disposition to get married ran in the family comforted Mr Weller.

2. Explain clearly the meaning of each of the following words, and use it in an appropriate sentence : recline, incline, decline ; except, accept ; propensity, intensity ; consolation, desolation ; verge, verging, verger ; converge, diverge.

3. Notice carefully the elder Mr Weller's use of abbreviations, and how these are indicated. Compose a short speech supposed to have been delivered by him describing an accident to the coach that he had been driving. Mark carefully all the abbreviations that he might be expected to use.

4. What is meant by 'periphrasis' ? Give two examples taken from the text.

5. Write a letter of remonstrance to a person who tells you that he can see nothing funny in this extract.

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

6. Write an essay on one of the following subjects :

- (i) Poetry and Mr Weller and Myself.
- (ii) Griffins and Unicorns.
- (iii) Names and Nicknames.

COMPARATIVE READING

Other notable types of humour :

Handy Andy, from the book of that title by Samuel Lover.

Tom Sawyer, from the book of that title by Mark Twain.

The night-watchman, from *Light Freights* (W. W. Jacobs).

Mr Bultitude, from *Vice Versa* (F. Anstey).

Sir John Falstaff, from *Henry IV* (Shakespeare).

The Rev. J. J. Meldon, from *Spanish Gold* (G. A. Birmingham).

II

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT

25th October, 1415

FAIR stood the wind for France
When we our sails advance,
Nor now to prove our chance
 Longer will tarry ;
But putting to the main,
At Caux, the mouth of Seine,
With all his martial train,
 Landed King Harry.

And taking many a fort,
Furnished in warlike sort,
Marched towards Agincourt
 In happy hour,
Skirmishing day by day
With those that stopped his way,
Where the French general lay
 With all his power :

Which, in his height of pride,
King Henry to deride,
His ransom to provide
 To the king sending ;
Which he neglects the while,
As from a nation vile,
Yet with an angry smile
 Their fall portending.

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

And turning to his men,
Quoth our brave Henry then
“ Though they to one be ten
 Be not amazèd.
Yet, have we well begun,
Battles so bravely won
Have ever to the sun
 By fame been raisèd.

“ And for myself,” quoth he,
“ This my full rest shall be :
England ne’er mourn for me,
 Nor more esteem me ;
Victor I will remain
Or on this earth lie slain ;
Never shall she sustain
 Loss to redeem me.

“ Poitiers and Cressy tell,
When most their pride did swell,
Under our swords they fell ;
 No less our skill is
Than when our grandsire great,
Claiming the regal seat,
By many a warlike feat
 Lopped the French lilies.”

The Duke of York so dread,
The eager vaward led ;
With the main Henry sped,
 Amongst his henchmen ;
Excester had the rear,
A braver man not there :
O Lord, how hot they were
 On the false Frenchmen !

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT

They now to fight are gone,
Armour on armour shone,
Drum now to drum did groan,
 To hear was wonder ;
That with the cries they make
The very earth did shake,
Trumpet to trumpet spake,
 Thunder to thunder.

Well it thy age became,
O noble Erpingham,
Which did the signal aim
 To our hid forces !
When from a meadow by,
Like a storm suddenly,
The English archery
 Struck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,
Arrows a cloth-yard long,
That like to serpents stung,
 Piercing the weather ;
None from his fellow starts,
But playing manly parts,
And like true English hearts,
 Stuck close together.

When down their bows they threw,
And forth their bilboes drew,
And on the French they flew,
 Not one was tardy ;
Arms were from shoulders sent,
Scalps to the teeth were rent,
Down the French peasants went ;
 Our men were hardy.

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

This while our noble king,
His broadsword brandishing,
Down the French host did ding,
 As to o'erwhelm it ;
And many a deep wound lent,
His arms with blood besprent,
And many a cruel dent
 Bruisèd his helmet.

Glo'ster, that duke so good,
Next of the royal blood,
For famous England stood,
 With his brave brother,
Clarence, in steel so bright,
Though but a maiden knight,
Yet in that furious fight
 Scaree such another.

Warwick in blood did wade,
Oxford the foe invade,
And cruel slaughter made,
 Still as they ran up ;
Suffolk his axe did ply,
Beaumont and Willoughby
Bare them right doughtily,
 Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's day
Fought was this noble fray,
Which fame did not delay
 To England to carry.
O when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
 Such a King Harry?

MICHAEL DRAYTON

THE BATTLE OF AGINCOURT

You will observe the homely simplicity and directness with which the story is told. There is movement in the poem, too : the journey is quickly over, and you find yourself at Agincourt at the beginning of the second stanza. The devices of apostrophe (as when the writer in the ninth stanza turns to address Sir Thomas Erpingham as if he were there), exclamation, direct speech, and rhetorical question all help to give us the impression that we are listening to the story from the lips of one who actually took part in the battle.

EXERCISES

1. Copy out the first stanza and indicate the rime-pattern. Mark the masculine and feminine rimes by the letters *m* and *f* respectively.

2. What do you think is the most effective single word in the poem ? Give what reasons you can for your choice.

3. Combine the following detached sentences so as to make a single complex sentence :

Henry set sail from Southampton on August 11. His point of attack was Harfleur. That place is situated in the estuary of the Seine. It is now a decayed village. It was then reckoned to be the first seaport of Normandy. This importance was one reason for attacking it. Another was the activity shown by its sailors in capturing English shipping.

4. Show that each of the following words may be used in at least two different ways : main, train, fell, seat, rent.

Illustrate in each case by a sentence.

5. Make a list of six words occurring in this poem that have silent letters. Mark these letters by underlining them.

6. Quote two examples of alliteration taken from Drayton's poem.

7. Write an essay on one of the following subjects :

- (i) After the Fray.
- (ii) A French Prisoner's Account of Agincourt.
- (iii) The Greatest Soldier in the World's History.

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

COMPARATIVE READING

Other battle-scenes described in verse :

Flodden (Scott's *Marmion*, Canto VI). [LH]¹

Ivry (Macaulay). [TV III]

The Bold Menelaus and other sea-songs by Sir Henry Newbolt.

The Battle of the Baltic (Campbell). [TV IV] [GT] [LU]

Arthur's Last Fight (Tennyson's *The Idylls of the King*).

The Heavy Brigade (Tennyson). [LH]

The Red Thread of Honour (Sir F. H. Doyle). [LH]

Sennacherib (Byron). [TV III]

Trafalgar (William Canton). [TV III]

Hohenlinden (Campbell). [GT]

¹ The letters in brackets refer to the anthologies mentioned on p. 269.

III

THE POSTMAN'S KNOCK

I. IN AT THE DEATH

THE LODGE

March 3, 1788

ONE day last week, Mrs Unwin and I, having taken our morning walk, and returning homeward through the Wilderness, met the Throckmortons. A minute after we met them, we heard the cry of hounds at no great distance, and mounting the broad stump of an elm which had been felled, and by the aid of which we were enabled to look over the wall, we saw them. They were all that time in our orchard : presently we heard a terrier belonging to Mrs Throckmorton, which you may remember by the name of Fury, yelping with much vehemence, and saw her running through the thickets within a few yards of us at her utmost speed, as if in pursuit of something which we doubted not was the fox. Before we could reach the other end of the Wilderness, the hounds entered also ; and when we arrived at the gate which opens into the Grove, there we found the whole weary cavalcade assembled. The huntsman, dismounting, begged leave to follow his hounds on foot, for he was sure, he said, that they had killed him—a conclusion which, I suppose, he drew from their profound silence. He was accordingly admitted, and with a sagacity that would not have dishonoured the best hound in the world, pursuing precisely the same track which the fox and the dogs had taken, though he had never had a glimpse of either after their first entrance through the rails, arrived where he found the slaughtered prey. He soon

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

produced dead Reynard, and rejoined us in the Grove with all his dogs about him. Having an opportunity to see a ceremony which I was pretty sure would never fall in my way again, I determined to stay, and to notice all that passed with the most minute attention. The huntsman having by the aid of a pitchfork lodged Reynard on the arm of an elm, at the height of about nine feet from the ground, there left him for a considerable time. The gentlemen sat on their horses, contemplating the fox, for which they had toiled so hard: and the hounds assembled at the foot of the tree, with faces not less expressive of the most rational delight, contemplated the same object. The huntsman remounted, cut off a foot, and threw it to the hounds; one of them swallowed it whole like a bolus. He then once more alighted, and drawing down the fox by the hinder legs, desired the people, who were by this time rather numerous, to open a lane for him to the right and left. He was instantly obeyed, when throwing the fox for a distance of some yards, and screaming like a fiend, "Tear him to pieces!" at least six times repeatedly, he consigned him over absolutely to the pack, who in a few minutes devoured him completely. Thus, my dear, as Virgil says, what none of the gods could have ventured to promise me, time itself, pursuing its accustomed course, has of its own accord presented me with. I have been in at the death of a fox, and you now know as much of the matter as I, who am as well informed as any sportsman in England.

Yours,

WILLIAM COWPER

II. CHARLES LAMB HAS A SEVERE COLD

January 9, 1824

DEAR P. B.,—Do you know what it is to succumb under an insurmountable day-mare,—a whoreson lethargy, Falstaff

THE POSTMAN'S KNOCK

calls it,—an indisposition to do any thing, or to be any thing,—a total deadness and distaste—a suspension of vitality,—an indifference to locality,—a numb, soporifical, good-for-nothingness—an ossification all over,—an oyster-like insensibility to the passing events,—a mind-stupor,—a brawny defiance to the needles of a thrusting-in conscience—did you ever have a very bad cold with a total irresolution to submit to water-gruel processes? this has been for weeks my lot and my excuse—my fingers drag heavily over this paper, and to my thinking it is three-and-twenty furlongs from here to the end of this demi-sheet—I have not a thing to say—no thing is of a more importance than another—I am flatter than a denial or a pancake—emptier than Judge Park's wig when the head is in it—duller than a country stage when the actors are off it—a cipher—an *o*—I acknowledge life at all only an occasional convulsional cough, and a permanent phlegmatic pain in the chest—I am weary of the world—Life is weary of me. My day is gone into Twilight, and I don't think it worth the expense of candles—my wick hath a thief in it, but I can't muster courage to snuff it—I inhale suffocation—I can't distinguish veal from mutton—nothing interests me—'tis 12 o'clock, and Thurtell is just now coming out upon the New Drop—Jack Ketch alertly tucking up his greasy sleeves to do the last office of mortality, yet I cannot elicit a groan or a moral reflection—if you told me the world will be at an end to-morrow, I should just say, “will it?”—I have not volition enough left to dot my *i*'s—much less to comb my eyebrows—my eyes are set in my head—my brains are gone out to see a poor relation in Moorfields, and they did not say when they'd come back again—my skull is a Grub Street Attic, to let—not so much as a joint-stool or a crack'd jordan left in it—my hand writes, not I, from habit, as chickens run about a little when their heads are off—O for a vigorous fit of gout, cholic, toothache,—an earwig in my auditory, a fly

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

in my visual organs—pain is life, the sharper, the more evidence of life—but this apathy, this death—did you ever have an obstinate cold, a six or seven weeks' unintermitting chill and suspension of hope, fear, conscience, and every thing—yet do I try all I can to cure it, I try wine and spirits, and smoking, and snuff in unsparing quantities, but they all only seem to make me worse, instead of better—I sleep in a damp room, but it does me no good; I come home late o' nights, but do not find any visible amendment.

• Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?

It is just 15 minutes after 12. Thurtell is by this time a good way on his journey, baiting at Scorpion perhaps, Ketch is bargaining for his cast coat and waistcoat, the Jew demurs at first at three half-crowns, but on consideration that he may get somewhat by showing 'em in the Town, finally closes.

C. L.

III. SYDNEY SMITH GIVES ADVICE TO A LITTLE GIRL

LONDON

July 22, 1835

LUCY, Lucy, my dear child, don't tear your frock: tearing frocks is not of itself a proof of genius; but write as your mother writes, act as your mother acts; be frank, loyal, affectionate, simple, honest; and then integrity or laceration of frock is of little import.

And Lucy, dear child, mind your arithmetic. You know, in the first sum of yours I ever saw, there was a mistake. You had carried two (as a cab is licensed to do) and you ought, dear Lucy, to have carried but one. Is this a trifle? What would life be without arithmetic, but a scene of horrors?

You are going to Boulogne, the city of debts, peopled by

THE POSTMAN'S KNOCK

men who never understood arithmetic ; by the time you return, I shall probably have received my first paralytic stroke, and shall have lost all recollection of you ; therefore I give you now my parting advice. Don't marry anybody who has not a tolerable understanding and a thousand a year ; and God bless you, dear child !

SYDNEY SMITH

IV. GRAY DECLINES THE POET-LAUREATESHIP

THOUGH I well know the bland emollient saponaceous qualities both of sack and silver, yet if any great man would say to me " I make you Rat-catcher to his Majesty, with a salary of £300 a year and two butts of the best Malaga ; and though it has been usual to catch a mouse or two, for form's sake, in public once a year, yet to you, sir, we shall not stand upon these things," I cannot say I should jump at it ; nay, if they would drop the very name of the office, and call me Sinecure to the King's Majesty, I should still feel a little awkward, and think everybody I saw smelt a rat about me ; but I do not pretend to blame anyone else that has not the same sensations ; for my part I would rather be sergeant-trumpeter or pin-maker to the palace. Nevertheless, I interest myself a little in the history of it, and rather wish somebody may accept it that will retrieve the credit of the thing, if it be retrievable, or ever had any credit. Rowe was, I think, the last man of character that had it. As to Settle, whom you mention. he belonged to my lord mayor, not to the king. Eusden was a person of great hopes in his youth, though at last he turned out a drunken parson. Dryden was as disgraceful to the office, from his character, as the poorest scribbler could have been from his verses. The office itself has always humbled the professor hitherto (even in an age when kings were somebody), if he were a poor writer by

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

making him more conspicuous, and if he were a good one by setting him at war with the little fry of his own profession, for there are poets little enough to envy even a poet laureate.

T. GRAY

V. DR JOHNSON RETORTS ON LORD CHESTERFIELD

Feb. 7th, 1755

MY LORD,—I have been lately informed by the proprietor of *The World* that two papers, in which my *Dictionary* is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honour which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

THE POSTMAN'S KNOCK

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind : but it has been delayed until I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it ; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it ; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit had been received, or to be willing that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less ; for I have long been wakened from that dream of hope in which I once boasted myself, with so much exultation, my lord, your lordship's most humble, most obedient servant,

SAM. JOHNSON

EACH letter both suits admirably the occasion which it was intended to serve and reflects the taste and disposition of the writer. We have the easy, unaffected style of Cowper, the quaint, polysyllabic humour of Charles Lamb, the free and easy fun of Sydney Smith, the rather disdainful aloofness of Gray, and the outraged majesty of Johnson all embodied here.

EXERCISES

1. Compile from these letters a list of half a dozen words which, like *numb*, have silent letters. Underline the silent letter in each case.
2. Give from the same source an example of euphemism—an ugly and unpleasant fact cloaked in pleasant or colourless language.

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

3. Distinguish carefully between the dash and the hyphen, and make sentences showing their uses.

4. Supply suitable verbs in the following passage, and then compare your version with the original on p. 32 :

Seven years, my lord, have now — since I — in your outward rooms, or was — from your door ; during which time I have been — on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to —, and have — it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not —, for I never had a patron before.

5. Write an answer to any one of the letters which you have been reading ; or write a letter to a little boy who never *can* be sure of six times nine.

6. Write an essay on one of the following subjects :

- (i) Thoughts on being placed on a Milk Diet.
- (ii) A Morning Walk.
- (iii) If the King invited me to become Prime Minister.

COMPARATIVE READING

Other examples from the great letter-writers :

R. L. S. at Samoa (*Vailima Letters*).

Macaulay at the age of twelve writes to his father (Trevelyan's *Life and Letters of Macaulay*).

Oliver Cromwell describes the battle of Dunbar (Carlyle's *Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell*).

The Gentlest Art and *The Second Post*—two delightful anthologies by E. V. Lucas—will afford a wealth of material in this form.

IV

ULYSSES

IT little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel : I will drink
Life to the lees : all times I have enjoyed
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone ; on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea : I am become a name ;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known ; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least but honour'd of them all ;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met ;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use !
As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains : but every hour is saved

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things ; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.
There lies the port ; the vessel puffs her sail :
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with
me—

That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old ;
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil ;
Death closes all : but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks :
The long day wanes : the slow moon climbs : the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows ; for my purpose holds

ULYSSES

To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down :
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides ; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in the old days
Moved earth and heaven ; that which we are, we are ;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

LORD TENNYSON

THE blank verse in which this is written gives an effect which is very different from that of rimed verse such as Drayton's *Agincourt*. A great and wise man, who has taken a prominent share in some of the most notable events of which we have any record, looks back over his life. For such a narrative we instinctively feel that the poet did right to use the dignified medium of blank verse. Notice the device by which the sense of the lines often 'runs on' from one line to the next, as in

Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows.

This binds the lines together, and so takes the place of rime to some extent. Note, too, the effectiveness with which long vowels are used to make the lines stately and sonorous—*e.g.*

The long day wanes : the slow moon climbs : the deep
Moans round with many voices.

The metaphors (as in "Experience is an *arch*") and the choice of verbs (as in "There *gloom* the dark broad seas") also demand attention.

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

EXERCISES

1. Show the distinction between the following pairs of words by means of appropriate sentences: decent, descent; idle, idol; barren, baron; breath, breathe; wanes, wains.

2. Comment on the suitability of the words italicized:

- (i) I *mete and dole* unequal laws unto a savage race.
- (ii) Always roaming with a *hungry* heart.
- (iii) There *gloom* the dark broad seas.
- (iv) The *ringing* plains of windy Troy.
- (v) One equal *temper* of heroic hearts.

3. Tell the story of Ulysses in your own words.

4. "He works his work, I mine." Compare the characters of Ulysses and Telemachus, and say which type you consider to be more useful in the world.

5. Compose a descriptive paragraph entitled, "Sailing beyond the Sunset."

6. Write an essay on one of the following subjects:

- (i) "A rolling stone gathers no moss."
- (ii) Deeds of Note.
- (iii) The Delights of Travel.

COMPARATIVE READING

Stories of Ulysses and the ever-famous siege of Troy:

The Adventures of Ulysses (Charles Lamb).

The Lotos-eaters (Tennyson).

X=O (John Drinkwater).

Stories from the *Odyssey* (Havell).

Passages from Chapman's *Homer*.

V

THE ESCAPE FROM THE TOWER

As the sun declined, Gerard's heart too sank and sank ; with the waning light even the embers of hope went out. He was faint, too, with hunger ; for he was afraid to eat the food Ghysbrecht had brought him ; and hunger alone cowed men. He sat upon the chest, his arms and his head drooping before him, a picture of despondency. Suddenly something struck the wall beyond him very sharply, and then rattled on the floor at his feet. It was an arrow ; he saw the white feather. A chill ran through him—they meant then to assassinate him from the outside. He crouched. No more missiles came. He crawled on all fours and took up the arrow ; there was no head to it. He uttered a cry of hope : had a friendly hand shot it ? He took it up, and felt it all over : he found a soft substance attached to it. Then one of his eccentricities was of grand use to him. His tinder-box enabled him to strike a light : it showed him two things that made his heart bound with delight, none the less thrilling for being somewhat vague. Attached to the arrow was a skein of silk, and on the arrow itself were words written.

How his eyes devoured them, his heart panting the while !

Well beloved, make fast the silk to thy knife and lower it to us : but hold thine end fast : then count an hundred and draw up.

Gerard seized the oak chest, and with almost superhuman energy dragged it to the window : a moment ago he could not have moved it. Standing on the chest and looking down,

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

he saw figures at the tower foot. They were so indistinct, they looked like one huge form. He waved his bonnet to them with trembling hand : then he undid the silk rapidly but carefully, and made one end fast to his knife and lowered it till it ceased to draw. Then he counted a hundred. Then pulled the silk carefully up : it came up a little heavier. At last he came to a large knot, and by that knot a stout whpcord was attached to the silk. What could this mean ? While he was puzzling himself Margaret's voice came up to him, low but clear : " Draw up, Gerard, till you see liberty." At the word Gerard drew the whpcord line up, and drew and drew until he came to another knot, and found a cord of some thickness take the place of the whpcord. He had no sooner begun to draw this up, than he found he had now a heavy weight to deal with. Then the truth suddenly flashed on him, and he went to work and pulled and pulled till the perspiration rolled down him : the weight got heavier and heavier, and at last he was well-nigh exhausted : looking down he saw in the moonlight a sight that revived him : it was as it were a great snake coming up to him out of the deep shadow cast by the tower. He gave a shout of joy, and a score more wild pulls, and lo ! a stout new rope touched his hand : he hauled and hauled, and dragged the end into his prison, and instantly passed it through both handles of the chest in succession, and knotted it firmly ; then sat for a moment to recover his breath and collect his courage. The first thing was to make sure that the chest was sound, and capable of resisting his weight poised in mid-air. He jumped with all his force upon it. At the third jump the whole side burst open, and out scuttled the contents, a host of parchments.

After the first start and misgiving this gave him, Gerard comprehended that the chest had not burst, but opened : he had doubtless jumped upon some secret spring. Still it shook in some degree his confidence in the chest's power of

THE ESCAPE FROM THE TOWER

resistance ; so he gave it an ally : he took the iron bar and fastened it with the small rope across the large rope, and across the window. He now mounted the chest, and from the chest put his foot through the window, and sat half in and half out, with one hand on that part of the rope which was inside. In the silent night he heard his own heart beat.

The free air breathed on his face, and gave him the courage to risk what we must all lose one day—for liberty. Many dangers awaited him, but the greatest was the first getting on to the rope outside. Gerard reflected. Finally, he put himself in the attitude of a swimmer, his body to the waist being in the prison, his legs outside. Then holding the inside rope with both hands, he felt anxiously with his feet for the outside rope, and when he had got it, he worked it in between the palms of his feet, and kept it there tight : then he uttered a short prayer, and, all the calmer for it, put his left hand on the sill and gradually wriggled out. Then he seized the iron bar, and for one fearful moment hung outside from it by his right hand, while his left hand felt for the rope down at his knees ; it was too tight against the wall for his fingers to get round it higher up. The moment he had fairly grasped it, he left the bar, and swiftly seized the rope with the right hand too ; but in this manœuvre his body necessarily fell about a yard. A stifled cry came up from below. Gerard hung in mid-air. He clenched his teeth, and nipped the rope tight with his feet and gripped it with his hands, and went down slowly hand below hand. He passed by one huge rough stone after another. He saw there was green moss on one. He looked up and he looked down. The moon shone into his prison window : it seemed very near. The fluttering figures below seemed an awful distance. It made him dizzy to look down : so he fixed his eyes steadily on the wall close to him, and went slowly down, down, down.

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

He passed a rusty, slimy streak on the wall : it was some ten feet long. The rope made his hands very hot. He stole another look up.

The prison window was a good way off now.

Down—down—down—down.

The rope made his hands sore.

He looked up. The window was so distant, he ventured now to turn his eyes downward again ; and there, not more than thirty feet below him, were Margaret and Martin, their faithful hands upstretched to catch him should he fall. He could see their eyes and their teeth shine in the moonlight. For their mouths were open, and they were breathing hard.

“ Take care, Gerard ! oh, take care ! Look not down.”

“ Fear me not,” cried Gerard joyfully, and eyed the wall, but came down faster.

In another minute his feet were at their hands. They seized him ere he touched the ground, and all three clung together in one embrace.

CHARLES READE, *The Cloister and the Hearth*

THE vivid realism of the extract is noteworthy. You feel as if you formed one of that little group of anxious spectators watching Gerard's descent from the tower. The abrupt, staccato phrases give an effect of breathlessness, and the little bits of minute observation make it all seem very real. There was green moss on the rough stones. The rope made Gerard's hands hot ; and he knew that the slimy streak on the wall was ten feet long. It was just such features as those which would appeal to him at that moment. The repetition of the word ' down ' adds to the effect. Then, as a setting to the whole scene, we have the moonlight, which in its stillness

THE ESCAPE FROM THE TOWER

and calm serenity affords a striking contrast to those breathless and fearful actors. Charles Reade was very fond of such touches.

EXERCISES

1. Show by means of appropriate sentences how the following words may be made to change in meaning by shifting the accent: ally, collect, permit, desert, contract, alternate.

2. Punctuate the following passage, and compare your version with that on p. 40:

At last he came to a large knot and by that knot a stout whipcord was attached to the silk what could this mean while he was puzzling himself Margaret's voice came up to him low but clear draw up Gerard till you see liberty at the word Gerard drew the whipcord line up and drew and drew until he came to another knot and found a cord of some thickness had taken the place of the whipcord.

3. Comment upon and show the suitability of these figurative expressions:

- (i) The embers of hope went out.
- (ii) He was a picture of despondency.
- (iii) The rope was as it were a great snake coming up to him.

4. Show how each of the following words may be used as verbs and also as nouns: picture, cows, deal, chill, draw.

5. Make a summary in about fifty words of the first paragraph of the extract. Supply a suitable title.

6. Write an essay on one of the following subjects:

- (i) A Narrow Escape.
- (ii) Despondency.

Or write an original story ending with the words: "And thus once more he was free."²

COMPARATIVE READING

Other noteworthy escapes:

Edmond Dantès from Château d'If (Dumas' *The Count of Monte Cristo*, Chapters XX and XXI).

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

Gerard's Escape from the Mill (Reade's *Cloister and the Hearth*, Chapter LIII).

Charles Darnay and Sydney Carton change Places (Dickens's *Tale of Two Cities*, Book III, Chapter XII).

Rob Roy eludes his Captors (Scott's *Rob Roy*, Chapter XXXIII).

Pip helps a Convict to escape (Dickens's *Great Expectations*, Chapter I).

VI

TWO NAVAL EPISODES

I. THE OLD SUPERB

THE wind was rising easterly, the morning sky was blue,
The Straits before us opened wide and free ;
We looked towards the Admiral, where high the Peter flew,
And all our hearts were dancing like the sea.
“ The French are gone to Martinique with four-and-twenty
sail !

The Old *Superb* is old and foul and slow,
But the French are gone to Martinique, and Nelson's on the
trail,
And where he goes the Old *Superb* must go ! ”

*So Westward ho ! for Trinidad and Eastward ho ! for Spain,
And “ Ship ahoy ! ” a hundred times a day ;
Round the world if need be, and round the world again,
With a lame duck lagging all the way.*

The Old *Superb* was barnacled and green as grass below,
Her sticks were only fit for stirring grog ;
The pride of all her midshipmen was silent long ago,
And long ago they ceased to heave the log.
Four year out from home she was and ne'er a week in port,
And nothing save the guns aboard her bright ;
But Captain Keats he knew the game, and swore to share the
sport,
For he never yet came in too late to fight.

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

*So Westward ho ! for Trinidad and Eastward ho ! for Spain,
And " Ship ahoy ! " a hundred times a day ;
Round the world if need be, and round the world again,
With a lame duck lagging all the way.*

" Now up, my lads ! " the Captain cried, " for sure the case
were hard

If longest out were first to fall behind.

Aloft, aloft with studding sails, and lash them on the yard,
For night and day the Trades are driving blind ! "

So all day long and all day long behind the fleet we crept,
And how we fretted none but Nelson guessed ;

But every night the Old *Superb* she sailed when others
slept,

Till we ran the French to earth with all the rest !

*Oh ! 'twas Westward ho ! for Trinidad and Eastward ho ! for
Spain,*

*And " Ship ahoy ! " a hundred times a day ;
Round the world if need be, and round the world again,
With a lame duck lagging all the way.*

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

II. THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE

TOLL for the brave !
The brave that are no more !
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore !

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

TWO NAVAL EPISODES

A land breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset ;
Down went the *Royal George*,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave !
Brave Kempenfelt is gone ;
His last sea-fight is fought ;
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle ;
No tempest gave the shock ;
She sprang no fatal leak ;
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath ;
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes !
And mingle with our cup
The tears that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er ;
And he and his eight hundred
Shall plough the wave no more.

WILLIAM COWPER

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

THESE two poems present a most effective contrast. There is the simple and tragic grandeur of *The Loss of the Royal George* and the sprightly, irrepressible movement of *The Old Superb*. Both are appropriate, and both breathe the true spirit of the sea ; but while one expresses the buoyant and almost irresponsible gaiety with which the sailor meets great odds, the other tells of the silent dignity with which he goes down to his doom. The poems are alike in that they are plain and direct. The average sailor is not subtle, and these straightforward verses exactly reflect his mind. What figures are used are just those obvious metaphors and similes that would occur to a jack-tar—e.g. “green as grass” and “sticks only fit for stirring grog.” In *The Old Superb* note the vigorous movement of the opening lines as contrasted most strikingly with the halting rhythm of the “lame duck lagging all the way.” The rhythm of *The Royal George*, on the other hand, marches on with stately uniformity to its conclusion.

EXERCISES

1. Explain the following terms and use each in an appropriate sentence : barnacles, grog, log, Peter, studding sails, trades, yard.
2. Give a prose version of the story of the “Old Superb.”
3. Make sentences showing clearly the distinction between the following pairs of words : guest, guessed ; ceased, seized ; blew, blue ; high, hie ; trail, trial.
4. Show how the meaning of the sentence, “Her sticks were only fit for stirring grog,” may be varied by changing the position of the word ‘only.’
5. Say which of these two poems you prefer, and why.
6. Write an essay on one of the following subjects :
 - (i) Of Lame Ducks.
 - (ii) A Conjectural Pen-portrait of Captain Keats.
 - (iii) “The greatest sailor since the world began.”

TWO NAVAL EPISODES

COMPARATIVE READING

Other songs of the sea :

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT : Drake's Drum. Hawke. The Bright
Medusa. The Quarter-Gunner's Yarn. Admirals All. [TV IV]

JOHN MASEFIELD : Sea-Fever. Cargoes.

ALAN CUNNINGHAM : " A wet sheet and a flowing sea." [TV III]
[GT]

CHARLES DIBDIN : Tom Bowling. [TV III] [LH]

PRINCE HOARE : The Arethusa. [LH]

THOMAS CAMPBELL : " Ye mariners of England." [TV III] [GT]

See also p. 67.

VII

THE ADVENTURES OF A PIECE OF LACE

As a proof of how thoroughly we had forgotten that we were in the presence of one who might have sat down to tea with a coronet, instead of a cap, on her head, Mrs Forrester related a curious little fact to Lady Glenmire—an anecdote known to the circle of her intimate friends, but of which even Mrs Jamieson was not aware. It related to some fine old lace, the sole relic of better days, which Lady Glenmire was admiring on Mrs. Forrester's collar.

"Yes," said that lady, "such lace cannot be got now for either love or money; made by the nuns abroad they tell me. They say that they can't make it now, even there. But perhaps they can now they've passed the Catholic Emancipation Bill. I should not wonder. But, in the meantime, I treasure up my lace very much. I daren't even trust the washing of it to my maid. . . . I always wash it myself. And once it had a narrow escape. Of course, your ladyship knows that such lace must never be starched or ironed. Some people wash it in sugar and water; and some in coffee, to make it the right yellow colour; but I myself have a very good receipt for washing it in milk, which stiffens it enough, and gives it a very good creamy colour. Well, ma'am, I had tacked it together (and the beauty of this fine lace is, that when it is wet, it goes into a very little space), and put it to soak in milk, when, unfortunately, I left the room; on my return, I found pussy on the table, looking very like a thief, but gulping very uncomfortably, as if she was half-choked

THE ADVENTURES OF A PIECE OF LACE

with something she wanted to swallow, and could not. And, would you believe it? At first I pitied her, and said, 'Poor pussy! poor pussy!' till, all at once, I looked and saw the cup of milk empty—cleaned out! 'You naughty cat!' said I; and I believe I was provoked enough to give her a slap, which did no good, but only helped the lace down—just as one slaps a choking child on the back. I could have cried, I was so vexed; but I determined I would not give the lace up without a struggle for it. I hoped the lace might disagree with her, at any rate; but it would have been too much for Job, if he had seen, as I did, that cat come in, quite placid and purring, not a quarter of an hour after, and almost expecting to be stroked. 'No, pussy!' said I; 'if you have any conscience you ought not to expect that!' And then a thought struck me; and I rang the bell for my maid, and sent her to Mr Hoggins, with my compliments, and would he be kind enough to lend me one of his top-boots for an hour? I did not think there was anything odd in the message; but Jenny said the young men in the surgery laughed as if they would be ill at my wanting a top-boot. When it came, Jenny and I put pussy in, with her fore-feet straight down, so that they were fastened, and could not scratch, and we gave her a teaspoonful of currant-jelly, in which (your ladyship must excuse me) I had mixed some tartar emetic. I shall never forget how anxious I was for the next half-hour. I took pussy to my own room, and spread a clean towel on the floor. I could have kissed her when she returned the lace to sight, very much as it had gone down. Jenny had boiling water ready, and we soaked it and soaked it, and spread it on a lavender-bush in the sun, before I could touch it again, even to put it in milk. But now your ladyship would never guess that it had been in pussy's inside."

MRS GASKELL, *Cranford*

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

THE simple, artless style of this narrative is apparent. The story comes to us just as it might have been told at a Cranford tea-table, and we are placed at once on terms of easy intimacy with the narrator. The quiet humour is noteworthy, as in the account of the slap which "only helped the lace down," and the lady's ingenuous request for one of Mr Hoggins's top-boots. But above all we should mark the transparent sincerity of the passage. There is neither trick nor mannerism: all is natural and unaffected.

EXERCISES

1. Make sentences showing clearly the distinction between the words in the following groups: through, though, thorough; provoke, invoke, evoke; relic, relict; ingenuous, ingenious.

2. Substitute a single word for each of those printed in italics without changing the meaning:

- (i) As a *proof* of how thoroughly we had forgotten . . .
- (ii) The sole *relic* of better days.
- (iii) I *treasure up* my lace.
- (iv) *Unfortunately*, I left the room.
- (v) I *determined* I would not give the lace up.
- (vi) I shall never forget how *anxious* I was.

3. Summarize the whole passage in not more than one hundred words.

4. Give the abbreviated form of each of the following words or phrases: they have, dare not, cannot, madam, doctor, mister, were not, for example, that is, the same, namely, do not.

5. Give a letter supposed to have been written by Lady Glenmire to an intimate friend telling how she had heard the story of the piece of lace.

6. Write a short story entitled "Recalled to Life," *or* relate the best animal story which you have ever heard or read, *or* write an essay on the subject of "Cats and Dogs," illustrated by suitable anecdotes.

THE ADVENTURES OF A PIECE OF LACE

COMPARATIVE READING

Strange adventures :

Jack Hopkins's Story (*Pickwick Papers*, Chapter XXXII).

David Copperfield and the Waiter (*David Copperfield*, Chapter V).

The Fate of Mr Jack Sparrow (*Uncle Remus*).

How the Whale got his Throat (Kipling's *Just-So Stories*).

Jonah and the Great Fish (Jonah).

VIII

THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR

COME, see the Dolphin's anchor forged—'tis at a white heat
now ;

The bellows ceased, the flames decreased—though on the
forge's brow

The little flames still fitfully play through the sable mound,
And fitfully you still may see the grim smiths ranking round,
All clad in leathern panoply, their broad hands only bare ;
Some rest upon their sledges here, some work the windlass
there.

The windlass strains the tackle chains, the black mound
heaves below,

And red and deep a hundred veins burst out at every
throes ;

It rises, roars, rends all outright—O, Vulcan, what a glow !
'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright—the high sun shines
not so !

The high sun sees not, on the earth, such fiery fearful
show ;

The roof-ribs swarth, the candent hearth, the ruddy lurid
row

Of smiths that stand, an ardent band, like men before the
foe :

As, quivering through his fleece of flame, the sailing monster,
slow

THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR

Sinks on the anvil—all about the faces fiery grow ;
“ Hurrah ! ” they shout, “ leap out—leap out ” ; bang, bang,
the sledges go ;
Hurrah ! the jetted lightnings are hissing high and low—
And thick and loud the swinking crowd at every stroke pants
“ Ho ! ”

Swing in your strokes in order, let foot and hand keep
time,
Your blows make music sweeter far than any steeple’s
chime :
But while you swing your sledges, sing—and let the burthen
be,
“ The anchor is the anvil-king, and royal craftsmen we ! ”
Strike in, strike in—the sparks begin to dull their rustling
red :
Our hammers ring with sharper din, our work will soon be
sped.
Our anchor soon must change his bed of fiery rich array
For a hammock at the roaring bows, or an oozy couch of
clay ;
Our anchor soon must change the lay of merry craftsmen
here,
For the yeo-heave-o and the heave-away, and the sighing
seaman’s cheer ;
When, weighing slow, at eve they go—far, far from love and
home ;
And sobbing sweethearts, in a row, wail o’er the ocean
foam.

In livid and obdurate gloom he darkens down at last ;
A shapely one he is, and strong, as e’er from cat was
cast.

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

O trusted and trustworthy guard, if thou hadst life like me,
What pleasures would thy toils reward, beneath the deep
green sea !

O deep Sea-diver, who might then behold such sights as
thou ?

The hoary ^{wild} monsters' palaces ! methinks what joy 'twere
now

To go plumb plunging down amid the assembly of the
whales,

And feel the churned sea round me boil beneath their scourg-
ing tails !

Then deep in tangle-woods to fight the fierce sea-unicorn,
And send him foiled and bellowing back, for all his ivory
horn ;

To leave the subtle sworder-fish of bony blade forlorn ;
And for the ghastly-grinning shark to laugh his jaws to
scorn ;

To leap down on the kraken's back, where, 'mid Norwegian
isles,

He lies, a lubber anchorage for sudden shallowed miles ;
Till snorting, like an under-sea volcano, off he rolls ;
Meanwhile to swing, a-buffeting the far astonished shoals
Of his back-browsing ocean-calves ; or, haply in a cove,
Shell-strown, and consecrate of old to some Undine's love,
To find the long-haired mermaidens ; or, hard by icy lands,
To wrestle with the Sea-serpent, upon cerulean sands.

O broad-armed Fisher of the deep, whose sports can equal
thine ?

The Dolphin weighs a thousand tons that tugs thy cable
line !

And night by night, 'tis thy delight, thy glory day by day,
Through sable sea and breaker white, the giant game to
play—

THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR

But shamer of our little sports ! forgive the name I gave—
A fisher's joy is to destroy—thine office is to save.
O lodger in the sea-kings' halls, couldst thou but understand
Whose be the white bones by thy side, or who that dripping
band,
Slow swaying in the heaving wave, that round about thee
bend,
With sounds like breakers in a dream, blessing their ancient
friend ?
O, couldst thou know what heroes glide with larger steps
round thee,
Thine iron side would swell with pride ; thou'dst leap within
the sea !

Give honour to their memories who left the pleasant strand,
To shed their blood so freely for the love of Fatherland—
Who left their chance of quiet age and grassy churchyard
grave,
So freely, for a restless bed amid the tossing wave—
O, though our anchor may not be all I have fondly sung,
Honour him for their memory, whose bones he goes among !

SIR SAMUEL FERGUSON

THIS poem is noteworthy for its vivid descriptions and faithful sound-writing. All the devices of alliteration, assonance, consonance, and rhythmic change are made to suggest to the reader the sights and sounds that the poet had in mind. Note, for example, the flickering of the dying flames suggested by the repetition of *f* and *l* in

on the forge's brow
The little flames still fitfully play.

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

Then there is the volcanic outburst of the *r*'s in the line

It rises, roars, rends all outright,

and the stunning impact of the *b*'s in

'Tis blinding white, 'tis blasting bright.

Notice, too, the rhythm of such a line as

For the yeo-heave-o and the heave-away, and the sighing sea-
man's cheer,

and the poet's apostrophe to the anchor—that is, he addresses it as if it were a living person and could answer his questions. This adds wonderfully to the vividness of the description.

EXERCISES

1. Find as many meanings as possible for each of the following words and illustrate each by an appropriate sentence: cat, lay, mow.

2. Try to compose a six-line stanza of your own with a single rime.

3. Give two examples of apostrophe other than that contained in *The Forging of the Anchor*.

4. Explain fully each of the following terms as they appear in this poem: kraken, Vulcan, panoply, swinking, candent, Undine, Sea-serpent.

5. Write out the following passage in verse-form, inserting all necessary stops, afterward comparing with the original on p. 54:

The windlass strains the tackle chains the black mound heaves below
and red and deep a hundred veins burst out at every throe it rises roars
rends all outright o Vulcan what a glow tis blinding white tis blasting
bright the high sun shines not so

Or give a prose version of the passage: "The high sun sees not . . . at every stroke pant 'Ho!'"

6. Write an essay on one of the following subjects:

(i) Work.

(ii) The Love of Fatherland.

Or give a detailed description of the fashioning of any article in common use.

THE FORGING OF THE ANCHOR

COMPARATIVE READING

Pride of craftsmanship and the joy of doing :

GEORGE ELIOT : The Carpenter's Shop (*Adam Bede*, Chapter I).

LONGFELLOW : The Building of the Ship. [LH] The Arsenal at
Springfield. [TV IV] Hiawatha's Canoe. [TV III]

A. C. BENSON : The Pleasures of Work (*The Thread of Gold*,
Chapter XXII).

THOMAS CARLYLE : Labour (*Past and Present*, Chapter XI).

MATTHEW ARNOLD : Quiet Work. [TV IV]

IX

THE FIGHT

THE day, as I have said, was fine for a December morning. The grass was wet, and the ground miry, and ploughed with multitudinous feet, except that, within the ring itself, there was a spot of virgin-green, closed in and unprofaned by vulgar tread, that shone with dazzling brightness in the mid-day sun. For it was now noon, and we had an hour to wait. This is the trying time. It is then the heart sickens, as you think what the two champions are about, and how short a time will determine their fate. After the first blow is struck, there is no opportunity for nervous apprehensions ; you are swallowed up in the immediate interest of the scene—but

Between the acting of a dreadful thing
And the first motion, all the interim is
Like a phantasma, or a hideous dream.

I found it so as I felt the sun's rays clinging to my back, and saw the white wintry clouds sink below the verge of the horizon. " So," I thought, " my fairest hopes have faded from my sight !—so will the Gasman's glory, or that of his adversary, vanish in an hour." The *swells* were parading in their white box-coats, the outer ring was cleared with some bruises on the heads and shins of the rustic assembly (for the *cockneys* had been distanced by the sixty-six miles) ; the time drew near ; I had got a good stand ; a bustle, a buzz, ran through the crowd ; and from the opposite side entered Neate, between his second and bottle-holder. He rolled along, swathed in his loose greatcoat, his knock-knees

THE FIGHT

bending under his huge bulk ; and, with a modest, cheerful air, threw his hat into the ring. He then just looked round, and began quietly to undress ; when from the other side there was a similar rush and an opening made, and the Gasman came forward with a conscious air of anticipated triumph, too much like the cock-of-the-walk. He strutted about more than became a hero, sucked oranges with a supercilious air, and threw away the skin with a toss of his head, and went up and looked at Neate, which was an act of supererogation. The only sensible thing he did was, as he strode away from the modern Ajax, to fling out his arms, as if he wanted to try whether they would do their work that day. By this time they had stripped, and presented a strong contrast in appearance. If Neate was like Ajax, " with Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear " the pugilistic reputation of all Bristol, Hickman might be compared to Diomed, light, vigorous, elastic, and his back glistened in the sun, as he moved about, like a panther's hide. There was now a dead pause—attention was awe-struck. Who at that moment, big with a great event, did not draw his breath short—did not feel his heart throb ? All was ready. They tossed up for the sun, and the Gasman won. They were led up to the *scratch*—shook hands, and went at it.

In the first round every one thought it was all over. After making play a short time, the Gasman flew at his adversary like a tiger, struck five blows in as many seconds, three first, and then following him as he staggered back, two more, right and left, and down he fell, a mighty ruin. There was a shout, and I said, " There is no standing this." Neate seemed like a lifeless lump of flesh and bone, round which the Gasman's blows played with the rapidity of electricity or lightning, and you imagined he would only be lifted up to be knocked down again. It was as if Hickman held a sword or a fire in that right hand of his, and directed it against an unarmed

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

body. They met again, and Neate seemed, not cowed, but particularly cautious. I saw his teeth clenched together and his brows knit close against the sun. He held out both his hands at full length straight before him, like two sledge hammers, and raised his left an inch or two higher. The Gasman could not get over this guard—they struck mutually and fell, but without advantage on either side. It was the same in the next round ; but the balance of power was thus restored—the fate of the battle was suspended. No one could tell how it would end. This was the only moment in which opinion was divided ; for, in the next, the Gasman, aiming a mortal blow at his adversary's neck, with his right hand, and failing from the length he had to reach, the other returned it with his left at full swing, planted a tremendous blow on his cheek and eyebrow, and made a red ruin of that side of his face. The Gasman went down, and there was another shout—a roar of triumph as the waves of fortune rolled tumultuously from side to side. This was a settler. Hickman got up, and “grinned horrible a ghastly smile,” yet he was evidently dashed in his opinion of himself ; it was the first time he had ever been so punished ; all one side of his face was perfect scarlet, and his right eye was closed in dingy blackness, as he advanced to the fight, less confident, but still determined. After one or two rounds, not receiving another such remembrancer, he rallied and went at it with his former impetuosity. But in vain. His strength had been weakened—his blows could not tell at such a distance—he was obliged to fling himself at his adversary, and could not strike from his feet ; and almost as regularly as he flew at his right hand, Neate warded the blow, or drew back out of his reach, and felled him with the return of his left. There was little cautious sparring—no half-hits—no tapping and trifling, none of the *petit-maitreship* of the art—they were almost all knock-down blows :—the fight was a good stand-

THE FIGHT

up fight. The wonder was the half-minute time. If there had been a minute or more between each round, it would have been intelligible how they should by degrees recover strength and resolution ; but to see two men smashed to the ground, smeared with gore, stunned, senseless, the breath beaten out of their bodies ; and then, before you recover from the shock, to see them rise up with new strength and courage, stand ready to inflict or receive mortal offence, and rush upon each other “ like two clouds over the Caspian ”—this is the most astonishing thing of all :—this is the high and heroic state of man ! From this time forward the event became more certain every round ; and about the twelfth it seemed as if it must have been over. Hickman generally stood with his back to me ; but in the scuffle he had changed positions, and Neate just then made a tremendous lunge at him, and hit him full in the face. It was doubtful whether he would fall backwards or forwards ; he hung suspended for a minute or two, and then fell back, throwing his hands in the air, and with his face lifted up to the sky. I never saw anything more terrific than his aspect just before he fell. All traces of life, of natural expression, were gone from him. His face was like a human skull, a death’s head spouting blood. The eyes were filled with blood, the nose streamed with blood, the mouth gaped blood. He was not like an actual man, but like a preternatural, spectral appearance, or like one of the figures in Dante’s *Inferno*. Yet he fought on after this for several rounds, still striking the first desperate blow, and Neate standing on the defensive, and using the same cautious guard to the last, as if he had still all his work to do ; and it was not till the Gasman was so stunned in the seventeenth or eighteenth round that his senses forsook him, and he could not come to time, that the battle was declared over. Ye who despise the Fancy, do something to show as much *pluck*, or as much self-possession as this before you assume a

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

superiority which you have never given a single proof of by any one action in the whole course of your lives !—When the Gasman came to himself the first words he uttered were, “Where am I? What is the matter?” “Nothing is the matter, Tom,—you have lost the battle, but you are the bravest man alive.” And Jackson whispered to him, “I am collecting a purse for you, Tom.”—Vain sounds, and unheard at that moment! Neate instantly went up and shook him cordially by the hand, and seeing some old acquaintance, began to flourish with his fists, calling out, “Ah! you always said I couldn’t fight—what do you think now?” But all in good-humour, and without any appearance of arrogance; only it was evident Bill Neate was pleased that he had won the fight. When it was over I asked Cribb if he did not think it was a good one? He said, “*Pretty well!*” The carrier-pigeons now mounted into the air, and one of them flew with the news of her husband’s victory to the bosom of Mrs Neate. Alas, for Mrs Hickman!

WILLIAM HAZLITT, *Essays*

HAZLITT’s style is concrete and clear cut. He is fond of the short sentence, carefully avoiding abstractions and merely ornamental expressions. Every statement tells. There is no subterfuge and no beating about the bush. All is plain and direct. We might fitly describe Hazlitt’s method of writing in the words which he here uses of this fight: “There was little cautious sparring—no half-hits—no tapping and trifling—none of the *petit-mâitres*hip of the art—they were almost all knock-down blows.” His similes are typically plain and obvious—“like a tiger,” “like two sledge hammers.” He excels in the apt quotation—those used here will repay study—and in pointed allusions. But the leading note of the whole passage is that of contrast—between the

THE FIGHT

two men and their modes of fighting and, at the end, between Mrs Neate and Mrs Hickman. The finishing touch is most effective.

EXERCISES

1. Complete the following words by adding *ance*, *ence*, or *ense*: clear-, sembl-, remembr-, dist-, nons-, inadvert-, susp-, bal-, penit-, pret-, exp-, off-.

Then use each word you have thus formed in an appropriate sentence.

2. Make pen-portraits of Hickman and Neate based upon what information you are able to glean from the extract.

3. Rewrite the following long sentence in a style more nearly approaching that which you think Hazlitt would have used:

That picture will not, at the first glance, deceive as a piece of actual sunlight; but this is because there is in it more than sunlight, because under the blazing veil of vaulted fire which lights the vessel on her last path, there is a blue, deep, desolate hollow or darkness, out of which you can hear the voice of the night wind, and the dull boom of the disturbed sea; because the cold deadly shadows of the twilight are gathering through every sunbeam, and moment by moment as you look, you will fancy some new film and faintness of the night has risen over the vastness of the departing form.

4. Write a short account of this boxing-match in forty or fifty words, with a suitable headline, for insertion in a morning newspaper.

5. Suggest quotations that might be aptly used in writing on each of the following subjects: Christmas, winter, crowds.

6. Write two letters supposed to have been written soon after the contest: one from Bill Neate to Mrs Neate, the other from the Gasman to Mrs Hickman. Or give an account of a football or cricket match in which the result comes as a complete surprise to everybody. Or write an essay on "Pugilism."

COMPARATIVE READING

Other famous fights:

GEORGE BORROW: The Bruisers of England (*Lavengro*, Chapter XXVI). The Flaming Tinman (*Lavengro*, Chapter LXXXV). A Bully served out (*The Romany Rye*, Chapter XXVI).

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

R. L. STEVENSON : The Fight by Candlelight (*The Master of Ballantrae*, Chapter V).

SIR WALTER BESANT : The Duel with Quarter-staffs (*The World Went Very Well Then*, Chapter XVI).

W. M. THACKERAY : Dobbin and Cuff (*Vanity Fair*, Chapter V).

MATTHEW ARNOLD : The Duel (*Sohrab and Rustum*). [LH]

X
SEA-SONGS

I. A STORM

THEY that go down to the sea in ships,
That do business in great waters ;
These see the works of the Lord,
And his wonders in the deep.
For he commandeth, and raiseth the stormy wind,
Which lifteth up the waves thereof.
They mount up to the heaven, they go down again to the
depths :
Their soul is melted because of trouble.
They reel to and fro, and stagger like a drunken man,
And are at their wit's end.
Then they cry unto the Lord in their trouble,
And he bringeth them out of their distresses.
He maketh the storm a calm,
So that the waves thereof are still.
Then are they glad because they be quiet ;
So he bringeth them unto their desired haven.

Psalm cvii, 23-30

II. A HYMN IN PRAISE OF NEPTUNE

OF Neptune's empire let us sing,
At whose command the waves obey ;
To whom the rivers tribute pay,
Down the high mountains sliding ;

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

To whom the scaly nation yields
Homage for the crystal fields
Wherein they dwell ;
And every sea-god pays a gem
Yearly out of his watery cell,
To deck great Neptune's diadem.

The Tritons dancing in a ring,
Before his palace gates do make
The water with their echoes quake,
Like the great thunder sounding ;
The sea-nymphs chant their accents shrill,
And the syrens taught to kill
With their sweet voice,
Make every echoing rock reply
Unto their gentle murmuring noise,
The praise of Neptune's empery.

THOMAS CAMPION

III. WHERE LIES THE LAND ?

WHERE lies the Land to which yon Ship must go ?
Fresh as a lark mounting at break of day,
Festively she puts forth in trim array ;
Is she for tropic suns, or polar snow ?
What boots the enquiry ?—Neither friend nor foe
She cares for ; let her travel where she may,
She finds familiar names, a beaten way
Ever before her, and a wind to blow.
Yet still I ask, what haven is her mark ?
And, almost as it was when ships were rare

SEA-SONGS

(From time to time, like Pilgrims, here and there
Crossing the waters), doubt, and something dark,
Of the old Sea some reverential fear,
Is with me at thy farewell, joyous Bark !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

IV. AN OLD SONG RE-SUNG

I SAW a ship a-sailing, a-sailing, a-sailing,
With emeralds and rubies and sapphires in her hold ;
And a bosun in a blue coat bawling at the railing,
Piping through a silver call that had a chain of gold ;
The summer wind was failing and the tall ship rolled.

I saw a ship a-steering, a-steering, a-steering,
With roses in red thread worked upon her sails ;
With sacks of purple amethysts, the spoils of buccaneering
Skins of musky yellow wine, and silks in bales,
Her merry men were cheering, hauling on the brails.

I saw a ship a-sinking, a-sinking, a-sinking,
With glittering sea-water splashing on her decks,
With seamen in her spirit-room singing songs and drinking,
Pulling claret bottles down, and knocking off the necks,
The broken glass was chinking as she sank among the wrecks

JOHN MASEFIELD

V. THE OCEAN

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar :

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll !
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore ; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war—
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?
Thy waters wash'd them power while they were free,
And many a tyrant since ; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage ; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts :—not so thou ;—
Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play,
Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow :
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

SEA-SONGS

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests ; in all time,—
Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime,
Dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime,
The image of eternity, the throne
Of the Invisible ; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made ; each zone
Obeys thee ; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

LORD BYRON

VI. A PASSER-BY

WHITHER, O splendid ship, thy white sails crowding,
Leaning across the bosom of the urgent West,
That fearest nor sea rising, nor sky clouding,
Whither away, fair rover, and what thy quest ?
Ah ! soon, when Winter has all our vales opprest,
When skies are cold and misty, and hail is hurling,
Wilt thou glide on the blue Pacific, or rest
In a summer haven asleep, thy white sails furling.

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

I there before thee, in the country that well thou knowest,
Already arrived am inhaling the odorous air :
I watch thee enter unerringly where thou goest,
And anchor queen of the strange shipping there,
Thy sails for awnings spread, thy masts bare ;
Nor is aught from the foaming reef to the snow-capped,
 grandest
Peak, that is over the feathery palms more fair
Than thou, so upright, so stately, and still thou standest.

And yet, O splendid ship, unhailed and nameless,
I know not if, aiming a fancy, I rightly divine
That thou hast a purpose joyful, a courage blameless,
Thy port assured in a happier land than mine.
But for all I have given thee, beauty enough is thine,
As thou, aslant with trim tackle and shrouding,
From the proud nostril curve of a prow's line
In the offing scatterest foam, thy white sails crowding.

ROBERT BRIDGES

It is interesting to note the different aspects of the sea and the various modes of expressing those aspects presented to us by the writers of these poems. The Hebrew Psalmist gives us parallelism—that is, instead of making the sounds at the ends of the lines correspond, as in riming verse, he makes the idea expressed by two or more lines correspond. Thus :

They that go down to the sea in ships,
That do business in great waters.

This is a characteristic feature of Hebrew poetry. In the second poem Campion gives us the sea personified. As

SEA-SONGS

children love to speak to their toys as if they were living persons, so the various races in their childhood spoke of earth, sea, and sky as sentient beings, and poets—the most childlike of men—still use the device of personification. It is the indefinable awe and majesty of the sea which strikes Wordsworth. It fills him with “doubt, and something dark . . . some reverential fear.” John Masefield is as precise as Wordsworth is vague. Being a realist, he spares us no details, and we hear the chink of glass as the vessel sinks. There are some fine examples of sound-writing in this poem. From Byron we get an apt expression of the freedom and careless energy of the sea, while Robert Bridges with his free rhythm suggests the motion of mighty waters—motion that is not to be measured out by any mechanical beat.

EXERCISES

1. Write down six verbs and six adjectives that are expressive of the sea (i) on a calm day, (ii) in a storm.
2. Say which of these poems appeals most to you, and give what reasons you can for your preference.
3. What are imitative words? Find three good examples from Masefield's poem.
4. (a) Show where the stress must be placed in each of the following words: Trafalgar, formidable, intrusion, despicable, deficit, irreparable.
- (b) Mark the stresses in the following lines:
 - (i) The Tritons dancing in a ring.
 - (ii) The broken glass was chinking as she sank among the wrecks.
 - (iii) Whither, O splendid ship, thy white sails crowding?
5. Give an example of parallelism taken from a Psalm other than that quoted here.
6. Write an essay on one of the following subjects:
 - (i) Mysteries of the Sea.
 - (ii) Description of a Storm at Sea.
 - (iii) The Future of the Submarine.

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

COMPARATIVE READING

Stories and poems dealing with the sea :

JOSEPH CONRAD : *Youth*.

HERMAN MELVILLE : *Moby Dick*.

RUDYARD KIPLING : *Captains Courageous*.

CHARLES READE : *The Cloister and the Hearth* (Chapter LIV).

CHARLES DICKENS : *David Copperfield* (Chapter LV).

The Lure of the Sea (edited by F. H. Lee) is an excellent anthology.

XI

THE UMBRELLA

WHEN I had rested myself and finished the buttermilk I got up, and making the good woman a small compensation for her civility, inquired if I could get to Bala without returning to Llan Rhyadr.

“O yes,” said she, “if you cross the hills for about five miles you will find yourself upon a road which will take you straight to Bala.”

“Is there any one here,” said I, “who will guide me over the hills provided I pay him for his trouble?”

“O yes,” said she; “I know one who will be happy to guide you whether you pay him or not.”

She went out and presently returned with a man about thirty-five, stout and well-looking, and dressed in a waggoner's frock.

“There,” said she, “this is the man to show you over the hills; few know the paths better.”

I thanked her, and telling the man I was ready, bade him lead the way. We set out, the two dogs of which I have spoken attending us and seeming very glad to go. We ascended the side of the hog-backed hill to the north of the Rhyadr. We were about twenty minutes in getting to the top, close to which stood a stone or piece of rock, very much resembling a church altar, and about the size of one. We were now on an extensive moory elevation, having the brook which forms the Rhyadr a little way on our left. We went nearly due west, following no path, for path there was none,

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

but keeping near the brook. Sometimes we crossed water-courses which emptied their tribute into the brook, and every now and then ascended and descended hillocks covered with gorse and whin. After a little time I entered into conversation with my guide. He had not a word of English. "Are you married?" said I.

"In truth I am, sir."

"What family have you?"

"I have a daughter."

"Where do you live?"

"At the house of the Rhyadr."

"I suppose you live there as servant?"

"No, sir, I live there as master."

"Is the good woman I saw there your wife?"

"In truth, sir, she is."

"And the young girl I saw your daughter?"

"Yes, sir, she is my daughter."

"And how came the good woman not to tell me you were her husband?"

"I suppose, sir, you did not ask who I was, and she thought you did not care to know."

"But can you be spared from home?"

"O yes, sir, I was not wanted at home."

"What business are you?"

"I am a farmer, sir."

"A sheep farmer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Who is your landlord?"

"Sir Watkin."

"Well, it was very kind of you to come with me."

"Not at all, sir; I was glad to come with you, for we are very lonesome at Rhyadr, except during a few weeks in the summer, when the gentry come to see the Pistyll. Moreover, I have sheep lying about here which need to be looked at

THE UMBRELLA

now and then, and by coming hither with you I shall have an opportunity of seeing them."

We frequently passed sheep feeding together in small numbers. In two or three instances my guide singled out individuals, caught them, and placing their heads between his knees examined the inside of their eyelids, in order to learn by their colour whether or not they were infected with the *pwd* or moor disorder. We had some discourse about that malady. At last he asked me if there was a remedy for it.

"O yes," said I; "a decoction of hoarhound."

"What is hoarhound?" said he.

"*Llwyd y cwen*," said I. "Pour some of that down the sheep's throat twice a day, by means of a horn, and the sheep will recover, for the bitterness, do you see, will destroy the worm in the liver, which learned men say is the cause of the disorder."

We left the brook on our left hand and passed by some ruined walls which my guide informed me had once belonged to houses but were now used as sheepfolds. After walking several miles, according to my computation, we began to ascend a considerable elevation covered with brown heath and ling. As we went on the dogs frequently put up a bird of a black colour, which flew away with a sharp whirr.

"What bird is that?" said I.

"*Ceiliog y grug*, the cock of the heath," replied my guide. "It is said to be very good eating, but I have never tasted it. The *ceiliog y grug* is not food for the like of me. It goes to feed the rich Saxons in *Caer Ludd*."

We reached the top of the elevation.

"Yonder," said my guide, pointing to a white bare place a great way off to the west, "is Bala road."

"Then I will not trouble you to go any further," said I; "I can find my way thither."

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

“No, you could not,” said my guide; “if you were to make straight for that place you would perhaps fall down a steep, or sink into a peat hole up to your middle, or lose your way and never find the road, for you would soon lose sight of that place. Follow me, and I will lead you into a part of the road more to the left, and then you can find your way easily enough to that bare place, and from thence to Bala.” Thereupon he moved in a southerly direction down the steep, and I followed him. In about twenty minutes we came to the road.

“Now,” said my guide, “you are on the road; bear to the right, and you cannot miss the way to Bala.”

“How far is it to Bala?” said I.

“About twelve miles,” he replied.

I gave him a trifle, asking at the same time if it was sufficient. “Too much by one half,” he replied; “many, many thanks.” He then shook me by the hand, and accompanied by his dogs departed, not back over the moor, but in a southerly direction down the road.

Wending my course to the north, I came to the white bare spot which I had seen from the moor, and which was in fact the top of a considerable elevation over which the road passed. Here I turned and looked at the hills I had come across. There they stood, darkly blue, a rain cloud, like ink, hanging over their summits. O, the wild hills of Wales, the land of old renown and of wonder, the land of Arthur and Merlin.

The road now lay nearly due west. Rain came on, but it was at my back, so I expanded my umbrella, flung it over my shoulder and laughed. O, how a man laughs who has a good umbrella when he has the rain at his back, aye and over his head too, and at all times when it rains except when the rain is in his face, when the umbrella is not of much service. O, what a good friend to man is an umbrella in rain time, and

THE UMBRELLA

likewise at many other times. What need he fear if a wild bull or a ferocious dog attacks him, provided he has a good umbrella? he unfurls the umbrella in the face of the bull or dog, and the brute turns round quite scared, and runs away. Or if a footpad asks him for his money, what need he care provided he has an umbrella? he threatens to dodge the ferule into the ruffian's eye, and the fellow starts back and says, "Lord, sir! I meant no harm. I never saw you before in all my life. I merely meant a little fun." Moreover, who doubts that you are a respectable character provided you have an umbrella? You go into a public-house and call for a pot of beer, and the publican puts it down before you with one hand without holding out the other for the money, for he sees that you have an umbrella and consequently property. And what respectable man, when you overtake him on the way and speak to him, will refuse to hold conversation with you, provided you have an umbrella? No one. The respectable man sees you have an umbrella and concludes that you do not intend to rob him, and with justice, for robbers never carry umbrellas. O, a tent, a shield, a lance and a voucher for character is an umbrella. Amongst the very best friends of man must be reckoned an umbrella.

The way lay over dreary, moory hills: at last it began to descend and I saw a valley below me with a narrow river running through it to which wooded hills sloped down; far to the west were blue mountains. The scene was beautiful but melancholy; the rain had passed away, but a gloomy almost November sky was above, and the mists of night were coming down apace.

I crossed a bridge at the bottom of the valley and presently saw a road branching to the right. I paused, but after a little time went straight forward. Gloomy woods were on each side of me and night had come down. Fear came upon

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

me that I was not in the right road, but I saw no house at which I could inquire, nor did I see a single individual for miles of whom I could ask. At last I heard the sound of hatchets in a dingle on my right, and catching a glimpse of a gate at the head of a path, which led down into it, I got over it. After descending some time I hallooed. The noise of the hatchets ceased. I hallooed again, and a voice cried in Welsh, "What do you want?" "To know the way to Bala," I replied. There was no answer, but presently I heard steps, and the figure of a man drew nigh half undistinguishable in the darkness and saluted me. I returned his salutation, and told him I wanted to know the way to Bala. He told me, and I found I had been going right. I thanked him and regained the road. I sped onwards and in about half an hour saw some houses, then a bridge, then a lake on my left, which I recognised as the lake of Bala. I skirted the end of it, and came to a street cheerfully lighted up, and in a minute more was in the White Lion Inn.

GEORGE BORROW, *Wild Wales*

GEORGE BORROW has been termed "the Prince of Gossips," and you have here the perfectly natural expression of a rather garrulous and inquisitive man who writes precisely as he talks. He scorns the usual literary artifices. Yet he is not without mannerisms of his own, and there is an occasional pomposity of diction strangely contrasting with his usual free and easy demeanour. For example, he says "according to my computation" instead of "as I reckoned"; "the elevation" for "the hill"; and "thither" for "there." Perhaps this strange mixture is more than anything else typical of Borrow. He glories in the careless freedom of the

80

THE UMBRELLA

tramp, yet he revels in the respectability with which the umbrella invests him. He is proud, too, of his knowledge of out-of-the-way facts, and is delighted to be able to tell the farmer the remedy for the moor disorder. He is very fond of long, exclamatory passages. When some object or other strikes his fancy he will harangue it and grow almost lyrical in its praises, whether it be one of the bruisers of England, or a horse of the Moslems, or a humble umbrella. He determines to give you every detail and to spare you not a scrap of tiresome and unimportant conversations that become most tedious at times. Yet there is a strange attractiveness about the man that makes you forgive him all.

EXERCISES

1. Without referring to the text, supply the correct prepositions in the following phrases :

- (i) Compensation () civility.
- (ii) The hog-backed hill lay () the north.
- (iii) Water-courses which emptied their tribute () the brook.
- (iv) Covered () brown heath.
- (v) A road different () the other.
- (vi) Engaged () a great task.
- (vii) Prepared () all emergencies.

2. Use each of the following words in an appropriate sentence : affect, effect, infect, defect, prefect, perfect.

3. Give the substance of the dialogue between Borrow and the farmer in indirect form, limiting yourself to sixty words.

4. Suppose that from the White Lion Inn George Borrow had sent a telegram telling of his arrival and giving as clear an idea of his journey as is possible within the limit of twelve words. Give this telegram.

5. Punctuate the following passage, afterward comparing your version with the original on p. 77 :

At last he asked me if there was a remedy for it o yes said I a decoction of hoarhound what is hoarhound said he *llwyd y cwn* said I pour some of that down the sheeps throat twice a day by means of a horn and the sheep will recover for the bitterness do you see will destroy the worm in the liver which learned men say is the cause of the disorder

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

6. Write an essay on one of the following subjects :

- (i) Badges of Respectability.
- (ii) A Walking-tour.
- (iii) On losing One's Way.

Or write a passage eulogizing the walking-stick after the manner of George Borrow.

COMPARATIVE READING

Of noteworthy journeys and those who took them :

WILLIAM HAZLITT : On Going a Journey

R. L. STEVENSON : Walking-tours (*Virginibus Puerisque*). *Travels with a Donkey in the Cévennes*. *An Inland Voyage*.

H. BELLOC : *The Four Men*. *The Path to Rome*.

E. V. LUCAS : *The Open Road*.

SAMUEL BUTLER : *Alps and Sanctuaries*.

XII

TWO DREAMS

I. CLARENCE'S DREAM

SCENE : *London. The Tower*

Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY

Brak. Why looks your grace so heavily to-day ?

Clar. O ! I have pass'd a miserable night,
So full of ugly sights, of ghastly dreams,
That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though 'twere to buy a world of happy days,
So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord ? I pray you, tell me.

Clar. Methought that I had broken from the Tower,
And was embark'd to cross to Burgundy ;
And in my company my brother Gloucester,
Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
Upon the hatches : thence we look'd toward England,
And cited up a thousand heavy times,
During the wars of York and Lancaster
That had befall'n us. As we pac'd along
Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
Methought that Gloucester stumbled ; and, in falling,
Struck me, that thought to stay him, overboard,
Into the tumbling billows of the main.
Lord, Lord ! methought what pain it was to drown :

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears !
What ugly sights of death within mine eyes !
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ;
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon ;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea.
Some lay in dead men's skulls ; and in those holes
Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept,
As 'twere in scorn of eyes, reflecting gems,
That woo'd the slimy bottom of the deep,
And mock'd the dead bones that lay scatter'd by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death
To gaze upon these secrets of the deep ?

Clar. Methought I had ; and often did I strive
To yield the ghost ; but still the envious flood
Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
To find the empty, vast, and wandering air ;
But smother'd it within my panting bulk,
Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awak'd you not with this sore agony ?

Clar. No, no, my dream was lengthen'd after life ;
O ! then began the tempest to my soul.

I pass'd, methought, the melancholy flood,
With that sour ferryman which poets write of,
Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick ;
Who cried aloud, " What scourge for perjury
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence ? "
And so he vanish'd : then came wandering by
A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
Dabbled in blood ; and he shriek'd out aloud,
" Clarence is come ; false, fleeting, perjur'd Clarence,

TWO DREAMS

That stabb'd me in the field by Tewkesbury ;
Seize on him ! Furies, take him unto torment."
With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends
Environ'd me, and howled in mine ears
Such hideous cries, that with the very noise
I trembling wak'd, and for a season after
Could not believe but that I was in hell,
Such terrible impression made my dream.

Brak. No marvel, lord, though it affrighted you ;
I am afraid, methinks, to hear you tell it.

Clar. O Brakenbury ! I have done those things
That now bear evidence against my soul,
For Edward's sake ; and see how he requites me.
O God ! if my deep prayers cannot appease thee,
But thou wilt be aveng'd on my misdeeds,
Yet execute thy wrath in me alone :
O ! spare my guiltless wife and my poor children.
I pray thee, gentle keeper, stay by me ;
My soul is heavy, and I fain would sleep.

Brak. I will, my lord. God give your grace good rest !

[CLARENCE *sleeps*]

Sorrow breaks seasons and reposing hours,
Makes the night morning, and the noon-tide night.
Princes have but their titles for their glories,
An outward honour for an inward toil ;
And, for unfelt imaginations,
They often feel a world of restless cares :
So that, between their titles and low names,
There's nothing differs but the outward fame.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *King Richard III*

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

II. MERCUTIO'S DREAM

SCENE : *Verona. A Street*

Enter ROMEO, MERCUTIO, BENVOLIO, *with five or six Maskers, Torch-bearers, and others*

Rom. And we mean well, in going to this mask ;
But 'tis no wit to go.

Mer. Why, may one ask ?

Rom. I dream'd a dream to-night.

Mer. And so did I.

Rom. Well, what was yours ?

Mer. That dreamers often lie.

Rom. In bed asleep, while they do dream things true.

Mer. O ! then I see Queen Mab hath been with you.

She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the forefinger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep :
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners' legs ;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;
The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams ;
Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash, of film ;
Her waggoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid ;
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel or old grub,
Time out o' mind the fairies' coach-makers.
And in this state she gallops night by night
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love ;

TWO DREAMS

O'er courtiers' knees, that dream on court'sies straight ;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees ;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream ;
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometime she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit ;
And sometime comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice ;
Sometime she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep ; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes ;
And, being thus frightened, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night ;
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which once entangled much misfortune bodes ; . . .
This is she——

Rom. Peace, peace, Mercutio, peace !
Thou talk'st of nothing.

Mer. True, I talk of dreams,
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy ;
Which is as thin of substance as the air,
And more inconstant than the wind, who woos
Even now the frozen bosom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping south.

Ben. This wind you talk of blows us from ourselves ;
Supper is done, and we shall come too late.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE, *Romeo and Juliet*

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

THESE two dreams present a striking contrast. The one expresses the deep horror and affright caused by an uneasy conscience: the other the undaunted spirit of humour that laughs away ill omens. No one could secure 'atmosphere' in his writing more effectively than Shakespeare. In Clarence's dream everything suggests suspicion and dread: in that of Mercutio all tells of airy fun and pure mischief. The one reveals the depths to which humanity can sink: the other tells refreshingly of the innocent pranks of faery. The diction of these extracts is worth studying from this point of view. Notice in both the breathless hurry and extreme vividness that characterize all dreams. Shakespeare harmonizes most dexterously the rhythm of ordinary speech with that of conventional blank verse, and takes all manner of liberties with the stresses so that his lines shall be perfectly natural and expressive. The pause (or *cæsura*) often comes in the middle of a line, and the sense runs on unchecked from one line to the next, as in

she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the forefinger of an alderman.

Note, too, how natural and easy the dialogue is—easy to read, but no easy matter to write, as you may see if you try your own hand.

EXERCISES

1. Give antonyms for each of the following words: embark, in estimable, impression, entangled, constant. Make sentences containing each word and its opposite
2. Show by means of appropriate sentences the distinction between the following pairs of words: vein, vain; prey, pray; recks, wrecks; jewel, dual; time, thyme.
3. Mark the stresses and pauses in the following lines:

Lord, Lord! methought what pain it was to drown:
What dreadful noise of waters in mine ears!

TWO DREAMS

What ugly sights of death within mine eyes !
Methought I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ;
A thousand men that fishes gnaw'd upon ;
Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,
Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
All scattered in the bottom of the sea.

4. Quote three examples of playing upon words chosen from another source.

5. Say what you can gather of the respective characters of Clarence and Mercutio from these passages.

Or write a dialogue in blank verse between Mercutio and Clarence. The latter, you are to suppose, has just related his dream to Mercutio, who now makes characteristic comments thereon.

6. Write an essay on one of the following subjects :

- (i) Fame and Honour.
- (ii) Of Nothing.
- (iii) Dreams.

Or write a short story beginning, " That evening he had supped on cold pork and pickles."

COMPARATIVE READING

Other dream-studies :

Genesis xxxvii, xli : The Dreams of Joseph and Pharaoh.

THOMAS DE QUINCEY : Opium Dreams (*Confessions of an English Opium-eater*, Part II).

S. T. COLERIDGE : Kubla Khan. [GT] [TV IV]

CHARLES DICKENS : The Bagman's Story (*Pickwick Papers*, Chapter XIV). Scrooge's Visions (*Christmas Carol*).

CHARLES LAMB : Dream-children.

XIII

MRS QUILP'S TEA-PARTY

MR and Mrs Quilp resided on Tower Hill ; and in her bower on Tower Hill Mrs Quilp was left to pine the absence of her lord, when he quitted her on the business which he has been already seen to transact.

Mr Quilp could scarcely be said to be of any particular trade or calling, though his pursuits were diversified and his occupations numerous. He collected the rents of whole colonies of filthy streets and alleys by the waterside, advanced money to the seamen and petty officers of merchant vessels, had a share in the ventures of divers mates of East Indiamen, smoked his smuggled cigars under the very nose of the Custom House, and made appointments on 'Change with men in glazed hats and round jackets pretty well every day. On the Surrey side of the river was a small rat-infested dreary yard called "Quilp's Wharf," in which were a little wooden counting-house burrowing all awry in the dust as if it had fallen from the clouds and ploughed into the ground ; a few fragments of rusty anchors ; several large iron rings ; some piles of rotten wood ; and two or three heaps of old sheet copper, crumpled, cracked, and battered. On Quilp's Wharf, Daniel Quilp was a ship-breaker, yet to judge from these appearances he must either have been a ship-breaker on a very small scale, or have broken his ships up very small indeed. Neither did the place present any extraordinary aspect of life or activity, as its only human occupant was an amphibious boy in a canvas suit, whose sole change of

MRS QUILP'S TEA-PARTY

occupation was from sitting on the head of a pile and throwing stones into the mud when the tide was out, to standing with his hands in his pockets gazing listlessly on the motion and on the bustle of the river at high water.

The dwarf's lodging on Tower Hill comprised, besides the needful accommodation for himself and Mrs Quilp, a small sleeping-closet for that lady's mother, who resided with the couple and waged perpetual war on Daniel; of whom, notwithstanding, she stood in no slight dread. Indeed, the ugly creature contrived by some means or other—whether by his ugliness or his ferocity or his natural cunning is no great matter—to impress with a wholesome fear of his anger most of those with whom he was brought into daily contact and communication. Over nobody had he such ascendancy as Mrs Quilp herself—a pretty little, mild-spoken, blue-eyed woman, who having allied herself in wedlock to the dwarf in one of those strange infatuations of which examples are by no means scarce, performed a sound practical penance for her folly every day of her life.

It has been said that Mrs Quilp was pining in her bower. In her bower she was, but not alone, for besides the old lady her mother of whom mention has recently been made, there were present some half-dozen ladies of the neighbourhood who had happened by a strange accident (and also by a little understanding among themselves) to drop in one after another, just about tea-time. This being a season favourable to conversation, and the room being a cool, shady, lazy kind of place, with some plants at the open window shutting out the dust, and interposing pleasantly enough between the tea-table within and the old Tower without, it is no wonder that the ladies felt an inclination to talk and linger, especially when there are taken into account the additional inducements of fresh butter, new bread, shrimps, and water-cresses.

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

Now, the ladies being together under these circumstances it was extremely natural that the discourse should turn upon the propensity of mankind to tyrannize over the weaker sex, and the duty that devolved upon the weaker sex to resist that tyranny and assert their rights and dignity. It was natural for four reasons: firstly, because Mrs Quilp being a young woman and notoriously under the dominion of her husband ought to be excited to rebel; secondly, because Mrs Quilp's parent was known to be laudably shrewish in her disposition and inclined to resist male authority; thirdly, because each visitor wished to show for herself how superior she was in this respect to the generality of her sex; and fourthly, because the company being accustomed to scandalize each other in pairs, were deprived of their usual subject of conversation now that they were all assembled in close friendship, and had consequently no better employment than to attack the common enemy.

Moved by these considerations, a stout lady opened the proceedings by inquiring, with an air of great concern and sympathy, how Mr Quilp was; whereunto Mr Quilp's wife's mother replied sharply, "Oh! he was well enough—nothing much was ever the matter with him—and ill weeds were sure to thrive." All the ladies then sighed in concert, shook their heads gravely, and looked at Mrs Quilp as a martyr.

"Ah!" said the spokeswoman, "I wish you'd give her a little of your advice, Mrs Jiniwin"—Mrs Quilp had been a Miss Jiniwin it should be observed—"nobody knows better than you, ma'am, what us women owe to ourselves."

"Owe indeed, ma'am!" replied Mrs Jiniwin. "When my poor husband, her dear father, was alive, if he had ever ventur'd a cross word to *me*, I'd have——" the good old lady did not finish the sentence, but she twisted off the head of a shrimp with a vindictiveness which seemed to imply that the action was in some degree a substitute for words. In

MRS QUILP'S TEA-PARTY

this light it was clearly understood by the other party, who immediately replied with great approbation, "You quite enter into my feelings, ma'am, and it's just what I'd do myself."

"But you have no call to do it," said Mrs Jiniwin. "Luckily for you, you have no more occasion to do it than I had."

"No woman need have, if she was true to herself," rejoined the stout lady.

"Do you hear that, Betsy?" said Mrs Jiniwin, in a warning voice. "How often have I said the very same words to you, and almost gone down on my knees when I spoke 'em!"

Poor Mrs Quilp, who had looked in a state of helplessness from one face of condolence to another, coloured, smiled, and shook her head doubtfully. This was the signal for a general clamour, which beginning in a low murmur gradually swelled into a great noise in which everybody spoke at once, and all said that she being a young woman had no right to set up her opinions against the experiences of those who knew so much better; that it was very wrong of her not to take the advice of people who had nothing at heart but her good; that it was next door to being downright ungrateful to conduct herself in that manner; that if she had no respect for herself she ought to have some for other women, all of whom she compromised by her meekness; and that if she had no respect for other women, the time would come when other women would have no respect for her; and she would be very sorry for that, they could tell her. Having dealt out these admonitions, the ladies fell to a more powerful assault than they had yet made upon the mixed tea, new bread, fresh butter, shrimps, and watercresses, and said that their vexation was so great to see her going on like that, that they could hardly bring themselves to eat a single morsel.

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

"It's all very fine for you to talk," said Mrs Quilp with much simplicity, "but I know that if I was to die to-morrow, Quilp could marry anybody he pleased—now that he could, I know!"

There was quite a scream of indignation at this idea. Marry whom he pleased! They would like to see him dare to think of marrying any of them; they would like to see the faintest approach to such a thing. One lady (a widow) was quite certain she should stab him if he hinted at it.

"Very well," said Mrs Quilp, nodding her head, "as I said just now, it's very easy to talk, but I say again that I know—that I'm sure—Quilp has such a way with him when he likes, that the best-looking woman here couldn't refuse him if I was dead and she was free, and he chose to make love to her. Come!"

Everybody bridled up at this remark, as much as to say, "I know you mean me. Let him try—that's all." And yet for some hidden reason they were all angry with the widow, and each lady whispered in her neighbour's ear that it was very plain the said widow thought herself the person referred to, and what a puss she was!

"Mother knows," said Mrs Quilp, "that what I say is quite correct, for she often said so before we were married. Didn't you say so, Mother?"

This inquiry involved the respected lady in rather a delicate position, for she certainly had been an active party in making her daughter Mrs Quilp, and, besides, it was not supporting the family credit to encourage the idea that she had married a man whom nobody else would have. On the other hand, to exaggerate the captivating qualities of her son-in-law would be to weaken the cause of revolt, in which all her energies were deeply engaged. Beset by these opposing considerations, Mrs Jiniwin admitted the powers of insinuation, but denied the right to govern, and with a timely

MRS QUILP'S TEA-PARTY

compliment to the stout lady brought back the discussion to the point from which it had strayed.

"Oh! It's a sensible and proper thing indeed, what Mrs George has said!" exclaimed the old lady. "If women are only true to themselves!—But Betsy isn't, and more's the shame and pity."

"Before I'd let a man order me about as Quilp orders her," said Mrs George; "before I'd consent to stand in awe of a man as she does of him, I'd—I'd kill myself, and write a letter first to say he did it!"

This remark being loudly commended and approved of, another lady (from the Minorities) put in her word:

"Mr Quilp may be a very nice man," said this lady, "and I suppose there's no doubt he is, because Mrs Quilp says he is, and Mrs Jiniwin says he is, and they ought to know, or nobody does. But still he's not quite a—what one calls a handsome man, nor quite a young man neither, which might be a little excuse for him if anything could be; whereas his wife is young, and is good-looking, and is a woman—which is the great thing after all."

This last clause being delivered with extraordinary pathos, elicited a corresponding murmur from the hearers. Stimulated by this the lady went on to remark that if such a husband was cross and unreasonable with such a wife, then——

"If he is!" interposed the mother, putting down her tea-cup and brushing the crumbs out of her lap, preparatory to making a solemn declaration. "If he is! He is the greatest tyrant that ever lived, she daren't call her soul her own, he makes her tremble with a word and even with a look, he frightens her to death, and she hasn't the spirit to give him a word back, no, not a single word."

Notwithstanding that the fact had been notorious beforehand to all the tea-drinkers, and had been discussed and

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

expatiated on at every tea-drinking in the neighbourhood for the last twelve months, this official communication was no sooner made than they all began to talk at once and to vie with each other in vehemence and volubility. Mrs George remarked that people would talk, that people had often said this to her before, that Mrs Simmons then and there present had told her so twenty times, that she had always said, "No, Henrietta Simmons, unless I see it with my own eyes and hear it with my own ears, I never will believe it." Mrs Simmons corroborated this testimony and added strong evidence of her own. The lady from the Minories recounted a successful course of treatment under which she had placed her own husband, who, from manifesting one month after marriage unequivocal symptoms of the tiger, had by this means become subdued into a perfect lamb. Another lady recounted her own personal struggle and final triumph, in the course whereof she had found it necessary to call in her mother and two aunts, and to weep incessantly night and day for six weeks. A third, who in the general confusion could secure no other listener, fastened herself upon a young woman still unmarried who happened to be amongst them, and conjured her as she valued her own peace of mind and happiness to profit by this solemn occasion, to take example from the weakness of Mrs Quilp, and from that time forth to direct her whole thoughts to taming and subduing the rebellious spirit of man. The noise was at its height, and half the company had elevated their voices into a perfect shriek in order to drown the voices of the other half, when Mrs Jiniwin was seen to change colour and shake her forefinger stealthily, as if exhorting them to silence. Then, and not until then, Daniel Quilp himself, the cause and occasion of all this clamour, was observed to be in the room, looking on and listening with profound attention.

"Go on, ladies, go on," said Daniel. "Mrs Quilp, pray ask

MRS QUILP'S TEA-PARTY

the ladies to stop to supper, and have a couple of lobsters and something light and palatable."

"I—I—didn't ask them to tea, Quilp," stammered his wife. "It's quite an accident."

"So much the better, Mrs Quilp; these accidental parties are always the pleasantest," said the dwarf, rubbing his hands so hard that he seemed to be engaged in manufacturing, of the dirt with which they were encrusted, little charges for pop-guns. "What! Not going, ladies, you are not going, surely!"

His fair enemies tossed their heads slightly as they sought their respective bonnets and shawls, but left all verbal contention to Mrs Jiniwin, who finding herself in the position of champion, made a faint struggle to sustain the character.

"And why *not* stop to supper, Quilp," said the old lady, "if my daughter had a mind?"

"To be sure," rejoined Daniel. "Why not?"

"There's nothing dishonest or wrong in a supper, I hope?" said Mrs Jiniwin.

"Surely not," returned the dwarf. "Why should there be? Nor anything unwholesome either, unless there's lobster-salad or prawns, which I'm told are not good for digestion."

"And you wouldn't like *your* wife to be attacked with that, or anything else that would make her uneasy, would you?" said Mrs Jiniwin.

"Not for a score of worlds," replied the dwarf with a grin. "Not even to have a score of mothers-in-law at the same time—and what a blessing that would be!"

"My daughter's your wife, Mr Quilp, certainly," said the old lady with a giggle, meant for satirical and to imply that he needed to be reminded of the fact; "your wedded wife."

"So she is, certainly. So she is," observed the dwarf.

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

"And she has a right to do as she likes, I hope, Quilp," said the old lady trembling, partly with anger and partly with a secret fear of her impish son-in-law.

"Hope she has!" he replied. "Oh! Don't you know she has, Mrs Jiniwin?"

"I know she ought to have, Quilp, and would have, if she was of my way of thinking."

"Why an't you of your mother's way of thinking, my dear?" said the dwarf, turning round and addressing his wife, "why don't you always imitate your mother, my dear? She's the ornament of her sex—your father said so every day of his life. I am sure he did."

"Her father was a blessed creetur, Quilp, and worth twenty thousand of some people," said Mrs Jiniwin; "twenty hundred million thousand."

"I should like to have known him," remarked the dwarf. "I daresay he was a blessed creature then; but I'm sure he is now. It was a happy release. I believe he had suffered a long time?"

The old lady gave a gasp, but nothing came of it; Quilp resumed, with the same malice in his eye and the same sarcastic politeness on his tongue.

"You look ill, Mrs Jiniwin; I know you have been exciting yourself too much—talking perhaps, for it is your weakness. Go to bed. Do go to bed."

"I shall go when I please, Quilp, and not before."

"But please to go now. Do please to go now," said the dwarf.

The old woman looked angrily at him, but retreated as he advanced, and falling back before him, suffered him to shut the door upon her, and bolt her out among the guests, who were by this time crowding downstairs. Being left alone with his wife, who sat trembling in a corner with her eyes fixed upon the ground, the little man planted himself before her,

MRS QUILP'S TEA-PARTY

and folding his arms looked steadily at her for a long time without speaking.

"Mrs Quilp," he said at last.

"Yes, Quilp," she replied meekly.

Instead of pursuing the theme he had in his mind, Quilp folded his arms again, and looked at her more sternly than before, while she averted her eyes and kept them on the ground.

"Mrs Quilp."

"Yes, Quilp."

"If ever you listen to those beldames again, I'll bite you."

CHARLES DICKENS, *The Old Curiosity Shop*

CHARLES DICKENS has a certain Puckish fondness for the grotesque that comes out in almost every line he wrote. Just as the caricaturist seizes upon some striking feature—a prominent nose, long hair, or a monocle—and magnifies it at the expense of all the more ordinary features, so Dickens loves to emphasize the peculiarities of queer people. Stress is laid upon the ugliness of the dwarf, yet at the same time he is given a certain unholy attractiveness that enables him to play all manner of pranks with the ordinary people who surround him. Whether, like his wife, they meekly submit; or whether, like his mother-in-law, they vigorously protest, the result is the same: they fall back abashed at Quilp's approach. He is as ugly as sin, but he is also alluring. The queer man, with that uncanny air, is more than a match for simple folk who have only ordinary weapons with which to defend themselves. It will be well to observe how Dickens heightens the sinister expression of the dwarf. There is little direct description, yet our picture of him is perfectly clear.

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

Such realistic touches as we find here are worth a world of conventional detail :

" These accidental parties are always the pleasantest," said the dwarf, rubbing his hands so hard that he seemed to be engaged in manufacturing, of the dirt with which they were encrusted, little charges for pop-guns.

The contrast between Quilp and his wife needs no comment. Note, too, the atmosphere of grim humour which the dwarf brings with him into the room, and the dexterity with which Dickens suggests the breathless volubility of the ladies cut short by Quilp's sudden entry.

EXERCISES

1. Show plainly the distinction between the following pairs of words by using each in an appropriate sentence: noteworthy, notorious; dominion, domination; amphibious, ambidextrous; condolence, indolence; respective, respectful; pathos, bathos.

2. Put the following passage into indirect speech :

" Ah ! " said the spokeswoman, " I wish you'd give her a little of your advice, Mrs Jiniwin "—Mrs Quilp had been a Miss Jiniwin it should be observed—" nobody knows better than you, ma'am, what us women owe to ourselves."

" Owe indeed, ma'am ! " replied Mrs Jiniwin. " When my poor husband, her dear father, was alive, if he had ever ventur'd a cross word to *me*, I'd have—" the old lady did not finish the sentence, but she twisted off the head of a shrimp with a vindictiveness which seemed to imply that the action was in some degree a substitute for words.

3. Explain these phrases and use each in a sentence of your own : all awry; gazing listlessly; pining in her bower; strange infatuation; laudably shrewish.

4. Summarize in not more than eighty words the paragraph beginning, " Notwithstanding that the fact had been notorious."

5. Mr G. K. Chesterton says of Dickens that " he could describe miserable marriages, but not monotonous marriages. It must have been genuinely entertaining to be married to Mr Quilp." Add your comments.

MRS QUILP'S TEA-PARTY

6. Write an essay on one of the following subjects:

- (i) Dwarfs and Giants in Literature.
- (ii) The Longshoreman.
- (iii) Meals and mealtimes.

COMPARATIVE READING

Of certain feasts and feasters:

JOHN MILTON: Eve entertains the Angel Raphael (*Paradise Lost*, Book V, line 308).

CHARLES LAMB: A Dissertation upon Roast Pig.

RUDYARD KIPLING: Breakfast on the *We're Here* (*Captains Courageous*, Chapter II).

MRS GASKELL: Tea with "your ladyship" (*Cranford*, Chapter VIII).

St John ii: The Marriage Feast at Cana.

CHARLES DICKENS: Trotty's Dinner-table (*The Chimes*, First Quarter). The Christmas Dinner (*Christmas Carol*, Stave Three). A Picnic (*Pickwick Papers*, Chapter XIX).

LEWIS CARROLL: A Mad Tea-party (*Alice in Wonderland*, Chapter VII).

JOHN KEATS: The Eve of St Agnes.

XIV

THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS

THE Jackdaw sat on the Cardinal's chair :
Bishop and abbot and prior were there ;
 Many a monk, and many a friar,
 Many a knight, and many a squire,
With a great many more of lesser degree,—
In sooth, a goodly company ;
And they served the Lord Primate on bended knee.
 Never, I ween, Was a prouder seen,
Read of in books, or dreamt of in dreams,
Than the Cardinal Lord Archbishop of Rheims !

 In and out Through the motley rout,
That little Jackdaw kept hopping about ;
 Here and there Like a dog in a fair,
 Over comfits and cates, And dishes and plates,
Cowl and cope, and rochet and pall,
Mitre and crosier, he hopp'd upon all !
 With a saucy air, He perch'd on the chair
Where, in state, the great Lord Cardinal sat,
In the great Lord Cardinal's great red hat ;
 And he peered in the face Of his Lordship's Grace,
With a satisfied look, as if he would say,
“ We two are the greatest folks here to-day ! ”
 And the priests, with awe, As such freaks they saw,
Said, “ The Devil must be in that little Jackdaw ! ”

THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS

The feast was over, the board was clear'd,
The flaws and the custards had all disappear'd,
And six little Singing-boys,—dear little souls !
In nice clean faces, and nice white stoles,

Came, in order due, Two by two,
Marching that grand refectory through.
A nice little boy held a golden ewer,
Emboss'd and fill'd with water, as pure
As any that flows between Rheims and Namur,
Which a nice little boy stood ready to catch
In a fine golden hand-basin made to match.
Two nice little boys, rather more grown,
Carried lavender-water and eau-de-Cologne ;
And a nice little boy had a nice cake of soap,
Worthy of washing the hands of the Pope.

One little boy more A napkin bore,
Of the best white diaper, fringed with pink,
And a Cardinal's Hat mark'd in " permanent ink."

The great Lord Cardinal turns at the sight
Of these nice little boys dress'd all in white :

From his finger he draws His costly turquoise ;
And, not thinking at all about little Jackdaws,

Deposits it straight By the side of his plate,
While the nice little boys on his Eminence wait ;
Till, when nobody's dreaming of any such thing,
That little Jackdaw hops off with the ring !

.

There's a cry and a shout, And a deuce of a rout,
And nobody seems to know what they're about,
But the monks have their pockets all turn'd inside out ;

The friars are kneeling, And hunting, and feeling
The carpet, the floor, and the walls, and the ceiling.

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

The Cardinal drew Off each plum-colour'd shoe,
And left his red stockings exposed to the view;
He peeps, and he feels In the toes and the heels;
They turn up the dishes,—they turn up the plates,—
They take up the poker and poke out the grates,
—They turn up the rugs, They examine the mugs:
But no!—no such thing; They can't find THE RING!
And the Abbot declared that, “when nobody twigg'd it,
Some rascal or other had popp'd in and prigg'd it!”

The Cardinal rose with a dignified look,
He call'd for his candle, his bell, and his book:
In holy anger, and pious grief,
He solemnly cursed that rascally thief!
He cursed him at board, he cursed him in bed,
From the sole of his foot to the crown of his head!
He cursed him in sleeping, that every night
He should dream of the devil, and wake in a fright;
He cursed him in eating, he cursed him in drinking,
He cursed him in coughing, in sneezing, in winking;
He cursed him in sitting, in standing, in lying;
He cursed him in walking, in riding, in flying;
He cursed him in living, he cursed him in dying!
Never was heard such a terrible curse!
But what gave rise To no little surprise,
Nobody seem'd one penny the worse!

The day was gone, The night came on,
The monks and the friars they search'd till dawn;
When the sacristan saw, On crumpled claw
Come limping a poor little lame Jackdaw.
No longer gay, As on yesterday;
His feathers all seem'd to be turn'd the wrong way;

THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS

His pinions droop'd—he could hardly stand,
His head was as bald as the palm of your hand ;
His eyes so dim, So wasted each limb,
That, heedless of grammar, they all cried, “ THAT'S HIM !
That's the scamp that has done this scandalous thing !
That's the thief that has got my Lord Cardinal's Ring ! ”

The poor little Jackdaw, When the monks he saw,
Feebly gave vent to the ghost of a caw ;
And turn'd his bald head, as much as to say,
“ Pray, be so good as to walk this way ! ”

Slower and slower He limp'd on before,
Till they came to the back of the belfry-door,
When the first thing they saw,
Midst the sticks and the straw,
Was the RING, in the nest of that little Jackdaw.

Then the great Lord Cardinal call'd for his book,
And off that terrible curse he took ;

The mute expression Served in lieu of confession,
And, being thus coupled with full restitution,
The Jackdaw got plenary absolution !

—When those words were heard, That poor little bird
Was so changed in a moment, 'twas really absurd.

He grew sleek and fat ; In addition to that,
A fresh crop of feathers came thick as a mat !

His tail waggl'd more Even than before ;
But no longer it wagg'd with an impudent air,
No longer he perch'd on the Cardinal's chair,
He hopp'd now about With a gait devout ;
At Matins, at Vespers, he never was out ;
And, so far from any more pilfering deeds,
He always seem'd telling the Confessor's beads.

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

If any one lied, or if any one swore,
Or slumber'd in prayer-time and happen'd to snore,
That good Jackdaw Would give a great "Caw!"
As much as to say, "Don't do so any more!"
While many remark'd, as his manners they saw,
That they "never had known such a pious Jackdaw!"
He long lived the pride Of that countryside,
And at last in the odour of sanctity died;
When, as words were too faint His merits to paint,
The Conclave determined to make him a Saint;
And on newly-made Saints and Popes, as you know,
It's the custom, at Rome, new names to bestow,
So they canonized him by the name of Jem Crow.

R. H. BARHAM, *The Ingoldsby Legends*

THIS poem is a good example of the mock heroic. The writer uses the means by which lofty emotions are expressed and stately occasions are described to set forth feelings absurdly low and situations that are ludicrously trivial. All the heavy artillery of literature is brought to bear on a lath-and-plaster wall. The sledgehammer is used to crack a nut. Everything is turned upside down. What usually makes the reader sad now provokes him to laughter. What ordinarily gives an effect of great solemnity now sets him tittering. Contrast, as we have seen, is a most powerful aid to emotion. Wolsey, once so high, now so low, is an object of commiseration. Here, however, the contrast between the solemn state of the great Lord Cardinal and the unspeakable impudence of the little Jackdaw is ludicrous in the extreme. Repetition, as Burke could use it, for example, is an invaluable aid to emphasis. Here the reiteration of the phrase "a nice little boy"

THE JACKDAW OF RHEIMS

causes merriment. Milton again and again in *Paradise Lost* shows the sonorous effect of a list of names—a mere catalogue. Barham here makes it simply ridiculous. And the whole joke fittingly culminates in the last two words. Apart from the good fun that is to be had from such misuse of weapons, the reader can often get a better idea of such devices from parody or burlesque than from the original works. Where the writer is subtle and refined so that it is difficult at times to see how he does his work the parodist is blunt and brutal, giving away the whole secret.

EXERCISES

1. Explain each of the following phrases and make sentences using them appropriately: plenary absolution, the odour of sanctity, mute expression, of lesser degree, mitre and crosier, best white diaper.
2. Punctuate the following passage and arrange it in verse-form, afterward comparing your version with the original on p. 104:

The day was gone the night came on, the monks and the friars they search'd till dawn, when the sacristan saw on crumpled claw come limping a poor little lame jackdaw no longer gay as on yesterday, his feathers all seem'd to be turned the wrong way, his pinions droop'd he could hardly stand, his head was as bald as the palm of your hand, his eyes so dim so wasted each limb, that heedless of grammar they all cried that's him. -

3. Combine the following words in any way you choose so as to make an interesting and coherent paragraph: ocean, main, deep, brine, salt-water, waves, billows, high seas, offing, great waters, watery waste, vasty deep.
4. Copy out the first stanza of the poem, indicating the rimes by letters and the number of stresses in each line by a figure.
5. Attempt a parody on any of the poems in this book. Or write a short descriptive passage entitled "A Nice Little Boy."
6. Write an essay on one of the following subjects:

- (i) Thieves Ancient and Modern.
- (ii) A Pet's Biography.

Or write a humorous story entitled "Stop Thief!"

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

COMPARATIVE READING

Of birds and beasts :

HUGH WALPOLE : A Dog-study (*Jeremy and Hamlet*, Chapter I).

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS : *Uncle Remus*.

E. THOMPSON SETON : *The Silver Fox*.

JACK LONDON : *The Call of the Wild*. *White Fang*.

JOHN GALSWORTHY : Memories (*The Inn of Tranquillity*).

CHARLES DICKENS : Grip the Raven (*Barnaby Rudge*). Bill Sikes' Dog (*Oliver Twist*).

SIR JAMES BARRIE : Solomon Caw (*The Little White Bird*, Chapter XIV).

XV

PAGES FROM A DIARY

THE GREAT FIRE OF LONDON, 1666

2nd September. This fatal night, about ten, began the deplorable fire, near Fish-street, in London.

3rd. I had public prayers at home. The fire continuing, after dinner, I took coach with my wife and son, and went to the Bankside in Southwark, where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole city in dreadful flames near the water-side ; all the houses from the Bridge, all Thames-street, and upwards towards Cheapside, down to the Three Cranes, were now consumed ; and so returned, exceeding astonished what would become of the rest.

The fire having continued all this night (if I may call that night which was light as day for ten miles round about, after a dreadful manner), I went on foot to the same place ; and saw the whole south part of the City burning from Cheapside to the Thames, and all along Cornhill (for it likewise kindled back against the wind as well as forward), Tower-street, Fenchurch-street, Gracious-street, and so along to Baynard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St Paul's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonished, that, from the beginning, I know not by what despondency, or fate, they hardly stirred to quench it ; so that there was nothing heard, or seen, but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods ; such a strange

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

consternation there was upon them, so as it burned both in breadth and length, the churches, public halls, Exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments ; leaping after a prodigious manner, from house to house, and street to street, at great distances one from the other. For the heat, with a long set of fair and warm weather, had even ignited the air, and prepared the materials to conceive the fire, which devoured, after an incredible manner, houses, furniture, and every thing. Here, we saw the Thames covered with goods floating, all the barges and boats laden with what some had time and courage to save, as, on the other side, the carts, &c., carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strewed with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh, the miserable and calamitous spectacle ! such as haply the world had not seen since the foundation of it, nor can be outdone till the universal conflagration thereof. All the sky was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seen above forty miles round-about for many nights. God grant mine eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above ten thousand houses all in one flame ! The noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like a hideous storm ; and the air all about so hot and inflamed, that at the last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forced to stand still, and let the flames burn on, which they did, for near two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds also of smoke were dismal, and reached upon computation, near fifty miles in length. Thus, I left it this afternoon burning, a resemblance of Sodom, or the last day. It forcibly called to my mind that passage—*non enim hic habemus stabilem civitatem* : the ruins resembling the picture of Troy. London was, but it is no more ! Thus, I returned.

PAGES FROM A DIARY

4th September. The burning still rages, and it is now gotten as far as the Inner Temple. All Fleet-street, the Old Bailey, Ludgate-hill, Warwick-lane, Newgate, Paul's-chain, Watling-street, now flaming, and most of it reduced to ashes; the stones of Paul's flew like grenados, the melting lead running down the streets in a stream, and the very pavements glowing with fiery redness, so as no horse, nor man, was able to tread on them, and the demolition had stopped all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The eastern wind still more impetuously driving the flames forward. Nothing but the Almighty power of God was able to stop them; for vain was the help of man.

5th. It crossed towards Whitehall; but oh! the confusion there was then at that Court! It pleased his Majesty to command me, among the rest, to look after the quenching of Fetter-lane end, to preserve (if possible) that part of Holborn, whilst the rest of the gentlemen took their several posts, some at one part, and some at another (for now they began to bestir themselves, and not till now, who hitherto had stood as men intoxicated, with their hands across), and began to consider that nothing was likely to put a stop but the blowing up of so many houses as might make a wider gap than any had yet been made by the ordinary method of pulling them down with engines. This some stout seamen proposed early enough to have saved near the whole City, but this some tenacious and avaricious men, aldermen, &c., would not permit, because their houses must have been of the first. It was, therefore, now commended to be practised; and my concern being particularly for the Hospital of St Bartholomew, near Smithfield, where I had many wounded and sick men, made me the more diligent to promote it; nor was my care for the Savoy less. It now pleased God, by abating the wind, and by the industry of the people, when all was almost lost infusing a new spirit into them, that the fury

of it began sensibly to abate about noon, so as it came no farther than the Temple westward, nor than the entrance to Smithfield, north : but continued all this day and night so impetuous towards Cripplegate and the Tower, as made us all despair. It also brake out again in the Temple ; but the courage of the multitude persisting, and many houses being blown up, such gaps and desolations were soon made, as, with the former three days' consumption, the back fire did not so vehemently urge upon the rest as formerly. There was yet no standing near the burning and glowing ruins by near a furlong's space.

The coal and wood-wharfs, and magazines of oil, rosin, &c., did infinite mischief, so as the invective which a little before I had dedicated to his Majesty and published, giving warning what probably might be the issue of suffering those shops to be in the City was looked upon as a prophecy.

The poor inhabitants were dispersed about St George's Fields, and Moorfields, as far as Highgate, and several miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable huts and hovels, many without a rag, or any necessary utensils, bed or board, who from delicateness, riches, and easy accommodations, in stately and well-furnished houses, were now reduced to extremest misery and poverty.

In this calamitous condition, I returned with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the distinguishing mercy of God to me and mine, who, in the midst of all this ruin, was like Lot, in my little Zoar, safe and sound.

6th September. Thursday. I represented to his Majesty the case of the French prisoners of war in my custody, and besought him that there might be still the same care of watching at all places contiguous to unseized houses. It is not indeed imaginable how extraordinary the vigilance and activity of the King and the Duke was, even labouring in person, and being present to command, order, reward, or

encourage workmen ; by which he showed his affection to his people, and gained theirs. Having, then, disposed of some under cure at the Savoy, I returned to Whitehall, where I dined at Mr Offley's, the groom-porter, who was my relation.

7th. I went this morning on foot from Whitehall as far as London Bridge, through the late Fleet-street, Ludgate-hill by St Paul's, Cheapside, Exchange, Bishopsgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorfields, thence through Cornhill, &c., with extraordinary difficulty, clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was: the ground under my feet so hot, that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. In the meantime, his Majesty got to the Tower by water, to demolish the houses about the graff, which, being built entirely about it, had they taken fire and attacked the White Tower, where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten down and destroyed all the bridge, but sunk and torn the vessels in the river, and rendered the demolition beyond all expression for several miles about the country.

At my return, I was infinitely concerned to find that goodly Church, St Paul's—now a sad ruin, and that beautiful portico (for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repaired by the late King) now rent in pieces, flakes of large stones split asunder, and nothing remaining entire but the inscription in the architrave, showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defaced ! It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heat had in a manner calcined, so that all the ornaments, columns, friezes, capitals, and projectures of massy Portland stone, flew off, even to the very roof, where a sheet of lead covering a great space (no less than six acres by measure) was totally melted. The ruins of the vaulted roof falling, broke into St Faith's, which being filled with the magazines of books belonging to the Stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

consumed, burning for a week following. It is also observable that the lead over the altar at the east end was untouched, and among the divers monuments the body of one bishop remained entire. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable church, one of the most ancient pieces of early piety in the Christian world, besides near one hundred more. The lead, iron-work, bells, plate, &c., melted, the exquisitely wrought Mercers' Chapel, the sumptuous Exchange, the august fabric of Christ Church, all the rest of the Companies' Halls, splendid buildings, arches, entries, all in dust ; the fountains dried up and ruined whilst the very waters remained boiling ; the voragos of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench and dark clouds of smoke ; so that in five or six miles traversing about I did not see one load of timber unconsumed, nor many stones but what were calcined white as snow.

The people, who now walked about the ruins, appeared like men in some dismal desert, or rather, in some great city laid waste by a cruel enemy ; to which was added the stench that came from some poor creatures' bodies, beds, and other combustible goods. Sir Thomas Gresham's statue, though fallen from its niche in the Royal Exchange, remained entire, when all those of the Kings since the Conquest were broken to pieces. Also the standard in Cornhill, and Queen Elizabeth's effigies, with some arms on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment, whilst the vast iron chains of the City-streets, hinges, bars, and gates of prisons, were many of them melted and reduced to cinders by the vehement heat. Nor was I yet able to pass through any of the narrow streets, but kept the widest ; the ground and air, smoke and fiery vapour, continued so intense, that my hair was almost singed, and my feet unsufferably surbated. The bye-lanes and narrow streets were quite filled up with rubbish ; nor could one have possibly known where he was, but by the ruins of some

PAGES FROM A DIARY

Church, or Hall, that had some remarkable tower, or pinnacle remaining.

I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seen 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees dispersed, and lying along by their heaps of what they could save from the fire, deploring their loss ; and, though ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appeared a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty and Council indeed took all imaginable care for their relief, by proclamation for the country to come in, and refresh them with provisions.

JOHN EVELYN, *Diary*

A DIARY is always of interest, because it is such a personal and intimate piece of writing, shedding a clear light upon the personality of the writer. If in addition the events of which the diary treats are of primary importance, and the writer occupied a particularly favourable position for observing and judging those events, then the value of the record is greatly enhanced. This passage shows admirable restraint and resource in the face of overwhelming disaster. One can see that it is the work of an eyewitness. He sets down just those impressions that would inevitably be received at the time. He mentions, for instance, that the night was as light as the day, and speaks of the effect of the heat on his feet and hair. He is evidently a scholar—a little pompous perhaps, if we may judge from some of his expressions. He is kind-hearted, however, and practical too, for he does not spend his time in purposeless grief over the destruction of his beloved city, but takes what measures are possible to help. He was an actor, and not merely a spectator. We have here some of the raw material of history. The historian, writing of any

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

particular event, has to gather contemporary evidence such as this, to make what allowance he can for bias, error, or any peculiarity in the writer's point of view, and then to set himself to convey a just notion of the significance of what actually took place.

EXERCISES

1. Make a list of any words or phrases in Evelyn's account that seem to you at all unusual. Comment on each as far as you are able to do so.

2. Distinguish between the following words by means of appropriate sentences: distracted, protracted, extracted, detracted, contracted.

3. Make a pen-portrait of John Evelyn based upon what information you are able to glean from this extract.

4. Summarize in seventy or eighty words the paragraph beginning with the words "At my return."

5. Imagine yourself to be engaged in writing a history of the period of Charles II. Write for the purpose a paragraph dealing with the Great Fire, basing your account on Evelyn's *Diary*.

6. Compile a diary, real or imaginary, having for its main subject one of the following subjects:

- (i) Camping-out.
- (ii) A Sea-voyage.

Or write an essay on one of the following subjects:

- (i) On keeping a Diary.
- (ii) The Great Fires of History.

COMPARATIVE READING

Other diaries and journals:

PEPYS: *Diary*.

JOHN WESLEY: *Journal*.

DEFOE: *Journal of the Plague Year*.

GILBERT WHITE: *Natural History of Selborne*.

COLERIDGE: *Table Talk*.

BOSWELL: *Journal of a Tour to the Hebrides*.

XVI
FOUR VIGNETTES

I. VENICE

BENEATH is spread like a green sea
The waveless plain of Lombardy,
Bounded by the vaporous air ;
Islanded by cities fair ;
Underneath Day's azure eyes
Ocean's nursling, Venice lies,—
A peopled labyrinth of walls,
Amphitrite's destined halls,
Which her hoary sire now paves
With his blue and beaming waves.
Lo ! the sun upsprings behind,
Broad, red, radiant, half-reclined
On the level quivering line
Of the waters crystalline ;
And before that chasm of light,
As within a furnace bright,
Column, tower, and dome, and spire,
Shine like obelisks of fire,
Pointing with inconstant motion
From the altar of dark ocean
To the sapphire-tinted skies ;
As the flames of sacrifice
From the marble shrines did rise,
As to pierce the dome of gold
Where Apollo spoke of old.

P. B. SHELLEY

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

II. EDINBURGH

STILL on the spot Lord Marmion stay'd,
For fairer scene he ne'er survey'd.
When sated with the martial show
That peopled all the plain below,
The wandering eye could o'er it go
And mark the distant city glow
With gloomy splendour red ;
For on the smoke-wreaths, huge and slow,
That round her sable turrets flow,
The morning beams were shed,
And tinged them with a lustre proud,
Like that which streaks a thunder-cloud.
Such dusky grandeur clothed the height,
Where the huge Castle holds its state,
And all the steep slope down,
Whose ridgy back heaves to the sky,
Piled deep and massy, close and high,
Mine own romantic town !
But northward far, with purer blaze,
On Ochil mountains fell the rays,
And as each heathy top they kiss'd,
It gleam'd a purple amethyst.
Yonder the shores of Fife you saw ;
Here Preston-Bay and Berwick-Law :
And, broad between them roll'd,
The gallant Frith the eye might note
Whose islands on its bosom float,
Like emeralds chased in gold.

SIR WALTER SCOTT

FOUR VIGNETTES

III. THE LAKE OF GENEVA

CLEAR, placid Leman ! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction ; once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

It is the hush of night, and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellow'd and mingling, yet distinctly seen,
Save darken'd Jura, whose capt heights appear
Precipitously steep ; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood ; on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more ;

He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill ;
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes
Starts into voice a moment, then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill,
But that is fancy, for the starlight dew
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into Nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

LORD BYRON

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

IV. UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

EARTH has not anything to show more fair :
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty :
This City now doth, like a garment, wear
The beauty of the morning ; silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky ;
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill ;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
The river glideth at his own sweet will :
Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
And all that mighty heart is lying still !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

UNDER Shelley's touch Venice is transformed from a dwelling-place for mere human beings into the abode of Amphitrite, Neptune, and Apollo. With Scott, on the contrary, Edinburgh is full of charm and romance because of the people who have dwelt there in the past. Notice, too, the stress which he lays upon colour. Byron gives you a lightning sketch. Observe the hush of the line :

Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved.

The peacefulness of the scene reminded Byron of his own tormented soul. He could never forget himself for long. He projects his personality in startling contrast against the calm and silence of the lake. In Wordsworth's sonnet you have the impression of a moment placed upon record long after.

FOUR VIGNETTES

This poet did not believe in rushing hot-foot from the scene to set down his ideas. He was a great believer in the 'poetic memory'—that is to say, he stored such impressions in his mind until, perhaps years afterward, the time and the mood happily suited for them to be crystallized in verse. Byron often wrote in sheer anguish of soul: Wordsworth's poems are "deep emotion recollected in tranquillity."

EXERCISES

1. The following is an extract from the journal of Dorothy Wordsworth (the poet's sister):

Left London between five and six o'clock of the morning, outside the Dover coach. A beautiful morning. The city, St Paul's, with the river, a multitude of little boats, made a beautiful sight as we crossed Westminster Bridge; the houses not overhung with their clouds of smoke were spread out endlessly; yet the sun shone so brightly with such a pure light, that there was something like the purity of one of Nature's own grand spectacles.

Here you have the raw material of poetry. Indicate as well as you can the qualities that differentiate the poem from the prose version.

2. Make a vignette of any scene that is familiar to you, concentrating upon colour.

3. Pick out three adjectives from these poems that seem to you to be particularly effective. Add your own comments.

4. Of what places are the following phrases used? Discuss in some detail the appropriateness of one of them:

- (i) Auld Reekie.
- (ii) "That sweet city with her dreaming spires."
- (iii) "Ocean's nursling."
- (iv) The Eternal City. *Rome*

Oxford

5. Invent a pithy, descriptive phrase for any place you know well.

6. Write an essay on one of the following subjects:

- (i) "Earth has not anything to show more fair." (Describe the place to which in your opinion this line best applies.) *Bonar Bridge*
- (ii) Where you would prefer to live—at home or abroad. (Give reasons.)
- (iii) "The mind is its own place, and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven."

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

COMPARATIVE READING

Other pen-pictures:.

P. B. SHELLEY: The Bay of Naples (*Stanzas written in Dejection*). An Alpine Valley (*Prometheus Unbound*).

MATTHEW ARNOLD: *The Hayswater Boat*.

LORD BYRON: The Brenta (*Childe Harold*, Canto IV, XXVII, XXVIII).

ALFRED NOYES: At Kew. [TV III]

W. B. YEATS: The Lake Isle of Innisfree. [TV IV]

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH: The Trossachs. [CT]

XVII

A CHARACTER-SKETCH

THE RIGHT HON. CHARLES TOWNSHEND

IN truth, Sir, he was the delight and ornament of this House, and the charm of every private society which he honoured with his presence. Perhaps there never arose in this country, nor in any country, a man of a more pointed and finished wit ; and (where his passions were not concerned) of a more refined, exquisite, and penetrating judgement. If he had not so great a stock, as some have had who flourished formerly, of knowledge long treasured up, he knew better by far, than any man I ever was acquainted with, how to bring together, within a short time, all that was necessary to establish, to illustrate, and to decorate that side of the question he supported. He stated his matter skilfully and powerfully. He particularly excelled in a most luminous explanation and display of his subject. His style of argument was neither trite and vulgar, nor subtle and abstruse. He hit the House just between wind and water. And not being troubled with too anxious a zeal for any matter in question, he was never more tedious, or more earnest, than the pre-conceived opinions and present temper of his hearers required ; to whom he was always in perfect unison. He conformed exactly to the temper of the House ; and he seemed to guide it because he was always sure to follow it.

The subject is instructive to those who wish to form themselves on whatever of excellence has gone before them. There are many young members in the House (such of late has

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

been the rapid succession of public men) who never saw that prodigy, Charles Townshend ; nor of course know what a ferment he was able to excite in everything by the violent ebullition of his mixed virtues and failings. For failings he had undoubtedly—many of us remember them ; we are this day considering the effect of them. But he had no failings which were not owing to a noble cause ; to an ardent, generous, perhaps an immoderate, passion for fame ; a passion which is the instinct of all great souls. He worshipped that goddess wheresoever she appeared ; but he paid his particular devotions to her in her favourite habitation, in her chosen temple, the House of Commons. Besides the characters of the individuals that compose our body, it is impossible, Mr Speaker, not to observe that this House has a collective character of its own. That character too, however imperfect, is not unamiable. Like all great public collections of men, you possess a marked love of virtue, and an abhorrence of vice. But among vices, there is none which the House abhors in the same degree with *obstinacy*. Obstinacy, Sir, is certainly a great vice ; and in the changeful state of political affairs it is frequently the cause of great mischief. It happens, however, very unfortunately, that almost the whole line of the great and masculine virtues, constancy, gravity, magnanimity, fortitude, fidelity, and firmness, are closely allied to this disagreeable quality, of which you have so just an abhorrence ; and, in their excess, all these virtues very easily fall into it. He, who paid such a punctilious attention to all your feelings, certainly took care not to shock them by that vice which is the most disgustful to you.

That fear of displeasing those who ought most to be pleased, betrayed him sometimes into the other extreme. He has voted, and, in the year 1765, had been an advocate, for the Stamp Act. Things and the disposition of men's minds were changed. In short, the Stamp Act began to be no

A CHARACTER-SKETCH

favourite in this House. He therefore attended at the private meeting, in which the resolutions moved by a Right Honourable Gentleman were settled; resolutions leading to the Repeal. The next day he voted for that Repeal; and he would have spoken for it too, if an illness (not, as was then given out, a political, but to my knowledge, a very real illness), had not prevented it.

The very next session, as the fashion of this world passeth away, the Repeal began to be in as bad odour in this House as the Stamp Act had been in the session before. To conform to the temper which began to prevail, and to prevail most among those most in power, he declared, very early in the winter, that a revenue must be had out of America. Instantly he was tied down to his engagements by some, who had no objection to such experiments, when made at the cost of persons for whom they had no particular regard. The whole body of courtiers drove him onward. They always talked as if the King stood in a sort of humiliated state until something of the kind should be done.

Here this extraordinary man, then Chancellor of the Exchequer, found himself in great straits. To please universally was the object of his life; but to tax and to please, no more than to love and to be wise, is not given to men. However, he attempted it. To render the tax palatable to the partizans of American revenue, he made a preamble stating the necessity of such a revenue. To close with the American distinction, this revenue was *external* or port-duty; but again, to soften it to the other party, it was a duty of *supply*. To gratify the *Colonists*, it was laid on British manufactures; to satisfy the *merchants of Britain*, the duty was trivial, and (except that on tea, which touched only the devoted East India Company) on none of the grand objects of commerce. To counterwork the American contraband, the duty on tea was reduced from a shilling to three-pence. But to secure the

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

favour of those who would tax America, the scene of collection was changed, and, with the rest, it was levied in the Colonies. What need I say more? This finespun scheme had the usual fate of all exquisite policy. But the original plan of the duties, and the mode of executing that plan, both arose singly and solely from a love of our applause. He was truly the child of the House. He never thought, did, or said anything, but with a view to you. He every day adapted himself to your disposition; and adjusted himself before it, as at a looking-glass.

He had observed (indeed it could not escape him) that several persons, infinitely his inferiors in all respects, had formerly rendered themselves considerable in this House by one method alone. They were a race of men (I hope in God the species is extinct) who, when they rose in their place, no man living could divine, from any known adherence to parties, to opinions, or to principles; from any order or system in their politics; or from any sequel or connexion in their ideas, what part they were going to take in any debate. It is astonishing how much this uncertainty, especially at critical times, called the attention of all parties on such men. All eyes were fixed on them, all ears open to hear them; each party gaped, and looked alternately for their vote, almost to the end of their speeches. While the House hung in this uncertainty, now the *Hear-hims* rose from this side—now they rebellowed from the other; and that party, to whom they fell at length from their tremulous and dancing balance, always received them in a tempest of applause. The fortune of such men was a temptation too great to be resisted by one, to whom a single whiff of incense withheld gave much greater pain, than he received delight in the clouds of it, which daily rose about him from the prodigal superstition of innumerable admirers. He was a candidate for contradictory honours; and his great aim

A CHARACTER-SKETCH

was to make those agree in admiration of him who never agreed in anything else.

Hence arose this unfortunate Act, the subject of this day's debate ; from a disposition which, after making an American revenue to please one, repealed it to please others, and again revived it in the hopes of pleasing a third, and of catching something in the ideas of all.

EDMUND BURKE, *Speech on American Taxation*

BURKE'S concrete style will not fail to impress the reader. He is never 'woolly' and diffuse. He puts the facts in a forcible and familiar way that invariably strikes home. "The bill," he says, "was in bad odour," and of Townshend's style of argument he asserts that it "hit the House just between wind and water." In this short passage we have examples of all those devices by which the orator grips his audience and presents his argument. Antitheses are common—*e.g.* "Love of virtue and abhorrence of vice." Alliteration is frequent—*e.g.* "wind and water" and "*p*alatable to the politician." The short sentences succeed one another like hammer-blows that admit of no denial, and repetition of word or phrase is brought into requisition to clinch the effect. Most important of all, we should notice Burke's diction. He had an unerring judgment which led him to the right word—*e.g.* "tremulous and dancing balance," and such subtle touches as "He conformed exactly to the temper of the House"; and he seemed to guide it, because he was always sure to follow it."

EXERCISES

1. Make a list of as many words as you can which end in *form* and *position* respectively. Make sentences showing the distinction in meaning between these.

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

2. Comment upon Burke's use of descriptive words in this passage, and mention any that seem to you to be particularly well chosen.
3. Write a short speech on any topic of the day, taking care to make your main points as clear and effective as possible.
4. Comment upon Burke's dictum that "to tax and to please, no more than to love and to be wise, is not given to men."
5. Show the difference in meaning between the following pairs of words by using them in appropriate sentences: prodigy, *protégé*; succession, accession; effect, affect; strait, straight; amble, preamble; exquisite, perquisite.
6. Write an essay upon one of the following subjects:
 - (i) "Fame is the great obsession of all great Souls."
 - (ii) Obstinacy.
 - (iii) "Consistency is the Virtue of Fools."

COMPARATIVE READING

Other character-sketches:

Lord Chatham (Burke's *American Taxation*).

Montezuma (Prescott's *Conquest of Mexico*).

Cromwell (Scott's *Woodstock*, Chapter XXXIII).

William the Silent (Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic*, Part VI, Chapter VII).¹

The leaders of the French Revolution (Belloc's *French Revolution*).

Colonel Hutchinson (introductory chapter of Mrs Hutchinson's *Memoirs*).

John Sterling (Carlyle's *Life of Sterling*, Chapter XIV).

XVIII

TO A SKYLARK

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit !
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.
Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.
In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.
The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight ;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,—
Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not ;
What is most like thee ?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody ;—

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not :

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower :

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the view :

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingèd thieves.

TO A SKYLARK

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine :
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chaunt,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain ?
What fields, or waves, or mountains ?
What shapes of sky or plain ?
What love of thine own kind ? what ignorance of pain ?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be :
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee :
Thou lovest ; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream ?

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not :
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught ;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear ;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now !
P. B. SHELLEY

WE have seen that Shelley, in picturing the ideal Venice swept it clear of human beings. Their petty cares and jealousies seemed to him to mar a beautiful scene, so he peopled it instead with gods and goddesses who would fitly adorn it. Here too Shelley has a perfectly congenial theme in the bird which wings its way straight up into the heavens, leaving earth and its cares far behind. The keynote of the

TO A SKYLARK

poem is radiant and unfettered joy. The skylark as it soars on high typifies to the poet that which he most earnestly desires but can never attain.

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not :
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught ;

Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

It was this seemingly necessary admixture of pain and sadness in all human affairs that made Shelley angry. He longed for the "unbodied joy" which the bird possessed, but which to him could never be more than a dream. It is interesting to compare with this Wordsworth's poem on the same subject. The comparison tells us a great deal more about the two men than any conventional biographies could do. Wordsworth praises the lark because it remains faithful to home: Shelley loves it because it is a "scorner of the ground." Which shows that the truth is bigger than we are apt to imagine, and that two views apparently opposite may yet be reconciled with it. There are many points in the structure of this magnificent apostrophe which are well worth notice. Stopford Brooke speaks of "the huddling rush of images, the changeful crowd of thoughts" in Shelley's poetry. You will find both exemplified here. The stanza architecture, vowel music, and such examples of apt and concentrated phrasing as "love's sad satiety" well repay careful study.

EXERCISES

1. Find as many meanings as you can for the word 'strain,' and illustrate each by an appropriate sentence.
2. Comment on Shelley's use of simile and metaphor in this poem, mentioning any that please you particularly.
3. Study carefully the vowel-music of the poem. Copy out the first stanza, and, by giving each different vowel a different number,

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

see how far Shelley repeats or varies his vowel sounds. State your conclusion.

4. Write a newspaper paragraph giving a short criticism of this poem as if it had just been published for the first time.

5. Shelley's poem *To a Skylark* is "the finest poem about a bird in the English language with one possible exception." So Lafcadio Hearn says; do you agree? To what poem would you give your vote as the "one possible exception"? Give some account of it.

6. Write an essay on one of the following subjects:

- (i) Bird-music.
- (ii) "We look before and after
And pine for what is not."
- (iii) Nature and Man.

COMPARATIVE READING

Other poems on the skylark:

WORDSWORTH: "Ethereal minstrel, pilgrim of the sky." [GT]

JAMES HOGG: "Bird of the wilderness." [TV III]

SHAKESPEARE: "Hark, hark! the lark." [TV III] "Lo, here,
the gentle lark."

ROBERT BRIDGES: Larks.

XIX

PEN-PORTRAITS

I. JOHNSON

As for Johnson, I have always considered him to be, by nature, one of our great English souls. A strong and noble man; so much left undeveloped in him to the last: in a kindlier element what might he not have been,—Poet, Priest, sovereign Ruler! On the whole, a man must not complain of his ‘element,’ of his ‘time,’ or the like; it is thriftless work doing so. His time is bad: well then, he is there to make it better!—Johnson’s youth was poor, isolated, hopeless, very miserable. Indeed, it does not seem possible that, in any the favourable outward circumstances, Johnson’s life could have been other than a painful one. The world might have had more of profitable *work* out of him, or less; but his *effort* against the world’s work could never have been a light one. Nature, in return for his nobleness, had said to him, Live in an element of diseased sorrow. Nay, perhaps the sorrow and the nobleness were intimately and even inseparably connected with each other. At all events, poor Johnson had to go about girt with continual hypochondria, physical and spiritual pain. Like a Hercules with the burning Nessus’-shirt on him, which shoots-in on him dull incurable misery: the Nessus’-shirt not to be stript-off, which is his own natural skin! In this manner *he* had to live. Figure him there, with his scrofulous diseases, with his great greedy heart, and unspeakable chaos of thoughts; stalking mournful as a stranger in this Earth; eagerly devouring

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

what spiritual thing he could come at : school-languages and other merely grammatical stuff, if there were nothing better ! The largest soul that was in all England ; and provision made for it of 'fourpence-halfpenny a day.' Yet a giant invincible soul ; a true man's. One remembers always that story of the shoes at Oxford : the rough, seamy-faced, raw-boned College Servitor stalking about, in winter-season, with his shoes worn-out ; how the charitable Gentleman Commoner secretly places a new pair at his door ; and the raw-boned Servitor, lifting them, looking at them near, with his dim eyes, with what thoughts,—pitches them out of window ! Wet feet, mud, frost, hunger or what you will ; but not beggary : we cannot stand beggary ! Rude stubborn self-help here ; a whole world of squalor, rudeness, confused misery and want, yet of nobleness and manfulness withal. It is a type of the man's life, this pitching away of the shoes. An original man ;—not a secondhand, borrowing or begging man. Let us stand on our own basis, at any rate ! On such shoes as we ourselves can get. On frost and mud, if you will, but honestly on that ;—on the reality and substance which Nature gives *us*, not on the semblance, on the thing she has given another than us !

THOMAS CARLYLE, *Lectures on Heroes*

II. THE EARL OF MONTROSE

HIS graceful manner, expressive features, and dignity of deportment, made a singular contrast with the coarseness and meanness of his dress. Montrose possessed that sort of form and face, in which the beholder, at the first glance, sees nothing extraordinary, but of which the interest becomes more impressive the longer we gaze upon them. His stature

PEN-PORTRAITS

was very little above the middle size, but in person he was uncommonly well-built, and capable both of exerting great force, and enduring much fatigue. In fact, he enjoyed a constitution of iron, without which he could not have sustained the trials of his extraordinary campaigns, through all of which he subjected himself to the hardships of the meanest soldier. He was perfect in all exercises, whether peaceful or martial, and possessed, of course, that graceful ease of deportment proper to those to whom habit has rendered all postures easy.

His long brown hair, according to the custom of men of quality among the Royalists, was parted on the top of his head, and trained to hang down on each side in curled locks, one of which, descending two or three inches lower than the others, intimated Montrose's compliance with that fashion against which it pleased Mr Prynne, the puritan, to write a treatise, entitled, *The Unloveliness of Love-locks*. The features which these tresses enclosed, were of that kind which derive their interest from the character of the man, rather than from the regularity of their form. But a high nose, a full, decided, well-opened, quick grey eye, and a sanguine complexion, made amends for some coarseness and irregularity in the subordinate parts of the face; so that, altogether, Montrose might be termed rather a handsome, than a hard-featured man. But those who saw him when his soul looked through those eyes with all the energy and fire of genius—those who heard him speak with the authority of talent, were impressed with an opinion even of his external form, more enthusiastically favourable than the portraits which still survive would entitle us to ascribe to it.

SIR WALTER SCOTT, *A Legend of Montrose*

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

III. JAMES I

HIS big head, his slobbering tongue, his quilted clothes, his rickety legs, his goggle eyes, stood out in as grotesque a contrast with all that men recalled of Henry or Elizabeth as his gabble and rhodomontade, his want of personal dignity, his vulgar buffoonery, his coarseness, his pedantry, his contemptible cowardice. Under this ridiculous exterior however lay a man of much natural ability, a ripe scholar, with a considerable fund of shrewdness, of mother-wit, and ready repartee. His canny humour lights up the political and theological controversies of the time with quaint incisive phrases, with puns and epigrams and touches of irony, which still retain their savour. His reading, especially in theological matters, was extensive; and he was a voluminous author on subjects which ranged from Predestinarianism to tobacco. But his shrewdness and learning only left him, in the phrase of Henry the Fourth, "the wisest fool in Christendom."

J. R. GREEN, *A Short History of the
English People*

IV. ATTILA

ATTILA, the son of Mundzuk, deduced his noble, perhaps his regal, descent from the ancient Huns, who had formerly contended with the monarchs of China. His features, according to the observation of a Gothic historian, bore the stamp of his national origin; and the portrait of Attila exhibits the genuine deformity of a modern Calmuck: a large head, a swarthy complexion, small, deep-seated eyes, a flat nose, a few hairs in the place of a beard, broad shoulders, and a short square body, of nervous strength, though of a disproportioned form. The haughty step and demeanour of the king of the

PEN-PORTRAITS

Huns expressed the consciousness of his superiority above the rest of mankind ; and he had a custom of fiercely rolling his eyes, as if he wished to enjoy the terror which he inspired. Yet this savage hero was not inaccessible to pity : his suppliant enemies might confide in the assurance of peace or pardon ; and Attila was considered by his subjects as a just and indulgent master. He delighted in war ; but, after he had ascended the throne in a mature age, his head, rather than his hand, achieved the conquest of the North ; and the fame of an adventurous soldier was usefully exchanged for that of a prudent and successful general. The effects of personal valour are so inconsiderable, except in poetry or romance, that victory, even among Barbarians, must depend on the degree of skill with which the passions of the multitude are combined and guided for the service of a single man.

EDWARD GIBBON, *The Decline and Fall
of the Roman Empire*

CARLYLE'S sincerity is obvious. He is careless of polish and all the literary graces. His one aim is to present his message with unmistakable emphasis. This rough, unhewn manner irritates many, but here at all events we feel that it is entirely in keeping with the subject. His main idea is to give a clear impression of Johnson's rugged independence, and he does it in prose which is appropriately rugged. This is in striking contrast to the finished portraiture of Scott, where touch is added to touch until the likeness is complete in every detail. Yet Scott never loses his sense of proportion, and every detail has some significance. In J. R. Green we notice the same incisive phrasing with which he credits the subject of his portrait. The contrast between the monarch's

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

appearance and his mental powers is made thoroughly effective. In Gibbon we note the majestic movement of his prose ; the dignified architecture of his sentences , and his aloofness from all human enthusiasms. He lets in the cold light of reason upon all our traditional ideas, so that they look pitiful indeed. Thus he calmly asserts that " the effects of personal valour are . . . inconsiderable, except in poetry or romance," and many a heroic dream is shattered.

EXERCISES

1. Make sentences showing the distinction between the following pairs of words: diseased, deceased ; isolated, insulated ; spiritual, spirituous ; provision, prevision ; original, aboriginal.
2. Summarize the extract on the Earl of Montrose in about seventy words, and supply a suitable alternative title.
3. Which of these portraits leaves the clearest impression on your mind after reading ? Give what you think to be the probable reason for this.
4. Write an account of an imaginary interview between yourself and one of the persons at whose portrait you have been looking.
5. Discuss the statement that " the effects of personal valour are inconsiderable, except in poetry or romance."
6. Write an essay on one of the following subjects:
 - (i) What Might Have Been.
 - (ii) A Pen-portrait of any Prominent Person.
 - (iii) Self-help.

COMPARATIVE READING

Other notable portraits :

William the Silent (Motley's *Rise of the Dutch Republic*).

Mr Gradgrind (*Hard Times*) and many others from Dickens' gallery.

Rousseau (Carlyle's *Heroes*, Lecture V).

A Gentleman of the Old School (Austin Dobson's poem of that title).

PEN-PORTRAITS

Oliver Cromwell (Scott's *Woodstock*, Chapter VIII).

Rob Roy (Scott's *Rob Roy*, Chapter XXIII).

Gabriel Oak (Thomas Hardy's *Far from the Madding Crowd*, Chapter I).

Hamlet's Picture of his Father (*Hamlet*, IV, 1).

Adam in the Garden of Eden (*Paradise Lost*, Book IV, lines 300-303).

XX

THE OPEN AIR

I. HUNTING THE HARE

BUT if thou needs wilt hunt, be rul'd by me ;
Uncouple at the timorous flying hare,
Or at the fox which lives by subtlety,
Or at the roe which no encounter dare :
Pursue these fearful creatures o'er the downs,
And on thy well-breath'd horse keep with thy hounds.

And when thou hast on foot the purblind hare,
Mark the poor wretch, to overshoot his troubles
How he outruns the wind, and with what care
He cranks and crosses with a thousand doubles :
The many musets through the which he goes
Are like a labyrinth to amaze his foes.

Sometime he runs among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell,
And sometime where earth-delving conies keep,
To stop the loud pursuers in their yell,
And sometime sorteth with a herd of deer ;
Danger deviseth shifts ; wit waits on fear :

For there his smell with others being mingled,
The hot scent-snuffing hounds are driven to doubt,
Ceasing their clamorous cry till they have singled
With much ado the cold fault cleanly out ;

THE OPEN AIR

Then do they spend their mouths : Echo replies,
As if another chase were in the skies.

By this, poor Wat, far off upon a hill,
Stands on his hinder legs with listening ear,
To hearken if his foes pursue him still :
Anon their loud alarums he doth hear ;
And now his grief may be comparèd well
To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.

Then shalt thou see the dew-bedabbled wretch
Turn, and return, indenting with the way ;
Each envious briar his weary legs doth scratch,
Each shadow makes him stop, each murmur stay :
For misery is trodden on by many,
And being low never reliev'd by any.

II. MAGIC

YE elves of hills, brooks, standing lakes, and groves ;
And ye, that on the sands with printless foot
Do chase the ebbing Neptune and do fly him
When he comes back ; you demi-puppets that
By moonshine do the green sour ringlets make,
Whereof the ewe not bites ; and you whose pastime
Is to make midnight mushrooms ; that rejoice
To hear the solemn curfew ; by whose aid,
Weak masters though ye be, I have bedimm'd
The noontide sun, call'd forth the mutinous winds,
And 'twixt the green sea and the azur'd vault
Set roaring war : to the dread rattling thunder
Have I given fire and rifted Jove's stout oak
With his own bolt : the strong bas'd promontory

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

Have I made shake ; and by the spurs pluck'd up
The pine and cedar : graves at my command
Have waked their sleepers, oped, and let them forth
By my so potent art. But this rough magic
I here abjure ; and, when I have required
Some heavenly music, which even now I do,
To work mine end upon their senses that
This airy charm is for, I'll break my staff,
Bury it certain fathoms in the earth,
And, deeper than did ever plummet sound,
I'll drown my book.

III. IN THE FOREST OF ARDEN

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp ? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court ?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The seasons' difference ; as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind,
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say
“ This is no flattery : these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.”
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head ;
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.
I would not change it.

THE OPEN AIR

IV. THE MARTLET

Duncan. This castle hath a pleasant seat ; the air
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself
Unto our gentle senses.

Banquo. This guest of summer,
The temple-haunting martlet, does approve
By his lov'd mansionry that the heaven's breath
Smells wooingly here : no jutting, frieze,
Buttress, nor coign of vantage, but this bird
Hath made his pendent bed and procreant cradle :
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd
The air is delicate.

V. A CLOUDY DAY

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
Flatter the mountain tops with sovereign eye,
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy ;
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
With ugly rack on his celestial face,
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace.

VI. DAWN

Lo ! here the gentle lark, weary of rest,
From his moist cabinet mounts up on high,
And wakes the morning, from whose silver breast
The sun ariseth in his majesty ;

Who doth the world so gloriously behold,
That cedar-tops and hills seem burnish'd gold.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

PERHAPS the leading feature of these extracts is the clear evidence of close observation both of nature and of humanity. Shakespeare had spent his early years in Warwickshire to very good purpose. He could, as a result, give us in later years such pictures as that of poor Wat running

among a flock of sheep,
To make the cunning hounds mistake their smell ;

or that of

the green sour ringlets . . .
Whereof the ewe not bites.

Then Shakespeare's life in London brought him into contact with all sorts and conditions of men. He encountered treachery on the one hand and friendship on the other ; deceit here and honesty there. Thus his knowledge of things is strengthened by a knowledge of men, and so he moralizes on what he sees, giving us such truths as

Danger deviseth shifts ; wit waits on fear ;

or

misery is trodden on by many,
And being low never reliev'd by any.

Notice the effective use of contrast in the third and fifth passages, and of alliteration in

To one sore sick that hears the passing-bell.

Shakespeare's favourite word was ' sweet.' He used it, however, not in the weakly sentimental way to which unfortunately we have become accustomed, but in order to indicate the refinement that comes after suffering, the rest that follows toil, and the true joy that we receive from all that is pure and noble. So the severity of the open air is declared to be more sweet than a life of " painted pomp," and the Duke is able to confront the biting winds with a smile and say :

Sweet are the uses of adversity.

THE OPEN AIR

EXERCISES

1. Compile from the extracts a list of six words with silent letters, and indicate by underlining which letters are silent.

2. For each of the following words find others that are sounded similarly, but differ in spelling: ewe, time, hare, horse, herd, sore, coin, rough.

Show the distinction in meaning by using each in a sentence.

3. Give a prose version of the third passage, "In the Forest of Arden," and after a careful comparison of your version with the original say what you think has been lost or gained in the process.

4. Comment on the suitability of the words italicized in the following passages:

- (i) Then do they *spend* their mouths.
- (ii) Each *envious* briar his weary legs doth scratch.
- (iii) To the dread *rattling* thunder
Have I given fire.
- (iv) This bird
Hath made his *pendent* bed.

5. Imagine yourself to be endowed with the magic power described in the second of the passages quoted here. Give an account of the last act you would choose to perform by means of that power before finally relinquishing it.

6. Write an essay on one of the following subjects:

- (i) Echoes.
- (ii) "Necessity is the mother of invention."
- (iii) "Sweet are the uses of adversity."

COMPARATIVE READING

Sights and sounds in the open air:

R. L. STEVENSON: A Camp in the Dark (*Travels with a Donkey*).

RICHARD JEFFERIES: The Rookery (*Wild Life in a Southern County*, Chapter XIV).

GILBERT WHITE: Bird-congregations (*The Natural History of Selborne*, Letter XI).

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

THOMAS HARDY: With the Flock at Night (*Far from the Madding Crowd*, Chapter II).

GEORGE ELIOT: Dorlcote Mill (*The Mill on the Floss*, Chapter I).

R. D. BLACKMORE: The Great Winter (*Lorna Doone*, Chapter XLII).

JOHN MASEFIELD: *Reynard the Fox*.

ROBERT BRIDGES: The Garden in September. November.

XXI

THE FAMOUS MR JOSEPH ADDISON

THE gentlemen-ushers had a table at Kensington and the Guard a very splendid dinner daily at St James's, at either of which ordinaries Esmond was free to dine. Dick Stéele liked the Guard table better than his own at the gentlemen-ushers', where there was less wine and more ceremony; and Esmond had many a jolly afternoon in company of his friend, and a hundred times at least saw Dick into his chair. If there is verity in wine, according to the old adage, what an amiable-natured character Dick's must have been! In proportion as he took in wine he overflowed with kindness. His talk was not witty so much as charming. He never said a word that could anger anybody, and only became the more benevolent the more tipsy he grew. Many of the wags derided the poor fellow in his cups, and chose him as a butt for their satire: but there was a kindness about him, and a sweet playful fancy, that seemed to Esmond far more charming than the pointed talk of the brightest wits with their elaborate repartees and affected severities. I think Steele shone rather than sparkled. Those famous *beaux-esprits* of the coffee-house (Mr William Congreve, for instance, when his gout and his grandeur permitted him to come among us) would make many brilliant hits—half-a-dozen in a night sometimes—but, like sharpshooters, when they had fired their shot, they were obliged to retire under cover till their pieces were loaded again and wait till they got another chance at their enemy; whereas Dick never thought that

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

his bottle companion was a butt to aim at—only a friend to shake by the hand. The poor fellow had half the town in his confidence; everybody knew everything about his loves and his debts, his creditors or his mistress' obduracy. When Esmond first came on to the town, honest Dick was all flames and raptures for a young lady, a West India fortune, whom he married. In a couple of years the lady was dead, the fortune was all but spent, and the honest widower was as eager in pursuit of a new paragon of beauty as if he had never courted and married and buried the last one.

Quitting the Guard table one Sunday afternoon, when by chance Dick had a sober fit on him, he and his friend were making their way down Germain Street, and Dick all of a sudden left his companion's arm, and ran after a gentleman who was poring over a folio volume at the book-shop near to St James's Church. He was a fair, tall man, in a snuff-coloured suit, with a plain sword, very sober, and almost shabby in appearance—at least when compared to Captain Steele, who loved to adorn his jolly round person with the finest of clothes, and shone in scarlet and gold lace. The Captain rushed up, then, to the student of the book-stall, took him in his arms, hugged him, and would have kissed him—for Dick was always hugging and bussing his friends—but the other stepped back with a flush on his pale face, seeming to decline this public manifestation of Steele's regard.

"My dearest Joe, where hast thou hidden thyself this age?" cries the captain, still holding both his friend's hands; "I have been languishing for thee this fortnight."

"A fortnight is not an age, Dick," says the other, very good-humouredly. (He had light-blue eyes, extraordinary bright, and a face perfectly regular and handsome like a tinted statue.) "And I have been hiding myself—where do you think?"

"What! not across the water, my dear Joe?" says

THE FAMOUS MR JOSEPH ADDISON

Steele with a look of great alarm: "thou knowest I have always——"

"No," says his friend, interrupting him with a smile: "we are not come to such straits as that, Dick. I have been hiding, sir, at a place where people never think of finding you—at my own lodgings, whither I am going to smoke a pipe now and drink a glass of sack: will your honour come?"

"Harry Esmond, come hither," cries out Dick. "Thou hast heard me talk over and over again of my dearest Joe, my guardian angel?"

"Indeed," says Mr Esmond, with a bow, "it is not from you only I have learnt to admire Mr Addison. We loved good poetry at Cambridge as well as at Oxford; and I have some of yours by heart, though I have put on a red coat."

"This is Captain Esmond, who was at Blenheim," says Steele.

"Lieutenant Esmond," says the other, with a low bow, "at Mr Addison's service."

"I have heard of you," says Mr Addison, with a smile; as, indeed, everybody about town had heard that unlucky story about Esmond's dowager aunt and the Duchess.

"We were going to the 'George' to take a bottle before the play," says Steele: "wilt thou be one, Joe?"

Mr Addison said his own lodgings were hard by, where he was still rich enough to give a good bottle of wine to his friends; and invited the two gentlemen to his apartment in the Haymarket, whither we accordingly went.

"I shall get credit with my landlady," says he, with a smile, "when she sees two such fine gentlemen as you come up my stair." And he politely made his visitors welcome to his apartment, which was indeed but a shabby one, though no grandee of the land could receive his guests with a more perfect and courtly grace than this gentleman. A frugal dinner, consisting of a slice of meat and a penny loaf, was

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

awaiting the owner of the lodgings. "My wine is better than my meat," says Mr Addison; "my Lord Halifax sent me the Burgundy." And he set a bottle and glasses before his friends, and ate his simple dinner in a very few minutes, after which the three fell to and began to drink. "You see," says Mr Addison, pointing to his writing-table, whereon was a map of the action at Hochstedt, and several other gazettes and pamphlets relating to the battle, "that I, too, am busy about your affairs, Captain. I am engaged as a poetical gazetteer, to say truth, and am writing a poem on the campaign."

So Esmond, at the request of his host, told him what he knew about the famous battle, drew the river on the table, and with the aid of some bits of tobacco pipe showed the advance of the left wing, where he had been engaged.

A sheet or two of the verses lay already on the table beside our bottles and glasses, and Dick having plentifully refreshed himself from the latter, took up the pages of manuscript, writ out with scarce a blot or correction, in the author's slim, neat handwriting, and began to read therefrom with great emphasis and volubility. At pauses of the verse, the enthusiastic reader stopped and fired off a great salvo of applause.

Esmond smiled at the enthusiasm of Addison's friend. "You are like the German Burghers," says he, "and the Princes on the Mozelle: when our army came to a halt, they always sent a deputation to compliment the chief, and fired a salute with all their artillery from their walls."

"And drunk the great chief's health afterward, did not they?" says Captain Steele, gaily filling up a bumper;—he never was tardy at that sort of acknowledgment of a friend's merit.

"And the Duke, since you will have me act his Grace's part," says Mr Addison, with a smile, and something of a

THE FAMOUS MR JOSEPH ADDISON

blush, "pledged his friends in return. Most Serene Elector of Covent Garden, I drink to your Highness's health," and he filled himself a glass. Joseph required scarce more pressing than Dick to that sort of amusement ; but the wine never seemed at all to fluster Mr Addison's brains ; it only unloosed his tongue : whereas Captain Steele's head and speech were quite overcome by a single bottle.

No matter what the verses were, and, to say truth, Mr Esmond found some of them more than indifferent, Dick's enthusiasm for his chief never faltered, and in every line from Addison's per Steele found a master-stroke. By the time Dick had come to that part of the poem wherein the bard describes as blandly as though he were recording a dance at the opera, or a harmless bout of bucolic cudgelling at a village fair, that bloody and ruthless part of our campaign, with the remembrance whereof every soldier who bore a part in it must sicken with shame—when we were ordered to ravage and lay waste the Elector's country ; and with fire and murder, slaughter and crime, a great part of his dominions was overrun ;—when Dick came to the lines—

In vengeance roused the soldier fills his hand
With sword and fire, and ravages the land.
In crackling flames a thousand harvests burn,
A thousand villages to ashes turn.
To the thick woods the woolly flocks retreat,
And mixed with bellowing herds confusedly bleat.
Their trembling lords the common shade partake,
And cries of infants sound in every brake.
The listening soldier fixed in sorrow stands,
Loth to obey his leader's just commands.
The leader grieves, by generous pity swayed,
To see his just commands so well obeyed ;

—by this time wine and friendship had brought poor Dick to a perfectly maudlin state, and he hiccupped out the last line with a tenderness that set one of his auditors a-laughing.

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

“ I admire the licence of your poets,” says Esmond to Mr Addison. (Dick, after reading of the verses, was fain to go off, insisting on kissing his two dear friends before his departure, and reeling away with his periwig over his eyes.) “ I admire your art ; the murder of the campaign is done to military music, like a battle at the opera, and the virgins shriek in harmony as our victorious grenadiers march into their villages. Do you know what a scene it was ? ”—(by this time, perhaps, the wine had warmed Mr Esmond’s head too)—“ what a triumph you are celebrating ? what scenes of shame and horror were enacted, over which the commander’s genius presided, as calm as though he didn’t belong to our sphere ? You talk of the ‘ listening soldier fixed in sorrow,’ the ‘ leader’s grief swayed by generous pity ’ : to my belief the leader cared no more for bleating flocks than he did for infants’ cries, and many of our ruffians butchered one or the other with equal alacrity. I was ashamed of my trote when I saw those horrors perpetrated which came under every man’s eyes. You hew out of your polished verses a stately image of smiling victory ! I tell you ’tis an uncouth, distorted, savage idol ; hideous, bloody, and barbarous. The rites performed before it are shocking to think of. You great poets should show it as it is—ugly and horrible, and beautiful and serene. Oh, sir, had you made the campaign, believe me, you never would have sung it so.”

During this little outbreak, Mr Addison was listening, smoking out of his long pipe, and smiling very placidly. “ What would you have ? ” says he. “ In our polished days, and according to the rules of art, ’tis impossible that the Muse should depict tortures or begrime her hands with the horrors of war. These are indicated rather than described ; as in the Greek tragedies, that, I dare say, you have read (and sure there can be no more elegant specimens of composition), Agamemnon is slain, or Medea’s children destroyed,

THE FAMOUS MR JOSEPH ADDISON

away from the scene ;—the chorus occupying the stage and singing of the action to pathetic music. Something of this I attempt, my dear sir, in my humble way : 'tis a panegyric I mean to write, and not a satire. Were I to sing as you would have me, the town would tear the poet in pieces, and burn his books by the hands of the common hangman. Do you not use tobacco ? Of all the weeds grown on earth, sure the nicotian is the most soothing and salutary. We must paint our great Duke," Mr Addison went on, " not as a man, which no doubt he is, with weaknesses like the rest of us, but as a hero. 'Tis in a triumph, not a battle, that your humble servant is riding his sleek Pegasus. We College poets trot, you know, on very easy nags ; it hath been, time out of mind, part of the poet's profession to celebrate the actions of heroes in verse, and to sing the deeds which you men of war perform. I must follow the rules of my art, and the composition of such a strain as this must be harmonious and majestic, not familiar, or too near the vulgar truth. If Virgil could invoke the divine Augustus, a humbler poet from the banks of the Isis may celebrate a victory and a conqueror of our own nation, in whose triumphs every Briton has a share, and whose glory and genius contributes to every citizen's individual honour. When hath there been, since our Henrys' and Edwards' days, such a great feat of arms as that from which you yourself have brought away marks of distinction ? If 'tis in my power to sing that song worthily. I will do so and be thankful to my Muse. If I fail as a poet, as a Briton at least I will show my loyalty, and fling up my cap and huzzah for the conqueror."

" There were as brave men on that field," says Mr Esmond (who never could be made to love the Duke of Marlborough, nor to forget those stories which he used to hear in his youth regarding that great chief's selfishness and treachery)—
" There were men at Blenheim as good as the leader, whom

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

neither knights nor senators applauded, nor voices plebeian or patrician favoured, and who lie there forgotten, under the clods. What poet is there to sing them? "

" To sing the gallant souls of heroes sent to Hades ! " says Mr Addison with a smile. " Would you celebrate them all? If I may venture to question anything in such an admirable work, the catalogue of the ships in Homer hath always appeared to me as somewhat wearisome : what had the poem been, supposing the writer had chronicled the names of captains, lieutenants, rank and file? One of the greatest of a great man's qualities is success ; 'tis the result of all the others ; 'tis a latent power in him which compels the favour of the gods, and subjugates fortune. Of all his gifts I admire that one in the great Marlborough. To be brave? every man is brave. But in being victorious, as he is, I fancy there is something divine. 'In the presence of the occasion, the great soul of the leader shines out, and the god is confessed. Death itself respects him, and passes by him to lay others low. War and carnage flee before him to ravage other parts of the field, as Hector from before the divine Achilles. You say he hath no pity ; no more have the gods, who are above it, and superhuman. The fainting battle gathers strength at his aspect ; and, wherever he rides, victory charges with him."

A couple of days after, when Mr Esmond revisited his poetic friend, he found this thought, struck out in the fervour of conversation, improved and shaped into those famous lines, which are in truth the noblest in the poem of *The Campaign*. As the two gentlemen sat engaged in talk, Mr Addison solacing himself with his customary pipe, the little maid-servant that waited on his lodging came up, preceding a gentleman in fine laced clothes, that had evidently been figuring at Court or a great man's levee. The courtier coughed a little at the smoke of the pipe, and looked round the room

THE FAMOUS MR JOSEPH ADDISON

curiously, which was shabby enough, as was the owner of his worn snuff-coloured suit and plain tie-wig.

“How goes on the *magnum opus*, Mr Addison?” says the Court gentleman, on looking down at the papers that were on the table.

“We were but now over it,” says Mr Addison (the greatest courtier in the land could not have a more splendid politeness, or greater dignity of manner). “Here is the plan,” says he, “on the table: here ran the little river Nebel: here are Tallard’s quarters, at the bowl of this pipe, at the attack of which Captain Esmond was present. I have the honour to introduce him to Mr Boyle: and Mr Esmond was but now depicting it when you came in.” In truth, the two gentlemen had been so engaged when the visitor arrived, and Addison in his smiling way speaking of Mr Webb, colonel of Esmond’s regiment (who commanded a brigade in the action, and greatly distinguished himself there), was lamenting that he could find never a suitable rhyme for Webb, otherwise the brigade should have had a place in the poet’s verses. “And for you, you are but a lieutenant,” says Addison, “and the Muse can’t occupy herself with any gentleman under the rank of a field officer.”

Mr Boyle was all impatient to hear, saying that my Lord Treasurer and my Lord Halifax were equally anxious; and Addison, blushing, began reading of his verses, and, I suspect, knew their weak parts as well as the most critical hearer. When he came to the lines describing the angel that

Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage

he read with great animation, looking at Esmond, as much as to say, “You know where that simile came from—from our talk, and our bottle of Burgundy, the other day.”

The poet’s two hearers were caught with enthusiasm, and

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

applauded the verses with all their might. The gentleman of the Court sprang up in great delight. "Not a word more, my dear sir," says he. "Trust me with the papers—I'll defend them with my life. Let me read them over to my Lord Treasurer, whom I am appointed to see in half-an-hour. I venture to promise, the verses shall lose nothing by my reading, and then, sir, we shall see whether Lord Halifax has a right to complain that his friend's pension is no longer paid." And without more ado, the courtier in lace seized the manuscript pages, placed them in his breast with his ruffled hand over his heart, executed a most graceful wave of the hat with the disengaged hand, and smiled and bowed out of the room, leaving an odour of pomander behind him.

"Does not the chamber look quite dark?" says Addison, surveying it, "after the glorious appearance and disappearance of that gracious messenger? Why, he illuminated the whole room. Your scarlet, Mr Esmond, will bear any light; but this threadbare old coat of mine, how very worn it looked under the glare of that splendour! I wonder whether they will do anything for me," he continued. "When I came out of Oxford into the world, my patrons promised me great things; and you see where their promises have landed me, in a lodging up two pair of stairs, with a sixpenny dinner from the cook's shop. Well, I suppose this promise will go after the others, and fortune will jilt me, as the jade has been doing any time these seven years. 'I puff the prostitute away,' " says he, smiling, and blowing a cloud out of his pipe. "There is no hardship in poverty, Esmond, that is not bearable; no hardship even in honest dependence that an honest man may not put up with. I came out of the lap of Alma Mater, puffed up with her praises of me, and thinking to make a figure in the world with the parts and learning which had got me no small name in our College. The world is the ocean, and Isis and Cherwell are but little drops, of

THE FAMOUS MR JOSEPH ADDISON

which the sea takes no account. My reputation ended a mile beyond Maudlin Tower; no one took note of me; and I learned this at least, to bear up against evil fortune with a cheerful heart. Friend Dick hath made a figure in the world, and hath passed me in the race long ago. What matters a little name or a little fortune? There is no fortune that a philosopher cannot endure. I have been not unknown as a scholar, and yet forced to live by turning bearleader, and teaching a boy to spell. What then? The life was not pleasant, but possible—the bear was bearable. Should this venture fail, I will go back to Oxford: and some day, when you are a general, you shall find me a curate in a cassock and bands, and I shall welcome your honour to my cottage in the country, and to a mug of penny ale. 'Tis not poverty that's the hardest to bear, or the least happy lot in life," says Mr Addison, shaking the ash out of his pipe. "See, my pipe is smoked out. Shall we have another bottle? I have still a couple in the cupboard, and of the right sort. No more? Let us go abroad and take a turn on the Mall, or look in at the theatre and see Dick's comedy. 'Tis not a masterpiece of wit; but Dick is a good fellow, though he doth not set the Thames on fire."

Within a month after this day, Mr Addison's ticket had come up a prodigious prize in the lottery of life. All the town was in an uproar of admiration of his poem, *The Campaign*, which Dick Steele was spouting at every coffee-house in Whitehall and Covent Garden. The wits on the other side of Temple Bar saluted him at once as the greatest poet the world had seen for ages; the people huzzahed for Marlborough and for Addison, and, more than this, the party in power provided for the meritorious poet, and Mr Addison got the appointment of Commissioner of Excise, which the famous Mr Locke vacated, and rose from this place to other dignities and honours; his prosperity from henceforth to

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

the end of his life being scarce ever interrupted. But I doubt whether he was not happier in his garret in the Haymarket, than ever he was in his splendid palace at Kensington ; and I believe the fortune that came to him in the shape of the countess his wife, was no better than a shrew and a vixen.

W. M. THACKERAY, *The History of Henry Esmond*

AFTER a careful reading of this extract you cannot fail to notice its antique flavour. Such words as 'bussing' and a certain quaintness of phrasing in such passages as "Esmond first came on to the town" and "How goes on your *magnum opus*?" strike our twentieth-century ears with a pleasing unfamiliarity. Yet it is all perfectly natural and unforced: very different from the work of those writers who lard their pages with archaisms and uncouth turns of speech in order to get an artificial, old-world air. The truth is that Thackeray had steeped himself so thoroughly in the writings of the eighteenth century, as Charles Lamb had done in those of the sixteenth, that he probably felt more at home in the company of Addison and Steele than in the society of most of his contemporaries, and it became quite natural for him to speak as they spoke. As a result we get not only the eighteenth-century manner to perfection, but also the vivid portraiture seen in this extract. Addison and Steele live, move, and have their being in these pages. Thackeray's attitude to his characters is well given in his own words: "As we bring our characters forward, I will ask leave as a man and a brother, not only to introduce them, but occasionally to step down from the platform and talk about them; if they are good and kindly, to love them and shake them by the hand." Writing in such a spirit, it is not surprising that he makes you feel as if you have actually been sitting at the table in that garret in the Haymarket and discussing those

THE FAMOUS MR JOSEPH ADDISON

lines from *The Campaign* with their author. You will notice too the quiet humour, as when he talks of Dick Steele's matrimonial experiences; the nice use of words, and the distinction duly drawn between fine shades of meaning, as in "*Steele shone rather than sparkled*"; and, perhaps most important of all, the sound common sense of the writer, as when he makes Esmond prick the bubble of military glory.

EXERCISES

1. Carefully distinguish between the following pairs of words, and for each word make a sentence in which it is used appropriately: witty, humorous; splendid, beautiful; alarm, concern; frugal, mean; request, demand.

2. The following passage was written by Addison. Compare it carefully with Thackeray's writing in this extract, and say what points of similarity you are able to discover:

Will Wimble is younger brother to a baronet, and descended of the ancient family of the Wimbles. He is now between forty and fifty; but being bred to no business, and born to no estate, he generally lives with his elder brother as superintendent of his game. He hunts a pack of dogs better than any man in the country, and is very famous for finding out a hare. He is extremely well versed in all the little handicrafts of an idle man; he makes a May-fly to a miracle; and furnishes the whole country with angle-rods. As he is a good-natured, officious fellow, and very much esteemed upon account of his family, he is a welcome guest at every house, and keeps up a good correspondence among all the gentlemen about him. He carries a tulip root in his pocket from one to another, or exchanges a puppy between a couple of friends that live perhaps in the opposite sides of the county.

3. Make a summary in about eighty words of the paragraph beginning, "'I admire the licence of your poets,' says Esmond." Supply a suitable title.

4. Write a ten-syllabled riming couplet, the first line of which ends in the word 'Webb.'

Mention four other words for which it is very difficult to find good rimes.

5. Comment on each of the following terms as they are used in the extract: *beaux-esprits*; coffee-houses; folio volume; glass of sack; Maudlin Tower.

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

6. Write an essay on one of the following subjects :

- (i) Setting the Thames on Fire.
- (ii) Prizes.
- (iii) " Nothing succeeds like success."

Or write the outlines of a discussion on the subject " Is Military Glory worth while ? "

COMPARATIVE READING

Sidelights on Addison and his circle :

JOSEPH ADDISON : Sir Roger at Home and other papers from *The Spectator* (those signed ' C,' ' L,' ' I,' or ' O ').

RICHARD STEELE : The Coverley Household and other papers from *The Spectator* (those signed ' R ' or ' T ').

LORD MACAULAY : Essay on the Life and Writings of Addison.

JOSEPH ADDISON : Lines on the Battle of Blenheim from *The Campaign*.

XXII

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

“O WHAT can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering ?
The sedge has withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

“O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
So haggard and so woe-begone ?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

“I see a lily on thy brow,
With anguish moist and fever dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too.”

“I met a lady in the meads
Full beautiful, a faery's child ;
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

“I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone ;
She looked at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

“I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long ;
For sidelong would she bend and sing
A faery's song.

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

"She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild and manna dew ;
And sure in language strange she said,
'I love thee true !'

"She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept, and sighed full sore,
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes
With kisses four.

"And there she lulled me asleep,
And there I dreamed, ah ! woe betide,
The latest dream I ever dreamed
On the cold hill-side.

"I saw pale kings, and princes too,
Pale warriors, death pale were they all ;
They cried—'La Belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall.'

"I saw their starv'd lips in the gloam
With horrid warning gapèd wide,
And I awoke, and found me here,
On the cold hill-side.

"And this is why I sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is withered from the lake,
And no birds sing."

JOHN KEATS

IN this poem we are transported by the magic of the poet's art not to some far corner of the terrestrial globe, but to the enchanted ground of Fairyland. You will observe the charming lilt of the first three lines of each stanza, followed

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

by the strangely slow movement of the fourth line. In spite of all the seductive glamour represented in those three swinging lines, that ominous fourth line seems to seize upon the reader's imagination, just as the knight-at-arms fell gradually under the influence of the elfin world. It seems to speak of bitter and unavailing regret for something that has been lost for ever. Yet very little is directly said in this poem: all is conveyed by subtle suggestion, so that you presently awake to an eerie and foreboding atmosphere that has wrapped you round before you were aware of it. Observe the portraits of the knight-at-arms and the "lady in the meads"—a very few touches in each case, but the effect is complete. Too much elaboration in a poem of this kind would spoil all.

Note how effectively Keats could use the device of repetition—the letter *l* in the first stanza, and the word 'wild' in the eighth. The diction will repay careful study. What could be more effective than the word 'palely' in its particular setting here? And words of three syllables like 'loitering' and 'withereth' add very much to the fascinating music of the lines.

EXERCISES

1. Find as many uses as you can for each of the following words, illustrating each use by a sentence: root, long, pale, rose.
2. Compare the following lines with the original lines in the poem, and in each case say what you think has been lost in the change:
 - (i) I saw their starv'd lips in the dark.
 - (ii) And then I shut her fearsome eyes.
 - (iii) I met a lady in the fields.
3. Give some good examples (not taken from this poem) of fast and slow time in verse.
4. Supply an alternative title to *La Belle Dame sans Merci*.
5. Write a letter in answer to a friend who complains that he cannot understand what this poem means.

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

6. Write an essay on one of the following subjects :

- (i) Enchantment.
- (ii) Witches and Wizards.
- (iii) Solitude.

Or compose an original fairy tale.

COMPARATIVE READING

Fairy poems :

S. T. COLERIDGE : Christabel.

SIR WALTER SCOTT : -Proud Maisie. [GT]

SHAKESPEARE : *A Midsummer Night's Dream*.

THOMAS HOOD : The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies.

JOHN KEATS : Faery Songs.

TENNYSON : The Lady of Shalott.

XXIII

TWO POPULAR FALLACIES

I. THAT WE SHOULD RISE WITH THE LARK

AT what precise minute that little airy musician doffs his night gear, and prepares to tune up his unseasonable matins, we are not naturalists enough to determine. But for a mere human gentleman—that has no orchestra business to call him from his warm bed to such preposterous exercises—we take ten, or half after ten (eleven, of course, during this Christmas solstice), to be the very earliest hour at which he can begin to think of abandoning his pillow. To think of it, we say ; for to do it in earnest requires another half-hour's good consideration. Not but there are pretty sun-risings, as we are told, and such like gawds, abroad in the world, in summer-time especially, some hours before what we have assigned ; which a gentleman may see, as they say, only for getting up. But, having been tempted once or twice, in earlier life, to assist at those ceremonies, we confess our curiosity abated. We are no longer ambitious of being the sun's courtiers, to attend at his morning levees. We hold the good hours of the dawn too sacred to waste them upon such observances ; which have in them, besides, something Pagan and Persic. To say truth, we never anticipated our usual hour, or got up with the sun (as 'tis called), to go a journey, or upon a foolish whole day's pleasuring, but we suffered for it all the long hours after in listlessness and headaches ; Nature herself sufficiently declaring her sense of our presumption in aspiring to regulate our frail waking courses by

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

the measures of that celestial and sleepless traveller. We deny not that there is something sprightly and vigorous, at the outset especially, in these break-of-day excursions. It is flattering to get the start of a lazy world ; to conquer death by proxy in his image. But the seeds of sleep and mortality are in us ; and we pay usually in strange qualms before night falls, the penalty of the unnatural inversion. Therefore, while the busy part of mankind are fast huddling on their clothes, are already up and about their occupations, content to have swallowed their sleep by wholesale ; we choose to linger a-bed, and digest our dreams. It is the very time to recombine the wandering images, which night in a confused mass presented ; to snatch them from forgetfulness ; to shape, and mould them. Some people have no good of their dreams. Like fast feeders, they gulp them too grossly, to taste them curiously. We love to chew the cud of a foregone vision : to collect the scattered rays of a brighter phantasm, or act over again, with firmer nerves, the sadder nocturnal tragedies ; to drag into daylight a struggling and half-vanishing nightmare ; to handle and examine the terrors, or the airy solaces. We have too much respect for these spiritual communications, to let them go so lightly. We are not so stupid, or so careless as that Imperial forgetter of his dreams, that we should need a seer to remind us of the form of them. They seem to us to have as much significance as our waking concerns : or rather to import us more ^{dear} nearly, as more nearly we approach by years to the shadowy world, whither we are hastening. We have shaken hands with the world's business ; we have done with it ; we have discharged ourself of it. Why should we get up ? we have neither suit to solicit, nor affairs to manage. The drama has shut in upon us at the fourth act. We have nothing here to expect, but in a short time a sick bed, and a dismissal. We delight to anticipate death by such shadows as night affords. We are already half acquainted

TWO POPULAR FALLACIES

with ghosts. We were never much in the world. Disappointment early struck a dark veil between us and its dazzling illusions. Our spirits showed grey before our hairs. The mighty changes of the world already appear as but the vain stuff out of which dramas are composed. We have asked no more of life than what the mimic images in play-houses present us with. Even those types have waxed fainter. Our clock appears to have struck. We are *superannuated*. In this dearth of mundane satisfaction, we contract politic alliances with shadows. It is good to have friends at court. The abstract media of dreams seem no ill introduction to that spiritual presence, upon which, in no long time, we expect to be thrown. We are trying to know a little of the usages of that colony ; to learn the language, and the faces we shall meet with there, that we may be the less awkward at our first coming among them. We willingly call a phantom our fellow, as knowing we shall soon be of their dark companionship. Therefore, we cherish dreams. We try to spell in them the alphabet of the invisible world ; and think we know already, how it shall be with us. Those uncouth shapes, which, while we clung to flesh and blood, affrighted us, have become familiar. We feel attenuated into their meagre essences, and have given the hand of half-way approach to incorporeal being. We once thought life to be something ; but it has unaccountably fallen from us before its time. Therefore we choose to dally with visions. The sun has no purposes of ours to light us to. Why should we get up ?

II. THAT WE SHOULD LIE DOWN WITH THE LAMB

We could never quite understand the philosophy of this arrangement, or the wisdom of our ancestors in sending us for instruction to these woolly bedfellows. A sheep, when it is

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

dark, has nothing to do but to shut his silly eyes, and sleep if he can. Man found out long sixes.—Hail, candle-light ! without disparagement to sun or moon, the kindest luminary of the three—if we may not rather style thee their radiant deputy, mild viceroy of the moon !—We love to read, talk, sit silent, eat, drink, sleep, by candle-light. They are everybody's sun and moon. This is our peculiar and household planet. Wanting it, what savage unsocial nights must our ancestors have spent, wintering in caves and unilluminated fastnesses ! They must have lain about and grumbled at one another in the dark. What repartees could have passed, when you must have felt about for a smile, and handled a neighbour's cheek to be sure that he understood it ? This accounts for the seriousness of the elder poetry. It has a sombre cast (try Hesiod or Ossian), derived from the tradition of those unlantern'd nights. Jokes came in with candles. We wonder how they saw to pick up a pin, if they had any. How did they sup ? what a *mélange* of chance carving they must have made of it !—here one had got the leg of a goat, when he wanted a horse's shoulder—there another had dipt his scooped palm in a kid-skin of wild honey, when he meditated right mare's milk. There is neither good eating nor drinking in fresco. Who, even in these civilised times, has never experienced this, when at some economic table he has commenced dining after dusk, and waited for the flavour till the lights came ? The senses absolutely give and take reciprocally. Can you tell pork from veal in the dark ? or distinguish Sherris from pure Malaga ? Take away the candle from the smoking man ; by the glimmering of the left ashes, he knows that he is still smoking, but he knows it only by an inference ; till the restored light, coming in aid of the olfactories, reveals to both senses the full aroma. Then how he redoubles his puffs ! how he burnishes !—There is absolutely no such thing as reading but by a candle. We have tried the

TWO POPULAR FALLACIES

affectation of a book at noon-day in gardens, and in sultry arbours ; but it was labour thrown away. Those gay notes in the beam come about you, hovering and teasing, like so many coquettes, that will have you all to their self, and are jealous of your abstractions. By the midnight taper, the writer digests his meditations. By the same light we must approach to their perusal, if we would catch the flame, the odour. It is a mockery, all that is reported of the influential Phœbus. No true poem ever owed its birth to the sun's light. They are abstracted works—

Things that were born, when none but the still night,
And his dumb candle, saw his pinching throes.

Marry, daylight—daylight might furnish the images, the crude material ; but for the fine shapings, the true turning and filing (as mine author hath it), they must be content to hold their inspiration of the candle. The mild internal light, that reveals them, like fires on the domestic hearth, goes out in the sun-shine. Night and silence call out the starry fancies. Milton's *Morning Hymn in Paradise*, we would hold a good wager, was penned at midnight ; and Taylor's rich description of a sun-rise smells decidedly of the taper. Even ourself, in these our humbler lucubrations, tune our best measured cadences (Prose has her cadences) not unfrequently to the charm of the drowsier watchman, " blessing the doors " ; or the wild sweep of winds at midnight. Even now a loftier speculation than we have yet attempted, courts our endeavours. We would indite something about the Solar System.—*Betty, bring the candles.*

CHARLES LAMB, *Essays of Elia*

THE first sentence of the first essay and the last of the second are good examples of the author's quiet humour. His

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

laughter is a subdued chuckle, not an unrestrained roar, but his jokes wear well. You will note too the whimsical, irresponsible way in which he treats his subjects. He cheerfully turns accepted notions upside down to see how much of truth there really is in them. There is pathos in his writing also, as quiet and restrained as the humour. Lamb had talked a good deal about superannuation, and smacked his lips with some gusto over the prospect of release from "the desk's dead wood," but once it became an accomplished fact he never really felt reconciled to it. When he finally turned his back on the dingy office in Leadenhall Street he found little joy in his long-expected freedom. He felt that his life was virtually ended, and in a good-humoured way he gives vent to his feelings. The quaintness of the diction betrays the many hours that Lamb had spent in poring over sixteenth-century folios. The antique flavour of such a sentence as the following is unmistakable: "Not but there are pretty sun-risings, as we are told, and such like gawds, abroad in the world, in summer-time especially, some hours before what we have assigned; which a gentleman may see, as they say, only for getting up." But this is no isolated example. The archaic turns of speech are not 'stuck on,' as with some writers, but every sentence has that queer twist which proclaims its author's love of the Elizabethans. Equally apparent is the fact that Lamb is a Londoner, and is not particularly at home amid fields and hedges.

EXERCISES

1. Indicate whether the letters *ch* in the following words are pronounced like *sh*, *k*, or *ch*: orchestra, headache, nonchalant, charade, cherish, mischance.

Use each word in a sentence, so as to make its meaning clear.

2. Notice that these essays are composed of one long, unbroken paragraph. The fashion varies in this respect. To-day we rather

TWO POPULAR FALLACIES

incline to short, 'snippety' paragraphs. Make suggestions for breaking up the first essay into shorter paragraphs in accordance with modern usage.

3. Say what you imagine Charles Lamb would have thought of electric light.

4. What is a fallacy? State any fallacy that occurs to you, and explain why it is one.

5. Treat one of the following maxims as a fallacy, and deal with it after the manner of Charles Lamb :

- (i) "Always put business before pleasure."
- (ii) "Schooldays are the happiest in life."
- (iii) "A miss is as good as a mile."

6. Write an essay on one of the following subjects :

- (i) Sunrises and Sunsets.
- (ii) What I intend to do when I Retire.

Or write a short story entitled "Told by candle-light."

COMPARATIVE READING

Of early rising :

DIXON SCOTT : The Doodle Doo (*A Number of Things*).

LEIGH HUNT : Getting up on Cold Mornings.

Of artificial light :

R. L. STEVENSON : A Plea for Gas-lamps (*Virginibus Puerisque*).

MRS MEYNELL : Electric Light, in essay entitled *Charmian* (*Hearts of Controversy*).

XXIV

THE BATTLE OF NASEBY

By Obadiah Bind-their-kings-in-chains-and-their-nobles-with-links-of-iron, Sergeant in Ireton's Regiment

OH ! wherefore come ye forth, in triumph from the North,
With your hands, and your feet, and your raiment all red ?
And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout ?
And whence be the grapes of the wine-press which ye tread ?

Oh evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod ;
For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the strong,
Who sate in the high places, and slew the saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day of June,
That we saw their banners dance, and their cuirasses shine,
And the Man of Blood was there, with his long essenced hair,
And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,
The General rode along us to form us for the fight,
When a murmuring sound broke out, and swelled into a
shout,

Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right.

And hark ! like the roar of the billows on the shore,
The cry of battle rises along their charging line !
For God ! for the Cause ! for the Church ! for the Laws !
For Charles, King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine !

THE BATTLE OF NASEBY

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,
His bravoës of Alsatia, and pages of Whitehall ;
They are bursting on our flanks. Grasp your pikes, close your
ranks,
For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

They are here ! They rush on ! We are broken ! We are
gone !

Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.
O Lord, put forth Thy might ! O Lord, defend the right !
Stand back to back, in God's name, and fight it to the last.

Stout Skippon hath a wound ; the centre hath given ground :
Hark ! hark !—What means the trampling of horsemen on
our rear ?

Whose banner do I see, boys ? 'Tis he, thank God, 'tis he,
boys,

Bear up another minute : brave Oliver is here !

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dykes,
Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Accurst,
And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide
Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple Bar ;
And he—he turns, he flies !—shame on those cruel eyes
That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war !

Ho ! comrades, scour the plain ; and, ere ye strip the slain,
First give another stab to make your search secure,
Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad-pieces and
loquets,
The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

Fools ! your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts were
gay and bold,

When you kissed your lily hands to your lemans to-day ;
And to-morrow shall the fox, from her chambers in the rocks,
Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

Where be your tongues that late mocked at heaven and hell
and fate,

And the fingers that once were so busy with your blades,
Your perfumed satin clothes, your catches and your oaths,
Your stage-plays and your sonnets, your diamonds and your
spades ?

Down, down, for ever down with the mitre and the crown,
With the Belial of the Court and the Mammon of the Pope ;
There is woe in Oxford's Halls : there is wail in Durham's
Stalls :

The Jesuit smites his bosom : the Bishop rends his cope.

And She of the seven hills shall mourn her children's ills,
And tremble when she thinks on the edge of England's
sword :

And the Kings of earth in fear shall shudder when they hear
What the hand of God hath wrought for the Houses and
the Word.

LORD MACAULAY

THERE is no mystery about Macaulay's writing. Everything
is direct and clear cut. You may notice a striking difference
if you compare *The Battle of Naseby* with the following stanza
from Edgar Allan Poe's *Ulalume* :

THE BATTLE OF NASEBY

The skies they were ashen and sober ;
The leaves they were crisped and sere—
The leaves they were withering and sere ;
It was night in the lonesome October
Of my most immemorial year ;
It was hard by the dim lake of Auber,
In the misty mid region of Weir—
It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

Here the poet actually tells you very little. If you attempt to set down in writing the hard facts you know concerning the "dim lake of Auber" you will find that they are few indeed. The poet suggests, and leaves the rest to your imagination. He creates an atmosphere—in this case the atmosphere of gloom and utter despair—and with that his work is done. Macaulay, on the other hand, gives the plain and forcible story of a stirring event. No words are wasted in vain repetition, and at the same time nothing essential is omitted. Nothing is left to the imagination. There is no subtle suggestion of a "misty mid region." All is clear and positive. Obadiah had no doubts about the cause in which his services had been enlisted, and he is made to tell his story in a way that is suitably straightforward and unwavering. The lines ring out with unmistakable decision. The movement is breathlessly swift. Such lines as

They are here ! They rush on ! We are broken ! We are gone !
Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast,

fitly represent the irresistible onslaught of a mighty host. The effect of the eyewitness, Obadiah, telling his own story is preserved throughout by the frequent and abrupt exclamations, the use of the historic present, and the Biblical diction.

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

EXERCISES

1. 'Wound' and 'ground' form what we know as an *eye-rime*—that is, the endings of the words are alike to the eye, but not to the ear. Yet 'wound' is sometimes sounded like 'ground.'

Show how each of the following words varies in meaning with a change in sound: bow, lower, row, minute, lead, sow.

2. Write, in about eighty words, a succinct account of the battle of Naseby based on this poem.

3. Comment on the following terms: seven hills, Man of Blood, the General, Alsatia, Whitehall, Temple Bar.

4. Write out the first stanza of the poem, indicating the stresses and supplying figures and letters to denote the number of syllables in the lines and the rimes.

5. Use each of the following phrases in a line of verse of your own, preserving Macaulay's rhythm: the wine-press, like stubble, in triumph, hath given ground, shone with gold.

6. Write the outlines of a debate between a Roundhead and a Cavalier on the subject, "A Righteous Cause."

Or give a report of an imaginary conversation between yourself and Obadiah Bind-their-kings-in-chains.

Or write an essay on "Civil War."

COMPARATIVE READING

Roundheads and Cavaliers:

LORD MACAULAY: A Jacobite's Epitaph. [LH]

MRS HUTCHINSON: To my Children (*Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson*).

SIR WALTER SCOTT: *Rokeby*.

JOSEPH ADDISON: Party Spirit (*The Spectator*, 125, 126).

ROBERT BROWNING: Cavalier Tunes.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE: A Jacobite's Exile. [LH]

ANDREW MARVELL: Two Kings. [LH]

JOHN MILTON: To the Lord General Cromwell. [LH]

XXV

A GENTLEMAN

HENCE it is that it is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both refined and, as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him ; and he concurs with their movements rather than takes the initiative himself. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature : like an easy chair or a good fire, which do their part in dispelling cold and fatigue, though nature provides both means of rest and animal heat without them. The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast ;—all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment ; his great concern being to make every one at their ease and at home. He has had his eyes on all his company ; he is tender towards the bashful, gentle towards the distant, and merciful towards the absurd ; he can recollect to whom he is speaking ; he guards against unseasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate ; he is seldom prominent in conversation ; and never wearisome. He makes light of favours while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled, never defends himself by a mere retort, he has no ear for slander or gossip, is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

with him, and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes, never takes unfair advantage, never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments, or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence, he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults, he is too well employed to remember injuries, and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing, and resigned, on philosophical principles; he submits to pain, because it is inevitable, to bereavement, because it is irreparable, and to death, because it is his destiny. If he engages in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, perhaps, but less educated minds; who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they find it. He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find greater candour, consideration, indulgence: he throws himself into the minds of his opponents, he accounts for their mistakes. He knows the weakness of human reason as well as its strength, its province and its limits. If he be an unbeliever, he will be too profound and large-minded to ridicule religion or to act against it; he is too wise to be a dogmatist or fanatic in his infidelity. He respects piety and devotion; he even supports institutions as venerable, beautiful, or useful, to which he does not assent; he honours the ministers of religion, and it contents him to decline its mysteries without assailing or denouncing them. He is a friend of religious toleration and that, not only because his philosophy has taught him to look on all

A GENTLEMAN

forms of faith with an impartial eye, but also from the gentleness and effeminacy of feeling, which is the attendant on civilization. X

Not that he may not hold a religion too, in his own way, even when he is not a Christian. In that case his own religion is one of imagination and sentiment; it is the embodiment of those ideas of the sublime, majestic, and beautiful, without which there can be no large philosophy. Sometimes he acknowledges the being of God, sometimes he invests an unknown principle or quality with the attributes of perfection. And this deduction of his reason, or creation of his fancy, he makes the occasion of such excellent thoughts, and the starting-point of so varied and systematic a teaching, that he even seems like a disciple of Christianity itself. From the very accuracy and steadiness of his logical powers, he is able to see what sentiments are consistent in those who hold any religious doctrine at all, and he appears to others to feel and to hold a whole circle of theological truths, which exist in his mind no otherwise than as a number of deductions.

Such are some of the lineaments of the ethical character, which the cultivated intellect will form, apart from religious principle. They are seen within the pale of the Church and without it, in holy men, and in profligate; they form the *beau-ideal* of the world; they partly assist and partly distort the development of the Catholic. They may subserve the education of a St Francis de Sales or a Cardinal Pole; they may be the limits of a Shaftesbury or a Gibbon. Basil and Julian were fellow-students at the schools of Athens; and one became the Saint and Doctor of the Church, the other her scoffing and relentless foe.

J. H. NEWMAN, *The Idea of a University*

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

FOR clearness and effective simplicity this passage cannot easily be surpassed. Newman uses few figures of speech, and those not for rhetorical effect, but solely for the sake of clearness, as when he speaks of those "who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean." He indulges in no flourishes or flights of fancy. There are no purple patches here. You will note, too, the variety in sentence-structure so as to avoid anything approaching monotony. Newman, like Gibbon, was fond of the triple arrangement of the sentence—*e.g.* "He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults, he is too well employed to remember injuries, and too indolent to bear malice." But before the reader has time to grow weary of this type of sentence the author has passed on to something quite different. He also likes to group his adjectives in threes, but here again he never allows his fondness to pall on the reader. It is safe to say that no one could mistake Newman's meaning, and no one could accuse him of being tedious and long-winded. To sum up, we might apply to him the words which he uses of the true gentleman: "he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive."

EXERCISES

1. Mark the accent in each of the following words: religion, religious, religiousity, irreligious; philosophy, philosophical, philosopher, philosophize; person, personal, impersonate, personality, personification; repair, repairable, reparation, irreparable.
2. Write a description of a gentleman in about seventy words, basing it on the extract.
3. What particular characteristics mentioned by Newman strike you as being most true?
4. Define as briefly and accurately as possible the following terms as they are used in the extract: dogmatist, fanatic, infidel, adversary, controversy, philosophy.
5. Say how far you think that participation in sports will help to make a true gentleman.

A GENTLEMAN

6. Write an essay on one of the following subjects :

- (i) On taking an Unfair Advantage.
- (ii) Comfort.
- (iii) "We should ever conduct ourselves towards our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend."

COMPARATIVE READING

The badge of true knighthood :

LORD TENNYSON : Sir Galahad. [TV III]

BEN JONSON : " It is not growing like a tree." [TV IV]

CHAUCER : The Descriptions of the Knight and the Poor Parson
from the Prologue to *The Canterbury Tales*.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH : The Parson, from *The Deserted Village*.
[TV IV]

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH : Ode to Duty. [LH] The Happy
Warrior.

SIR HENRY WOTTON : Character of a Happy Life. [GT]

SIR EDWARD DYER : " My mind to me a kingdom is." [TV IV]

W. E. HENLEY : Last Post. [LH] Out of the Night. [LH]

XXVI

SAINT BRANDAN

SAINT BRANDAN sails the Northern Main ;
The brotherhoods of saints are glad.
He greets them once, he sails again :
So late !—such storms !—The Saint is mad !

He heard across the howling seas
Chime convent bells on wintry nights ;
He saw on spray-swept Hebrides
Twinkle the monastery lights ;

But north, still north, Saint Brandan steer'd :
And now no bells, no convents more !
The hurtling Polar lights are near'd ;
The sea without a human shore.

At last—(it was the Christmas night ;
Stars shone after a day of storm)—
He sees float near an iceberg white,
And on it—Christ !—a living form !

That furtive mien—that scowling eye—
Of hair that black and tufted fell—
It is—oh, where shall Brandan fly ?—
The traitor Judas, out of Hell !

Palsied with terror, Brandan sate ;
The moon was bright, the iceberg near.
He hears a voice sigh humbly, “ Wait !
By high permission I am here.

SAINT BRANDAN

“ One moment wait, thou holy Man !
On earth my crime, my death, they knew :
My name is under all men’s ban :
Ah, tell them of my respite too !

“ Tell them, one blessed Christmas night—
(It was the first after I came,
Breathing self-murder, frenzy, spite,
To rue my guilt in endless flame)—

“ I felt, as I in torment lay
’Mid the souls plagu’d by Heavenly Power,
An Angel touch mine arm, and say—
Go hence, and cool thyself an hour !

“ ‘ Ah, whence this mercy, Lord ? ’ I said.
*The Leper recollect, said he,
Who ask’d the passers-by for aid,
In Joppa, and thy charity.*

“ Then I remember’d how I went,
In Joppa, through the public street,
One morn, when the sirocco spent
Its storms of dust, with burning heat ;

“ And in the street a Leper sate,
Shivering with fever, naked, old :
Sand raked his sores from heel to pate ;
The hot wind fever’d him five-fold.

“ He gaz’d upon me as I pass’d,
And murmur’d, *Help me, or I die !—*
To the poor wretch my cloak I cast,
Saw him look eas’d, and hurried by.

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

“ O Brandan ! Think, what grace divine,
What blessing must true goodness shower,
When semblance of it faint, like mine,
Hath such inalienable power !

“ Well-fed, well-cloth'd, well-friended, I
Did that chance act of good, that one ;
Then went my way to kill and lie—
Forgot my deed as soon as done.

“ That germ of kindness, in the womb
Of Mercy caught, did not expire :
Outlives my guilt, outlives my doom,
And friends me in the pit of fire.

“ Once every year, when carols wake,
On earth, the Christmas night's repose,
Arising from the Sinners' Lake,
I journey to these healing snows.

“ I stanch with ice my burning breast,
With silence balm my whirling brain.
O Brandan ! to this hour of rest,
That Joppa leper's ease was pain ! ”

Tears started to Saint Brandan's eyes :
He bow'd his head ; he breath'd a prayer.
When he look'd up—tenantless lies
The iceberg, in the frosty air !

MATTHEW ARNOLD

THE bleak severity of this poem suits the cold, inhospitable regions that form its setting. There are here no high-sounding
186

SAINT BRANDAN

phrases that mean nothing, no words loosely or vaguely used. The story is told with the utmost simplicity and restraint, and no attempt is made to colour it by the introduction of unnecessary or accidental details. The diction also is bare and severe in the extreme. A line such as

The moon was bright, the iceberg near,

is a good example of economy in words. So too the portrait of the traitor Judas in the fifth stanza is executed with the minimum number of strokes, yet it is extraordinarily effective. You can *see* the unhappy wretch as he sits there huddled on the iceberg. The simplicity of the stanza-form is in keeping with all else in the poem, and nothing mars the startling force of the climax in the last lines.

EXERCISES

1. Notice the combination of letters that represent the sound *ee* in the word 'mien.' Find as many examples from the poem as you can in which this same sound is represented differently.

2. Make sentences containing the following phrases: raked his sores, wintry nights, healing snows, scowling eye, storms of dust.

3. Make St Brandan tell the story himself in prose.

4. Mark the stressed syllables in the following lines:

(i) He saw on spray-swept Hebrides
Twinkle the monastery lights.

(ii) At last—(it was the Christmas night;
Stars shone after a day of storm).

(iii) Breathing self-murder, frenzy, spite,
To rue my guilt in endless flame.

5. For each of the following find another word having the same sound, but spelt differently: mien, sails, bells, guilt, dust, high.

Use in a sentence each of the words you give.

6. Write an essay on one of the following subjects:

- (i) On doing a Good Turn.
- (ii) Rewards and Punishments.
- (iii) The Greatest Villain in History.

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

COMPARATIVE READING

“ Little nameless, unremembered acts of kindness and of love ” :

W. B. YEATS : The Ballad of Father Gilligan.

R. BROWNING : The Boy and the Angel.

W. M. PRAED : The Vicar.

CHARLES DICKENS : Mark Tapley on Board the *Screw* (*Martin Chuzzlewit*, Chapter XV).

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE : King Richard and his Groom (*King Richard II*, Act V, Scene 4). Arthur and Hubert (*King John*, Act IV, Scene 1). Gonzalo, “ a noble Neapolitan ” (*The Tempest*, Act I, Scene 2).

LEIGH HUNT : Abou Ben Adhem. [TV III]

J. R. LOWELL : Yussouf. [TV III]

J. G. WHITTIER : The Gift of Tritemius. [TV III]

XXVII

THE CAT BY THE FIRE

A BLAZING fire, a warm rug, candles lit and curtains drawn, the kettle on for tea (nor do the 'first circles' despise the preference of a kettle to an urn, as the third or fourth may do), and finally, the cat before you, attracting your attention,—it is a scene which everybody likes unless he has a morbid aversion to cats; which is not common. There are some nice inquirers, it is true, who are apt to make uneasy comparisons of cats with dogs,—to say they are not so loving, that they prefer the house to the man, etc. But agreeably to the good old maxim, that "comparisons are odious," our readers, we hope, will continue to like what is likable in anything, for its own sake, without trying to render it unlikable for its inferiority to something else,—a process by which we might ingeniously contrive to put soot into every dish that is set before us, and to reject one thing after another, till we were pleased with nothing. Here is a good fireside, and a cat to it; and it would be our own fault, if, in removing to another house, and another fireside, we did not take care that the cat removed with us. Cats cannot look to the moving of goods, as men do. If we would have creatures considerate towards us, we must be so towards them. It is not to be expected of everybody, quadruped or biped, that they should stick to us in spite of our want of merit, like a dog or a benevolent sage. Besides, stories have been told of cats very much to the credit of their benignity; such as their following a master about like a dog, waiting at a

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

gentleman's door to thank him for some obligation overnight, etc. And our readers may remember the history of the famous Godolphin Arabian, upon whose grave a cat that had lived with him in the stable went and stretched itself, and died.

The cat purrs, as if it applauded our consideration,—and gently moves its tail. What an odd expression of the power to be irritable and the will to be pleased there is in its face, as it looks up at us! We must own, that we do not prefer a cat in the act of purring, or of looking in that manner. It reminds us of the sort of smile, or *simmer* (*simper* is too weak and fleeting a word) that is apt to be in the faces of irritable people when they are pleased to be in a state of satisfaction. We prefer, for a general expression, the cat in a quiet, unpretending state, and the human countenance with a look indicative of habitual grace and composure, as if it were not necessary to take any violent steps to prove its amiability,—the “smile without a smile,” as the poet beautifully calls it.

Furthermore (in order to get rid at once of all that may be objected to poor Pussy, as boys at school get down their bad dumpling as fast as possible before the meat comes), we own we have an objection to the way in which a cat sports with a mouse before she kills it, tossing and jerking it about like a ball, and letting it go, in order to pounce upon it with the greater relish. And yet what right have we to apply human measures of cruelty to the inferior reflectability of a cat? Perhaps she has no idea of the mouse's being alive, in the sense that we have,—most likely she looks upon it as a pleasant movable toy, made to be eaten,—a sort of lively pudding, that oddly jumps hither and thither. It would be hard to beat into the head of a country squire of the old class that there is any cruelty in hunting a hare; and most assuredly it would be still harder to beat mouse-sparing into the head of a cat. You might read the most pungent essay on the subject into her ear, and she would only sneeze at it.

THE CAT BY THE FIRE

As to the unnatural cruelties, which we sometimes read of, committed by cats upon their offspring, they are exceptions to the common and beautiful rules of nature, and accordingly we have nothing to do with them. They are traceable to some unnatural circumstances of breeding or position. Enormities as monstrous are to be found among human beings, and argue nothing against the general character of the species. Even dogs are not always immaculate ; and sages have made slips. Dr Franklin cut off his son with a shilling for differing with him in politics.

But cats resemble tigers ? They are tigers in miniature ? Well,—and very pretty miniatures they are. And what has the tiger himself done, that he has not a right to eat his dinner as well as Jones ? A tiger treats a man much as a cat does a mouse ;—granted ; but we have no reason to suppose that he is aware of the man's sufferings, or means anything but to satisfy his hunger ; and what have the butcher and poulterer been about meanwhile ? The tiger, it is true, lays about him a little superfluously sometimes, when he gets into a sheep-fold, and kills more than he eats ; but does not the Squire or the Marquis do pretty much like him in the month of September ? Nay, do we not hear of venerable judges, that would not hurt a fly, going about in that refreshing month, seeking whom they may lame ? See the effect of habit and education ! And you can educate the tiger in no other way than by attending to his stomach. Fill that, and he will want no men to eat, probably not even to lame. On the other hand, deprive Jones of his dinner for a day or two, and see what a state he will be in, especially if he is by nature irascible. Nay, keep him from it for an half-an-hour, and observe the tiger propensities of his stomach and fingers,—how worthy of killing he thinks the cook, and what boxes of the ear he feels inclined to give the footboy.

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

Animals, by the nature of things, in their present state, dispose of one another into their respective stomachs, without ill-will on any side. They keep down the several populations of their neighbours, till time may come when superfluous population of any kind need not exist, and predatory appearances may vanish from the earth, as the wolves have done from England. But whether they may or not is not a question by a hundred times so important to moral inquirers as into the possibilities of human education and the nonsense of ill-will. Show the nonsense of that, and we may all get our dinners as jovially as we can, sure of these three undoubted facts,—that life is long, death short, and the world beautiful. And so we bring our thoughts back again to the fireside, and look at the cat.

Poor Pussy ! she looks up at us again, as if she thanked us for those vindications of dinner ; and symbolically gives a twist of a yawn and a lick to her whiskers. Now she proceeds to clean herself all over, having a just sense of the demands of her elegant person,—beginning judiciously with her paws, and fetching amazing tongues at her hind-hips. Anon, she scratches her neck with a foot of rapid delight, leaning her head towards it, and shutting her eyes, half to accommodate the action of the skin, and half to enjoy the luxury. She then rewards her paws with a few more touches ;—look at the action of her head and neck, how pleasing it is, the ears pointing forward, and the neck gently arching to and fro. Finally, she gives a sneeze, and another twist of mouth and whiskers, and then, curling her tail towards her front claws, settles herself on her hind quarters in an attitude of bland meditation.

What does she think ?—of her saucer of milk at breakfast ? or of the thump she got yesterday in the kitchen for stealing the meat ? or of her own meat, the Tartar's dish, noble horse-flesh ? or of her friend the cat next door, the most

THE CAT BY THE FIRE

impassioned of serenaders? or of her little ones, some of whom are now large, and all of them gone? Is *that* among her recollections when she looks pensive? Does she taste of the noble prerogative-sorrows of man?

She is a sprightly cat, hardly past her youth; so, happening to move the fringe of the rug a little with our foot, she darts out a paw, and begins plucking it and inquiring into the matter, as if it were a challenge to play, or something lively enough to be eaten. What a graceful action of that foot of hers, between delicacy and petulance!—combining something of a thrust out, a beat, and a scratch. There seems even something of a little bit of fear in it, as if just enough to provoke her courage, and give her the excitement of a sense of hazard. We remember being much amused with seeing a kitten manifestly making a series of experiments upon the patience of its mother,—trying how far the latter would put up with positive bites and thumps. The kitten ran at her every moment, gave her a knock or a bite of the tail; and then ran back again, to recommence the assault. The mother sate looking at her, as if betwixt tolerance and admiration, to see how far the spirit of the family was inherited or improved by her sprightly offspring. At length, however, the ‘little Pickle’ presumed too far, and the mother, lifting up her paw, and meeting her at the very nick of the moment, gave her one of the most unsophisticated boxes of the ear we ever beheld. It sent her rolling half over the room, and made her come to a most ludicrous pause, with the oddest little look of premature and wincing meditation.

That lapping of the milk out of the saucer is what one’s human thirst cannot sympathise with. It seems as if there could be no satisfaction in such a series of atoms of drink. Yet the saucer is soon emptied; and there is a refreshment to one’s ear in that sound of plashing with which the action is accompanied, and which seems indicative of a like comfort

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

to Pussy's mouth. Her tongue is thin, and can make a spoon of itself. This, however, is common to other quadrupeds with the cat, and does not, therefore, more particularly belong to our feline consideration. Not so the electricity of its coat, which gives out sparks under the hand ; its passion for the herb valerian (did the reader ever see one roll in it ? it is a mad sight) and other singular delicacies of nature, among which, perhaps, is to be reckoned its taste for fish, a creature with whose element it has so little to do, that it is supposed even to abhor it ; though lately we read somewhere of a swimming cat, that used to fish for itself. And this reminds us of an exquisite anecdote of dear, dogmatic, diseased, thoughtful, surly, charitable Johnson, who would go out of doors himself, and buy oysters for h's cat, because his black servant was too proud to do it ! Not that we condemn the black, in those enslaving, unliberating days. He had a right to the mistake, though we should have thought better of him had he seen farther, and subjected his pride to affection for such a master. But Johnson's true practical delicacy in the matter is beautiful. Be assured that he thought nothing of ' condescension ' in it, or of being eccentric. He was singular in some things, because he could not help it. But he hated eccentricity. No : in his best moments he felt himself simply to be a man, and a good man too, though a frail—one that in virtue as well as humility, and in a knowledge of his ignorance as well as his wisdom, was desirous of being a Christian philosopher ; and accordingly he went out, and bought food for his hungry cat, because his poor negro was too proud to do it, and there was nobody else in the way whom he had a right to ask. What must anybody that saw him have thought, as he turned up Bolt Court ! But doubtless he went as secretly as possible,—that is to say. if he considered the thing at all. His friend Garrick could not have done as much ! He was too grand, and on the great ' stage '

THE CAT BY THE FIRE

of life. Goldsmith could ; but he would hardly have thought of it. Beauclerc might ; but he would have thought it necessary to excuse it with a jest or a wager, or some such thing. Sir Joshua Reynolds, with his fashionable, fine-lady-painting hand, would certainly have shrunk from it. Burke would have reasoned himself into its propriety, but he would have reasoned himself out again. Gibbon ! Imagine its being put into the head of Gibbon !! He and his bag-wig would have started with all the horror of a gentleman-usher ; and he would have rung the bell for the cook's deputy's-under-assistant-errand-boy.

Cats at firesides live luxuriously, and are the picture of comfort ; but lest they should not bear their portion of trouble in this world, they have the drawbacks of being liable to be shut out of doors on cold nights, beatings from the 'aggravated' cooks, overpettings of children (how should we like to be squeezed and pulled about in that manner by some great patronising giants?), and last, not least, horrible merciless tramples of unconscious human feet and unfeeling legs of chairs. Elegance, comfort, and security seem the order of the day on all sides, and you are going to sit down to dinner, or to music, or to take tea, when all of a sudden the cat gives a squall as if she was mashed ; and you are not sure that the fact is otherwise. Yet she gets in the way again, as before ; and dares all the feet and mahogany in the room. Beautiful present sufficingness of a cat's imagination ! Confined to the snug circle of her own sides and the two next inches of rug or carpet.

LEIGH HUNT, *Essays*

THIS is familiar, easy writing, as homely as the subject of which it treats. It is something like an intimate informal chat with the author at the fireside, where he unbosoms

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

himself of his likes and dislikes. The result is a true essay, which, like the lyric, is purely personal. You will notice the easy, unaffected humour, as when he speaks of boys at school getting down their bad dumpling first; the homely yet very effective figures, as when he condemns those who "contrive to put soot into every dish that is set before us," and also the exact and careful choice of words—*e.g.* "What a graceful action of that foot of hers, between delicacy and petulance!—combining something of a thrust out, a beat, and a scratch." Leigh Hunt has the art, not too common, of being able to weave anecdotes skilfully and unobtrusively into his main narrative. So he tells stories of Dr Johnson buying oysters for his cat when his black servant was too proud to do so, and of the famous Godolphin Arabian on whose grave a cat stretched itself and died. He never, you will notice, drags in a story for the mere fun of telling it: it invariably illustrates some important point in his argument. Most of all we should notice the author's sound common sense, as when he confronts those tender souls who object to the cruelty shown by animals with the spectacle of the harmless Jones eating his dinner.

EXERCISES

1. Make a noun corresponding to each of the following adjectives: benign, sprightly, inferior, pleased, considerate, poor.

Use each of these nouns in a sentence.

2. Notice the portrait of Dr Johnson drawn in six adjectives—"dear, dogmatic, diseased, thoughtful, surly, charitable Johnson"—and make a similar picture of any other famous man.

3. Make a summary in about seventy words of the passage "She is a sprightly cat . . . wincing meditation." Supply a suitable title to your summary.

4. Make sentences showing clearly the distinction between the following pairs of words: judicious, judicial; prefer, proffer; odious, odorous; possible, probable; diseased, deceased.

THE CAT BY THE FIRE

5. Write down the comments that Jones is supposed to make on that part of the essay that concerns him.

6. Write an essay on one of the following subjects :

- (i) "Comparisons are odious."
- (ii) Cats and Dogs.
- (iii) September.

Or write an original fable showing how the Manx cat lost its tail.

COMPARATIVE READING

Cat-studies :

SIR W. ROBERTSON NICOLL : Samuel (*Letters on Life*, XIII).

MRS GASKELL : Pussy and the Lace. (See p. 50.)

RUDYARD KIPLING : The Cat that Walked by Himself (*Just-So Stories*).

LEWIS CARROLL : The Cheshire Cat (*Alice in Wonderland*, Chapter VIII).

EDGAR ALLAN POE : The Black Cat.

JOEL CHANDLER HARRIS : How Brother Fox was too Smart (*Uncle Remus*).

XXVIII

EIGHT SONNETS

I. TIME'S RAVAGES

LIKE as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end ;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.
Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.
Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow,
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow :
And yet to times in hope my verse shall stand,
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

II. THE FORERUNNER

THE last and greatest Herald of Heaven's King,
Girt with rough skins, hies to the deserts wild,
Among that savage brood the woods forth bring,
Which he than man more harmless found and mild.
His food was locusts, and what there doth spring,
With honey that from virgin hives distilled ;
Parched body, hollow eyes, some uncouth thing
Made him appear, long since from earth exiled.

EIGHT SONNETS

There burst he forth : " All ye whose hopes rely
On God, with me amidst these deserts mourn,
Repent, repent, and from old errors turn ! "
Who listened to his voice, obeyed his cry ?
Only the echoes, which he made relent,
Rung from their flinty caves, " Repent ! Repent ! "
W. DRUMMOND

III. TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
And on the neck of crownèd Fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies, and His work pursued,
While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureate wreath. Yet much remains
To conquer still. Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than War. New foes arise,
Threat'ning to bind our souls with secular chains :
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw.
JOHN MILTON

IV. ON MILTON

MILTON ! thou shouldst be living at this hour :
England hath need of thee : she is a fen
Of stagnant waters : altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men ;

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

Oh ! raise us up, return to us again,
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart ;
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea :
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

V. TO THE AUTUMNAL MOON

MILD Splendour of the various-vested Night !
Mother of wildly-working visions ! hail !
I watch thy gliding, while with watery light
Thy weak eye glimmers through a fleecy veil ;
And when thou lovest thy pale orb to shroud
Behind the gathered blackness lost on high ;
And when thou dartest from the wind-rent cloud
Thy placid lightning o'er the awakened sky.
Ah, such is Hope ! as changeful and as fair !
Now dimly peering on the wistful sight ;
Now hid behind the dragon-winged Despair ;
But soon emerging in her radiant might
She o'er the sorrow-clouded breast of Care
Sails, like a meteor kindling in its flight.

S. T. COLERIDGE

VI. OZYMANDIAS

I MET a traveller from an antique land
Who said : Two vast and trunkless legs of stone

EIGHT SONNETS

Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown
And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed ;
And on the pedestal these words appear :
“ My name is Ozymandias, king of kings :
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair ! ”
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

P. B. SHELLEY

VII. TO ONE WHO HAS BEEN LONG IN CITY PENT

To one who has been long in city pent,
'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
And open face of heaven,—to breathe a prayer
Full in the smile of the blue firmament.
Who is more happy, when, with heart's content,
Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair
Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair
And gentle tale of love and languishment?
Returning home at evening, with an ear
Catching the notes of Philomel,—an eye
Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,
He mourns that day so soon has glided by,
E'en like the passage of an angel's tear
That falls through the clear ether silently.

JOHN KEATS

VIII. SHAKESPEARE

OTHERS abide our question. Thou art free.
We ask and ask : Thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill
That to the stars uncrowns his majesty,
Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,
Making the Heaven of Heavens his dwelling-place,
Spares but the cloudy border of his base
To the foil'd searching of mortality :
And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure,
Didst walk on Earth unguess'd at. Better so !
All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness that impairs, all griefs that bow,
Find their sole voice in that victorious brow.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

THE sonnet is one of the most rigid of literary forms. It consists of fourteen lines, each with five stresses, and forming altogether a more or less definite rime pattern. The fourteen lines divide into two groups of eight and six lines respectively ; these are termed the octave and the sestet. In some sonnets, particularly in those following the Shakespearean model, the division between octave and sestet is not so marked, but the sonnet ends in a couplet which serves to clinch the whole. The matter of the sonnet consists of a single idea worked out in such detail and with such illustrations as the narrow limits of the form permit. You will find it a good exercise to try to express for yourself the main idea of each of the eight sonnets here given. You will notice that Shakespeare sets down pell-mell a number of different ways

EIGHT SONNETS

of embodying his main idea, and then gives the conclusion of the whole matter in his final couplet. Milton, on the other hand, steadily builds up a number of thoughts one arising from another, so as to make a completed structure. Here, for instance, he gives us several characteristic episodes connected with Cromwell, until the miniature is perfect. The first sonnet is noteworthy for its fine figures, particularly in the line where it is shown how Time "delves the parallels in beauty's brow." Note the effectiveness of the contrast in the second sonnet, intensifying what appears to be the utter futility of the prophet's cry. The high seriousness of the third is apparent, and the memorable lines

Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than War

should be noted. The fourth contains some very fine similes, and has been characterized as perhaps the finest tribute ever paid by one poet to another. In the fifth the effectiveness of the 'turn' by which we pass from the statement of the octave to the application of the sestet cannot be missed. Shelley was fond of preaching the vanity of earthly ambition, and the vast and silent spaces of the desert afford a cruelly appropriate setting to the ruins of man's hopes. Keats in No. VII gives us one of the most striking similes in English literature, while the recital of the four qualities characteristic of Shakespeare, together with the repetition of the word 'self,' should be marked in the last sonnet.

EXERCISES

1. Show how the meaning of each of the following words varies according to a change in accent, and illustrate by appropriate sentences: minute, compound, impress, import, entrance, permit, conduct, subject.

2. State which of these sonnets makes the strongest appeal to you, and give what reasons you can for your preference.

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

3. For each of the sonnets make a single sentence embodying what seems to you to be the poet's main idea.

4. Give a prose version of one of the sonnets, *or* comment on the use of figurative language in them and quote what seems to you to be the most striking figure of speech.

5. Make rime-schemes for each of the sonnets.

6. Write an essay on one of the following subjects :

- (i) "Peace hath her victories
No less renowned than War."
- (ii) Great Men.
- (iii) The Beauties of Autumn.

COMPARATIVE READING

Other noteworthy sonnets :

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE : "That time of year thou may'st in me
behold." [GT]

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY : "Come, Sleep : O Sleep !" [GT]

S. DANIEL : "Cafe-charmer Sleep." [GT]

JOHN MILTON : "Avenge, O Lord ! Thy slaughter'd saints."
[GT]

JOHN KEATS : "Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold."
[TV IV] [GT]

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH : "Scorn not the Sonnet."

J. BLANCO WHITE : "Mysterious Night ! when our first parent
knew." [TV IV]

And others from *The Golden Book of English Sonnets* (edited by
William Robertson).

XXIX

MY FIRST BIVOUAC

THE course of the Jordan is from the north to the south, and in that direction, with very little of devious winding, it carries the shining waters of Galilee straight down into the solitudes of the Dead Sea. Speaking roughly, the river in that meridian is a boundary between the people living under roofs and the tented tribes that wander on the further side. And so, as I went down in my way from Tiberias towards Jerusalem, along the western bank of the stream, my thinking all propended to the ancient world of herdsmen and warriors that lay so close over my bridle arm.

If a man, and an Englishman, be not born of his mother with a Chiffney-bit in his mouth, there comes to him a time for loathing the wearisome ways of society—a time for not liking tame people—a time for not sitting in pews—a time for impugning the foregone opinions of men, and haughtily dividing truth from falsehood—a time, in short, for questioning, scoffing, and railing—for speaking lightly of the very opera, and all our most cherished institutions. It is from nineteen to two- or three-and-twenty, perhaps, that this war of the man against men is like to be waged most sullenly. You are yet in this smiling England, but you find yourself bending your way to the dark sides of her mountains—climbing the dizzy crags—exulting in the fellowship of mists and clouds, and watching the storms how they gather, or proving the metal of your mare upon the broad and dreary downs because that you feel congenially with the yet unparcelled

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

earth. A little while you are free and unlabelled, like the ground that you compass; but Civilisation is watching to throw her lasso; you will be surely enclosed, and sooner or later brought down to a state of mere usefulness—your grey hills will be curiously sliced into acres, and roods and perches, and you, for all you sit so wilful in your saddle, you will be caught—you will be taken up from travel, as a colt from grass, to be trained, and tried, and matched, and run. This in time; but first come Continental tours, and the moody longing for Eastern travel: the downs and the moors of England can hold you no longer; with larger stride you burst away from these slips and patches of free land—you thread your path through the crowds of Europe, and at last, on the banks of Jordan, you joyfully know that you are upon the very frontier of all accustomed respectabilities. There, on the other side of the river (you can swim it with one arm), there reigns the people that will be like to put you to death for *not* being a vagrant, for *not* being a robber, for *not* being armed and houseless. There is comfort in that—health, comfort and strength to one who is aching from very weariness of that poor, dear, middle-aged, deserving, accomplished, pedantic, and pains-taking governess, Europe.

I had ridden for some hours along the right bank of Jordan, when I came to the Djesr el Medjamè (an old Roman bridge, I believe) which crossed the river. My Nazarene guide was riding ahead of the party; and now, to my surprise and delight, he turned leftwards and led on over the bridge. I knew that the true road to Jerusalem must be mainly by the right bank of Jordan; but I supposed that my guide was crossing the bridge at this spot in order to avoid some bend in the river, and that he knew of a ford lower down by which we should regain the western bank. I made no question about the road, for I was but too glad to set my horse's hoofs upon the land of the wandering tribes. None

MY FIRST BIVOUAC

of my people, except the Nazarene, knew the country. On we went through rich pastures upon the eastern side of the water. I looked for the expected bend of the river, but, far as I could see, it kept a straight southerly course. I still left my guide unquestioned.

The Jordan is not a perfectly accurate boundary betwixt roofs and tents : for, soon after passing the bridge, I came upon a cluster of huts. Some time afterwards, the guide, upon being closely questioned by my servants, confessed that the village which we had left behind was the last that we should see, but he declared that he knew a spot at which we should find an encampment of friendly Bedouins, who would receive me with all hospitality. I had long determined not to leave the East without seeing something of the wandering tribes, but I had looked forward to this as a pleasure to be found in the Desert between El Arish and Egypt—I had no idea that the Bedouins on the east of Jordan were accessible. My delight was so great at the near prospect of bread and salt in the tent of an Arab warrior, that I wilfully allowed my guide to go on and mislead me. I saw that he was taking me out of the straight route towards Jerusalem, and was drawing me into the midst of the Bedouins, but the idea of his betraying me seemed (I know not why) so utterly absurd that I could not entertain it for a moment. I fancied it possible that the fellow had taken me out of my route in order to attempt some little mercantile enterprise with the tribe for which he was seeking, and I was glad of the opportunity which I might thus gain of coming in contact with the wanderers.

Not long after passing the village a horseman met us. It appeared that some of the cavalry of Ibrahim Pasha had crossed the river for the sake of the rich pastures on the eastern bank, and that this man was one of the troopers. He stopped, and saluted. He was obviously surprised at

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

meeting an unarmed, or half-armed, cavalcade, and at last he fairly told us that we were on the wrong side of the river, and that, if we went on, we must lay our account with falling amongst robbers. All this while, and throughout the day, my Nazarene kept well ahead of the party, and was constantly up in his stirrups, straining forward, and searching the distance for some objects which still remained unseen.

For the rest of the day we saw no human being; we pushed on eagerly in the hope of coming up with the Bedouins before nightfall. Night came, and we still went on in our way till about ten o'clock. Then the thorough darkness of the night, and the weariness of our beasts (they had already done two good days' journey in one), forced us to determine upon coming to a standstill. Upon the heights to the eastward we saw lights; these shone from caves on the mountain-side, inhabited, as the Nazarene told us, by rascals of a low sort—not real Bedouins—men whom we might frighten into harmlessness, but from whom there was no willing hospitality to be expected.

We heard at a little distance the brawling of a rivulet, and on the banks of this it was determined to establish our bivouac; we soon found the stream, and following its course for a few yards came to a spot which was thought to be fit for our purpose. It was a sharply cold night in February, and when I dismounted, I found myself standing upon some wet, rank herbage that promised ill for the comfort of our resting-place. I had bad hopes of a fire, for the pitchy darkness of the night was a great obstacle to any successful search for fuel, and besides, the boughs of trees or bushes would be so full of sap, in this early spring, that they would not easily burn. However, we were not likely to submit to a dark and cold bivouac without an effort, and my fellows groped forward through the darkness till, after advancing a few paces, they were happily stopped by a complete barrier of dead prickly bushes.

MY FIRST BIVOUAC

Before our swords could be drawn to reap this welcome harvest, it was found to our surprise that the fuel was already hewn, and strewed along the ground in a thick mass. A spot for the fire was found with some difficulty, for the earth was moist, and the grass high and rank. At last there was a clicking of flint and steel, and presently there stood out from darkness one of the tawny faces of my muleteers, bent down to near the ground, and suddenly lit up by the glowing of the spark, which he courted with careful breath. Before long there was a particle of dry fibre or leaf that kindled to a tiny flame; then another was lit from that, and then another. Then small, crisp twigs, little bigger than bodkins, were laid athwart the glowing fire. The swelling cheeks of the muleteer, laid level with the earth, blew tenderly at first, then more boldly, and the young flame was daintily nursed and fed, and fed more plentifully till it gained good strength. At last a whole armful of dry bushes was piled up over the fire, and presently, with a loud, cheery cracking and crackling, a royal tall blaze shot up from the earth, and showed me once more the shapes and faces of my men, and the dim outlines of the horses and mules that stood grazing hard by.

My servants busied themselves in unpacking the baggage, as though we had arrived at an hotel—Shereef and his helpers unsaddled their cattle. We had left Tiberias without the slightest idea that we were to make our way to Jerusalem along the desolate side of the Jordan, and my servants (generally provident in those matters) had brought with them only, I think, some unleavened bread, and a rocky fragment of goat's-milk cheese. These treasures were produced. Tea, and the contrivances for making it, were always a standing part of my baggage. My men gathered in circle round the fire. The Nazarene was in a false position, from having misled us so strangely, and he would have shrunk back, poor devil, into the cold and outer darkness, but I made

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

him draw near, and share the luxuries of the night. My quilt and my pelisse were spread, and the rest of my people had all their *capotes* or pelisses, or robes of some sort, which furnished their couches. The men gathered in circle, some kneeling, some sitting, some lying reclined around our common hearth. Sometimes on one, sometimes on another, the flickering light would glare more fiercely. Sometimes it was the good Shereef that seemed the foremost, as he sat with venerable beard, the image of manly piety—unknowing of all geography, unknowing where he was, or whither he might go, but trusting in the goodness of God, and the clenching power of fate, and the good star of the Englishman. Sometimes, like marble, the classic face of the Greek Mysseri would catch the sudden light, and then again, by turns, the ever-perturbed Dthemetri, with his odd Chinaman's eye, and bristling, terrier-like moustache, shone forth illustrious.

I always liked the men who attended me on these Eastern travels, for they were all of them brave, cheery-hearted fellows, and, although their following my career brought upon them a pretty large share of those toils and hardships which are so much more amusing to gentlemen than to servants, yet not one of them ever uttered or hinted a syllable of complaint, or even affected to put on an air of resignation. I always liked them, but never perhaps so much as when they were thus grouped together under the light of the bivouac fire. I felt towards them as my comrades, rather than as my servants, and took delight in breaking bread with them, and merrily passing the cup.

The love of tea is a glad source of fellow-feeling between the Englishman and the Asiatic; in Persia it is drunk by all, and although it is a luxury that is rarely within the reach of the Osmanlees, there are few of them who do not know and love the blessed *tchäi*. Our camp-kettle, filled from the brook, hummed doubtfully for a while, then busily bubbled under

MY FIRST BIVOUAC

the sidelong glare of the flame—cups clinked and rattled—the fragrant steam ascended ; and soon this little circlet in the wilderness grew warm and genial as my lady's drawing-room.

And after this there came the *tchibouque*—great comforter of those that are hungry and way-worn. And it has this virtue—it helps to destroy the *gêne* and awkwardness which one sometimes feels at being in company with one's dependants ; for, whilst the amber is at your lips, there is nothing ungracious in your remaining silent, or speaking pithily in short inter-whiff sentences. And for us that night there was pleasant and plentiful matter of talk ; for the where we should be on the morrow, and the wherewithal we should be fed—whether by some ford we should regain the western bank of Jordan, or find bread and salt under the tents of a wandering tribe, or whether we should fall into the hands of the Philistines, and so come to see Death—the last, and greatest of all “the fine sights” that there be—these were questionings not dull nor wearisome to us, for we were all concerned in the answers. And it was not an ill-imagined morrow that we probed with our sharp guesses ; for the lights of those low Philistines—the men of the caves—still shone on the rock above, and we knew by their yells that the fire of our bivouac had shown us.

At length we thought it well to seek for sleep. Our plans were laid for keeping up a good watch through the night. My quilt, and my pelisse, and my cloak were spread out so that I might lie spokewise, with my feet towards the central fire. I wrapped my limbs daintily round, and gave myself orders to sleep like a veteran soldier. But my attempt to sleep upon the earth that God gave me was more new and strange than I had fancied it. I had grown used to the scene which was before me whilst I was sitting or reclining by the side of the fire ; but now that I laid myself down at full length, it was the deep, black mystery of the heavens that

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

hung over my eyes—not an earthly thing in the way from my own very forehead right up to the end of all space. I grew proud of my boundless bed-chamber. I might have “found sermons” in all this greatness (if I had I should surely have slept), but such was not then my way. If this cherished Self of mine had built the universe, I should have dwelt with delight on “the wonders of creation.” As it was, I felt rather the vainglory of my promotion, from out of mere rooms and houses, into the midst of that grand, dark, infinite palace.

And then, too, my head, far from the fire, was in cold latitudes, and it seemed to me strange that I should be lying so still and passive, whilst the sharp night-breeze walked free over my cheek, and the cold damp clung to my hair as though my face grew in the earth, and must bear with the footsteps of the wind and the falling of the dew, as meekly as the grass of the field. And so, when, from time to time, the watch quietly and gently kept up the languishing fire, he seldom, I think, was unseen to my restless eyes. Yet, at last, when they called me, and said that the morn would soon be dawning, I rose from a state of half-oblivion, not much unlike to sleep, though sharply qualified by a sort of vegetable’s consciousness of having been growing still colder and colder for many and many an hour.

A. W. KINGLAKE, *Eothen*

As you read Kinglake’s description you cannot help feeling a sense of nearness to it all. You are not listening to a returned traveller who is telling you of distant scenes. You are rather a fellow-traveller with the author, riding by his side as he points out to you this and that object of interest. “Here,” he says, for example, “close over my bridle arm, are the dwellers in tents, who live a life so different from our own.” Such skilful touches—and they abound here—have

MY FIRST BIVOUAC

the effect of transporting the reader as by magic to far-off climes. No one could be more practical and matter-of-fact than Kinglake. He was clear-eyed, and knew very well that the Nazarene guide was purposely misleading him. On the other hand, no one could create an atmosphere and invest objects with a glamour more easily than he. Notice the vivid and alluring picture which he gives of the faces in the flickering firelight.

His 'asides' are worth notice. Take, for example, the description of the lust for travel, and the hatred of convention and civilized ways which overtakes a man, making him long for wide spaces, and solitude, and alien customs. In just this way the traveller muses as he rides. The strangeness of his surroundings suggests by contrast the familiar scenes at home, and the East shines the more brilliantly when seen against the sombre background of the West.

Then the incisive phrasing and the striking figures should not escape you. Notice, for example, the sentence, "Civilisation is watching to throw her lasso; you will be surely enclosed, and sooner or later brought down to a state of mere usefulness." Or mark again that scene when the fire was being kindled, with the reference to the spark "which he courted with careful breath." Such touches make all the difference between a real travel-book and a guide-book.

EXERCISES

1. Make a list of any words or phrases that you meet for the first time. Give the meanings of as many as you are able to find from dictionary or other reference book.

2. For each noun in list (i) find a suitable descriptive word in list (ii). Then use in an appropriate sentence the phrase that you have made.

(i) pastures, enterprise, darkness, fire, tribe, soldier, talk.

(ii) pitchy, rich, mercantile, wandering, veteran, pleasant, blazing.

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

3. Comment on the use of descriptive words in this extract. Quote some notable examples.

4. Explain the following phrases and use each in an appropriate sentence : in cold latitudes, a state of half oblivion, speaking pithily, fellow-feeling, manly piety, an unarmed cavalcade.

5. Kinglake speaks of "the pitchy darkness of the night." Find as many equivalents as you can for the word 'pitchy,' and say which one of them all you consider to be most suitable.

6. Write an essay on one of the following subjects :

- (i) On losing One's Way.
- (ii) Tents *v.* Roofs.
- (iii) In the Firelight.

COMPARATIVE READING

Tales of travel :

R. L. STEVENSON : *An Inland Voyage. Travels with a Donkey. The Silverado Squatters.*

H. BELLOC : *The Four Men. The Path to Rome.*

SAMUEL BUTLER : *Alps and Sanctuaries.*

GEORGE BORROW : *The Bible in Spain.*

E. TEMPLE THURSTON : *The Flower of Gloster.*

XXX

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heav'n's eternal King,
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from Above did bring ;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
 That He our deadly forfeit should release,
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious Form, that Light insuff'able,
And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty,
Wherewith He wont at Heav'n's high council-table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside ; and, here with us to be,
 Forsook the Courts of everlasting Day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say, Heav'nly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant-God ?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn or solemn strain,
To welcome Him to this His new abode,
Now while the heav'n, by the Sun's team untrod,
 Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled hosts keep watch in squadrons bright ?

See, how from far, upon the eastern road,
The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet !

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

Oh, run, prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at His blessed feet ;
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the angel quire,
From out His secret altar touched with hallowed fire.

THE HYMN

It was the winter wild,
While the Heav'n-born Child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies :
Nature, in awe, to Him
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize :
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the Sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow :
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw ;
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But He, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace ;
She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the am'rous clouds dividing ;
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY

No war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around :
The idle spear and shield were high up hung ;
The hookèd chariot stood
Unstained with hostile blood ;
The trumpet spake not to the armèd throng ;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began :
The winds with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kissed,
Whisp'ring new joys to the mild oceän,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmèd wave.
~~hail - the stars~~
The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fixed in stedfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence ;
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warned them thence ;
But in their glimm'ring orbs did glow,
Until their Lord Himself bespake, and bid them go.

And, though the shady gloom
Had given Day her room,
The Sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new enlightened world no more should need ;
He saw a Greater Sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree, could bear.

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row ;
Full little thought they then
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below ;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet
As never was by mortal finger strook ;
Divinely-warbled voice
Answ'ring the stringèd noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took :
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each Heav'nly close.

Nature that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round *voice*
Of Cynthia's seat, the aery region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling ;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all Heav'n and Earth in happier uniön.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shamefaced night arrayed ;
The helmèd cherubim
And sworded seraphim
Are seen in glitt'ring ranks with wings displayed,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born Heir.

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the Sons of Morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung ;
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltring waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye Crystal Spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have pow'r to touch our senses so ;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time ;
And let the bass of Heav'n's deep organ blow ;
And, with your ninefold harmony,
Make up full consort to th'angelic symphony.

For, if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the Age of Gold ;
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould ;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dol'rous mansions to the peering Day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to Men,
Orbed in a rainbow ; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering ;
And Heav'n, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

But wisest Fate says, "No,
This must not yet be so."

The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter Cross
Must redeem our loss ;
So both Himself and us to glorify :
Yet first, to those ychained in sleep,
The wakeful trump of Doom must thunder through the Deep

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang
While the red fire and smould'ring clouds out brake :
The agèd Earth aghast,
With terrour of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre shake ;
When, at the World's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread His throne.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins ; for, from this happy day,
Th'old Dragon, under ground,
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurpèd sway ;
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb,
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the archèd roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathèd spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament ;
From haunted spring and dale,
Edged with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent ;
With flow'r-inwoven tresses torn
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint ;
In urns and altars round
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the flamens at their service quaint ;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar Pow'r forgoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baälim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice-battered god of Palestine ;
And moonèd Ashtaroth,
Heav'n's Queen and Mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine ;
The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

And sullen Moloch, fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue ;
In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue ;
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud ;
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest ;
Nought but profoundest Hell can be his shroud ;
In vain with timbrelled anthems dark
The sable-stolèd sorc'ers bear his worshipped ark.

He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded Infant's Hand,
The rays of Bethl'hem blind his dusky ey'n ;
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide,
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine :
Our Babe, to show His Godhead true,
Can in His swaddling-bands control the damnèd crew.

So, when the Sun in bed,
Curtained with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to th'infernal jail,
Each fettered ghost slips to his sev'ral grave ;
And the yellow-skirted fays
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

But see, the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest !
Time is our tedious song should here have ending ;
Heav'n's youngest teemèd star
Hath fixed her polished car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid-lamp attending ;
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harnessed Angels sit in order serviceable.

JOHN MILTON

ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY

THIS ode is a marvel of construction, both with respect to the individual stanza and the poem as a whole. Each stanza finishes with a six-foot line, which gives it an air of majestic finality. Compare this with the short line with which the stanza ends in Keats's *La Belle Dame sans Merci*. Observe the masterly way in which Milton, beginning on a low and subdued note, gradually works up to a grand climax in

Ring out, ye Crystal Spheres.

Here all the instruments and voices in the universe, in obedience to the poet's command, seem to burst forth in one magnificent pæan of praise. 'Peace' and 'light' are the leading themes of the poem, and it will be interesting for you to read it again to see how skilfully these are intertwined throughout. You will not fail to note also the references to music. Milton's own ear was true. There is the sonorous music of proper names as exemplified in the catalogue of the heathen deities, and the marvellous sound-writing throughout the poem, showing a perfect control of all the resources of English speech. There is, for instance, a 'silence that can be felt' in the stanza beginning

No war, or battle's sound,

particularly in the hush of the sibilants of the last lines. Milton knew how to make the most of a word, whether a monosyllable like 'blaze' in

And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty,

or a word of many syllables like 'insufferable' in

That glorious Form, that Light insuff'able

And lastly you will not fail to note the beauty of one of the finest lines in English poetry :

While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

EXERCISES

1. Show where the accent should be placed in pronouncing each of the following words: dolorous, harbinger, answering, fulfilling, constellation, indomitable, formidable, illustrates, illustrative, harmony, harmonious, prophecy, prophetic.
2. Which do you consider to be the most musical line in the poem?
3. "Milton is a true architect among poets." Discuss this statement, and illustrate from the poem.
4. From the poem compile a list of words (i) that are now obsolete; (ii) that have changed their form; (iii) that have changed their meaning.
5. Quote three masculine and three feminine rimes used in the ode.
6. Write an essay on one of the following subjects:
 - (i) Christmas.
 - (ii) The Age of Gold.
 - (iii) The Power of Music.

COMPARATIVE READING

Poems on music:

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE: *Twelfth Night* (Act I, Scene 1). *The Merchant of Venice* (Act V, Scene 1). *King Richard the Second* (Act V, Scene 4).

ROBERT BROWNING: Abt Vogler. Master Hughes.

JOHN MILTON: Blest Pair of Sirens. [GT]

JOHN DRYDEN: Song for St Cecilia's Day. [GT] Alexander's Feast. [LH] [GT]

ROBERT BRIDGES: Ode to Music.

XXXI

FIVE PICTURES

I. THE FALL OF SCHAFFHAUSEN

STAND for half an hour beside the fall of Schaffhausen, on the north side where the rapids are long, and watch how the vault of water first bends, unbroken, in pure, polished velocity, over the arching rocks at the brow of the cataract, covering them with a dome of crystal twenty feet thick—so swift that its motion is unseen except when a foam globe from above darts over it like a falling star; and how the trees are lighted above it under all their leaves, at the instant that it breaks into foam; and how all the hollows of that foam burn with green fire like so much shattering chryso-prase; and how, ever and anon, startling you with its white flash, a jet of spray leaps hissing out of the fall, like a rocket, bursting in the wind and driven away in dust, filling the air with light; and how, through the curdling wreaths of the restless, crashing abyss below, the blue of the water, paled by the foam in its body, shows purer than the sky through white rain-cloud; while the shuddering iris stoops in tremulous stillness over all, fading and flushing alternately through the choking spray and shattered sunshine, hiding itself at last among the thick golden leaves which toss to and fro in sympathy with the wild water; their dripping masses lifted at intervals, like sheaves of loaded corn, by some stronger gush from the cataract, and bowed again upon the mossy rocks as its roar dies away; the dew gushing from their thick branches through drooping clusters of emerald herbage,

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

and sparkling in white threads along the dark rocks of the shore, feeding the lichens which chase and chequer them with purple and silver.

II. THE MICA FLAKE

Is not this a strange type, in the very heart and height of these mysterious Alps—these wrinkled hills in their snowy, cold, grey-haired old age, at first so silent, then, as we keep quiet at their feet, muttering and whispering to us garrulously, in broken and dreaming fits, as it were, about their childhood—is it not a strange type of the things which “out of weakness are made strong”? If one of those little flakes of mica-sand, hurried in tremulous spangling along the bottom of the ancient river, too light to sink, too faint to float, almost too small for sight, could have had a mind given to it as it was at last borne down with its kindred dust into the abysses of the stream, and laid (would it not have thought?) for a hopeless eternity, in the dark ooze, the most despised, forgotten, and feeble of all earth’s atoms; incapable of any use or change; not fit, down there in the diluvial darkness, so much as to help an earth-wasp to build its nest, or feed the first fibre of a lichen;—what would it have thought, had it been told that one day, knitted into a strength as of imperishable iron, rustless by the air, infusible by the flame, out of the substance of it, with its fellows, the axe of God should hew that Alpine tower; that against *it*—poor, helpless, mica flake!—the wild north winds should rage in vain; beneath *it*—low-fallen mica flake!—the snowy hills should lie bowed like flocks of sheep, and the kingdoms of the earth fade away in unregarded blue; and around *it*—weak, wave-drifted mica flake!—the great war of the firmament should burst in thunder, and yet stir it not; and the fiery arrows and angry meteors of the night fall blunted back

FIVE PICTURES

from it into the air; and all the stars in the clear heaven should light, one by one as they rose, new cressets upon the points of snow that fringed its abiding place on the imperishable spire?

III. THE FIELDS

THE fields! Follow but forth for a little time the thoughts of all that we ought to recognise in those words. All spring and summer is in them,—the walks by silent, scented paths,—the rests in noonday heat,—the joy of herds and flocks,—the power of all shepherd life and meditation,—the life of sunlight upon the world, falling in emerald streaks, and falling in soft blue shadows, where else it would have struck upon the dark mould, or scorching dust,—pastures besides the pacing brooks,—soft banks and knolls of lowly hills,—thymy slopes of down overlooked by the blue line of lifted sea,—crisp lawns all dim with early dew, or smooth in evening warmth of barred sunshine, dinted by happy feet, and softening in their fall the sound of loving voices: all these are summed in those simple words; and these are not all. We may not measure to the full the depth of this heavenly gift, in our own land; though still, as we think of it longer, the infinite of that meadow sweetness, Shakspeare's peculiar joy, would open on us more and more, yet we have it but in part.

Go out, in the spring time, among the meadows that slope from the shores of the Swiss lakes to the roots of their lower mountains. There, mingled with the taller gentians and the white narcissus, the grass grows deep and free; and as you follow the winding mountain paths, beneath arching boughs all veiled and dim with blossom,—paths that for ever droop and rise over the green banks and mounds sweeping down in scented undulation, steep to the blue water, studded here

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

and there with new-mown heaps, filling all the air with fainter sweetness,—look up towards the higher hills, where the waves of everlasting green roll silently into their long inlets among the shadows of the pines ; and we may, perhaps, at last know the meaning of those quiet words of the 147th Psalm, “ He maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.”

IV. THE MORE EXCELLENT MAJESTY OF GRASS

GATHER a single blade of grass, and examine for a minute, quietly, its narrow sword-shaped strip of fluted green. Nothing, as it seems, there of notable goodness or beauty. A very little strength, and a very little tallness, and a few delicate long lines meeting in a point,—not a perfect point neither, but blunt and unfinished, by no means a creditable or apparently much cared for example of Nature’s workmanship ; made, as it seems, only to be trodden on to-day, and to-morrow to be cast into the oven ; and a little pale and hollow stalk, feeble and flaccid, leading down to the dull brown fibres of roots. And yet, think of it well, and judge whether of all the gorgeous flowers that beam in summer air, and of all strong and goodly trees, pleasant to the eyes or good for food,—stately palm and pine, strong ash and oak, scented citron, burdened vine,—there be any by man so deeply loved, by God so highly graced, as that narrow point of feeble green.

V. THE THUNDER-STORM

NOTHING appears to me more remarkable than the array of scenic magnificence by which the imagination is appalled, in myriads of instances, when the actual danger is comparatively small ; so that the utmost possible impression of awe shall be produced upon the minds of all, though direct

FIVE PICTURES

suffering is inflicted upon few. Consider, for instance, the moral effect of a single thunder-storm. Perhaps two or three persons may be struck dead within a space of a hundred square miles; and their deaths, unaccompanied by the scenery of the storm, would produce little more than a momentary sadness in the busy hearts of living men. But the preparation for the Judgment, by all that mighty gathering of the clouds; by the questioning of the forest leaves, in their terrified stillness, which way the winds shall go forth; by the murmuring to each other, deep in the distance, of the destroying angels, before they draw forth their swords of fire; by the march of the funeral darkness in the midst of the noon-day, and the rattling of the dome of heaven beneath the chariot-wheels of death;—on how many minds do not these produce an impression almost as great as the actual witnessing of the fatal issue! and how strangely are the expressions of the threatening elements fitted to the apprehension of the human soul! The lurid colour, the long, irregular, convulsive sound, the ghastly shapes of flaming and heaving cloud, are all as true and faithful in their appeal to our instinct of danger, as the moaning or wailing of the human voice itself is to our instinct of pity. It is not a reasonable calculating terror which they awake in us; it is no matter that we count distance by seconds, and measure probability by averages. That shadow of the thunder-cloud will still do its work upon our hearts, and we shall watch its passing away as if we stood upon the threshing-floor of Araunah,

JOHN RUSKIN

HERE are examples of all the devices of impassioned speech—rhetorical question, exclamation, repetition, figurative language, contrast, and climax. Ruskin is extremely fond

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

of alliteration, and such pairs of words as "fading and flushing," "chase and chequer," "heart and height," and "feeble and flaccid" are common. Indeed, the frequent use of this device takes considerably from its effect. He is equally fond of imitative words like 'hissing,' 'bursting,' 'crashing'; and in such a phrase as "like so much shattering chrysoprase" it is safe to say that the sound of the words conveys the author's idea perfectly even when the precise meaning of the word 'chrysoprase' is not understood. You will notice, too, Ruskin's use of contrast: the mighty cataract and the shuddering rainbow; the weakness and insignificance of the grass blade set against its endurance and universality. Observe also with what skill he works up to a climax in the second passage. Most obvious of all, however, is the sentence-length. Ruskin was inordinately fond of long sentences. The first passage here consists of a single sentence 289 words long! Whether you like such a sentence or not, you cannot but admire the constructive skill shown in performing such a feat. Ruskin certainly allowed his weakness for very long sentences, like his love of alliteration, to overcome his discretion at times. But we must remember that when he wrote this he was a very young man, and we should marvel at the skill with which he could weave thoughts into beautiful writing rather than fasten upon his mannerisms.

EXERCISES

1. Give the opposite of each of the following words, and for each frame a sentence containing both the original word and its antonym: creditable, visible, strange, capable, perishable, fusible, finished, strong, comparable, regular.
2. Make a paragraph that shall be a good opening to an essay on one of the following topics:
 - (i) A Snowstorm.
 - (ii) A Windy Day.
 - (iii) The First Day at School after the Holidays.

FIVE PICTURES

3. Summarize the passage entitled "The More Excellent Majesty of Grass" in about seventy words, supplying an alternative title.

4. Compare each of the following sentences or phrases with the originals. Then say which you prefer and why.

- (i) The rocks that go in a curve at the brow of the cataract.
- (ii) The trees are lighted up above it under all their branches.
- (iii) Is not this a strange thing, in the midst and summit of these queer Alps?
- (iv) Pick a single blade of grass.
- (v) Perhaps nothing appears to me **more** remarkable than the array of scenic magnificence.

5. Give four examples to illustrate Ruskin's skill in the choice of the exact word to convey his meaning.

6. Write an essay on one of the following subjects :

- (i) Trees.
- (ii) The Wonders of the Seashore.
- (iii) The Rainbow.

COMPARATIVE READING

Other passages from Ruskin :

Individual Effort (*Unto this Last*, § 83).

The Sky (*Modern Painters*, vol. i, Part II, Sect. III, Chapter I).

Morning on the Plains (*ibid.*, vol. i, Part II, Sect. III, Chapter IV.)

The Effects of a Storm at Sea (*ibid.*, vol. i, Part II, Sect. V, Chapter III).

Duckweed on a Pond (*ibid.*, vol. i, Part II, Sect. V, Chapter III).

North and South (*The Stones of Venice*, vol. ii, Chapter VI, § 7).

Word-Pictures from Ruskin (Harrap's "Sesame Booklets") is a useful anthology.

XXXII

KNOWLEDGE AND UNDERSTANDING

Who is this that darkeneth counsel by words without knowledge ?

Gird up now thy loins like a man ;

For I will demand of thee, and answer thou me.

Where wast thou when I laid the foundations of the earth ?

Declare, if thou hast understanding.

Who hath laid the measures thereof, if thou knowest ?

Or who hath stretched the line upon it ?

Whereupon are the foundations thereof fastened ?

Or who laid the cornerstone thereof ;

When the morning stars sang together,

And all the sons of God shouted for joy ?

Or who shut up the sea with doors,

When it brake forth, as if it had issued out of the womb ?

When I made the cloud the garment thereof,

And thick darkness a swaddling-band for it,

And brake up for it my decreed place,

And set bars and doors,

And said, Hitherto shalt thou come, but no further ;

And here shall thy proud waves be stayed ?

Hast thou commanded the morning since thy days ;

And caused the dayspring to know his place ;

That it might take hold of the ends of the earth,

That the wicked might be shaken out of it ?

It is turned as clay to the seal ;

And they stand as a garment.

And from the wicked their light is withholden,

KNOWLEDGE AND UNDERSTANDING

And the high arm shall be broken.

Hast thou entered into the springs of the sea ?

Or hast thou walked in the search of the depth ?

Have the gates of death been opened unto thee ?

Or hast thou seen the doors of the shadow of death ?

Hast thou perceived the breadth of the earth ?

Declare if thou knowest it all.

Where is the way where light dwelleth ?

And as for darkness, where is the place thereof,

That thou shouldest take it to the bound thereof,

And that thou shouldest know the paths to the house
thereof ?

Knowest thou it, because thou wast then born ?

Or because the number of thy days is great ?

Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow ?

Or hast thou seen the treasures of the hail,

Which I have reserved against the time of trouble,

Against the day of battle and war ?

By what way is the light parted,

Which scattereth the east wind upon the earth ?

Who hath divided a watercourse for the overflowing of
waters ;

Or a way for the lightning of thunder ;

To cause it to rain on the earth, where no man is ;

On the wilderness, wherein there is no man ;

To satisfy the desolate and waste ground ;

And to cause the bud of the tender herb to spring forth ?

Hath the rain a father ?

Or who hath begotten the drops of dew ?

Out of whose womb came the ice ?

And the hoary frost of heaven, who hath gendered it ?

The waters are hid as with a stone,

And the face of the deep is frozen.

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, *seven stars*
Or loose the bands of Orion ?
Canst thou bring forth Mazzaroth in his season ?
Or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons ?
Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven ?
Canst thou set the dominion thereof in the earth ?
Canst thou lift up thy voice to the clouds,
That abundance of waters may cover thee ?
Canst thou send lightnings, that they may go,
And say unto thee, Here we are ?
Who hath put wisdom in the inward parts ?
Or who hath given understanding to the heart ?
Who can number the clouds in wisdom ?
Or who can stay the bottles of heaven,
When the dust groweth into hardness,
And the clods cleave fast together ?

Wilt thou hunt the prey for the lion ?
Or fill the appetite of the young lions,
When they couch in their dens,
And abide in the covert to lie in wait ?
Who provideth for the raven his food ?
When his young ones cry unto God,
They wander for lack of meat.

Job xxxviii

THIS is poetry—but poetry written in a way that is very different from ours. Our poetry, as we have seen, consists of lines written in metre, ‘measured out’—that is to say, with a certain number of stresses in each. One line is made to match another, and the lines are built up in a more or less regular manner so as to form stanzas. And as the lines are made to correspond in length, so are the stanzas often made

KNOWLEDGE AND UNDERSTANDING.

to correspond in plan. The sounds at the ends of the lines are often made to correspond also : this is end rime. Sometimes the sounds at the beginning of words are repeated : this is alliteration or head rime. Of all these features of English verse you have had many examples, but in this extract all these are wanting. It never occurred to the Hebrew poet to make his lines similar in length ; it did occur to him to make the ideas correspond. He loved to say the same thing over again in a different way, thus :

To cause it to rain on the earth, where no man is ;
On the wilderness, wherein there is no man ;
To satisfy the desolate and waste ground ;
And to cause the bud of the tender herb to spring forth.

He matched his lines for meaning, and not in length or sound. This device is, as we have already seen, known as 'parallelism.' The Psalms or the Book of Job will afford as many examples as can be desired. Notice that though these lines have no metre as we understand that term they have a splendid rhythm, which can be appreciated fully only when the passage is read aloud well. Observe also the graphic touches, and the expressive imagery, as in the lines :

The waters are hid as with a stone,
And the face of the deep is frozen.

EXERCISES

1. Which word should be emphasized in reading the question

Hast thou entered into the treasures of the snow ?

Show what difference it would make to the meaning if other words were emphasized.

2. Mention as many words as you can which end in *scribe*. Give the meaning of each, and use each in an appropriate sentence.

3. Write a prose passage, of not more than seventy words, containing the substance of this extract.

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

4. Comment on the figures of speech used in this extract, and quote two that strike you particularly.

5. Say what you understand by parallelism, and give three examples taken from the Psalms.

6. Write an essay on one of the following subjects:

- (i) Words without Knowledge.
- (ii) The Return of the Frost-spirit.
- (iii) Nature's Workshop.

COMPARATIVE READING

Of true wisdom and the conduct of life :

Proverbs i. Ecclesiasticus vi, 18. Ecclesiastes i and ii.

T. DEKKER : Sweet Content. [TV III]

WALTER C. SMITH : A Wish. [TV III]

SIR HENRY WOTTON : Character of a Happy Life. [TV IV]
[GT]

A. H. CLOUGH : "Say not the struggle nought availeth."
[TV IV]

SIR EDWARD DYER : "My Mind to me a Kingdom is." [TV IV]

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH : "The World is too much with us."
[TV IV] [GT]

MATTHEW ARNOLD : Quiet Work. [TV IV]

W. E. HENLEY : Out of the Night. [LH]

XXXIII

THE NEW JERUSALEM

AND I saw a new heaven and a new earth : for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away ; and there was no more sea. And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes ; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain : for the former things are passed away.

And he that sat upon the throne said, Behold, I make all things new. And he said unto me, Write : for these words are true and faithful. And he said unto me, It is done. I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. I will give unto him that is athirst of the fountain of the water of life freely. He that overcometh shall inherit all things ; and I will be his God, and he shall be my son. But the fearful, and unbelieving, and the abominable, and murderers, and whoremongers, and sorcerers, and idolaters, and all liars, shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone : which is the second death.

And there came unto me one of the seven angels, which had the seven vials full of the seven last plagues, and talked with me, saying, Come hither, I will show thee the bride,

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

the Lamb's wife. And he carried me away in the spirit to a great and high mountain, and showed me that great city, the holy Jerusalem, descending out of heaven from God, having the glory of God : and her light was like unto a stone most precious, even like a jasper stone, clear as crystal ; and had a wall great and high, and had twelve gates, and at the gates twelve angels, and names written thereon, which are the names of the twelve tribes of the children of Israel : on the east, three gates ; on the north, three gates ; on the south, three gates ; and on the west, three gates. And the wall of the city had twelve foundations, and in them the names of the twelve apostles of the Lamb.

And he that talked with me had a golden reed to measure the city, and the gates thereof, and the wall thereof. And the city lieth four-square, and the length is as large as the breadth. And he measured the city with the reed, twelve thousand furlongs. The length, and the breadth, and the height of it are equal. And he measured the wall thereof, an hundred and forty and four cubits, according to the measure of a man, that is, of the angel.

And the building of the wall of it was of jasper ; and the city was pure gold, like unto clear glass. And the foundations of the wall of the city were garnished with all manner of precious stones. The first foundation was jasper ; the second, sapphire ; the third, a chalcedony ; the fourth, an emerald ; the fifth, sardonyx ; the sixth, sardius ; the seventh, chrysolite ; the eighth, beryl ; the ninth, a topaz ; the tenth, a chrysoprasus ; the eleventh, a jacinth ; the twelfth, an amethyst. And the twelve gates were twelve pearls ; every several gate was of one pearl : and the street of the city was pure gold, as it were transparent glass.

And I saw no temple therein : for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. And the city had no

THE NEW JERUSALEM

need of the sun, neither of the moon, to shine in it : for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof.

And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it : and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honour into it. And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day : for there shall be no night there. And they shall bring the glory and honour of the nations into it. And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie : but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.

And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month : and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

And there shall be no more curse : but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it ; and his servants shall serve him ; and they shall see his face ; and his name shall be in their foreheads. And there shall be no night there ; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun ; for the Lord God giveth them light : and they shall reign for ever and ever.

Revelation xxi, xxii, 1-5

FROM time immemorial good men, dissatisfied with the existing state of things, have peered wistfully into the future. They have pictured for themselves a city of dreams, wherein all wrongs should be righted, all sorrow and unkindness swept away. These dream cities, or Utopias, vary according to the varying personalities of the authors, and it will be

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

interesting to compare them from this point of view. Of them all, however, there is none more inspiring than this of the New Jerusalem which John saw "coming down from God out of heaven." There is a simple grandeur in the vision as it is expressed here that never fails to make a strong appeal to the reader. The force of the contrast between everlasting life and the second death, between eternal day and the never-ending night, could not easily be surpassed, and the stately march of the prose rhythm kindles the blood as one reads the passage.

EXERCISES

1. Complete the following words by adding the appropriate ending (*ar, or, er, our, eur, ure, yr, ur*): conjur-, idolat-, sorcer-, li-, agitat-, sulph-, hum-, trait-, chauff-, port-, proceed-, act-, sail-, protract-, tart-, meas-, mart-, servit-, doct-.

Wherever there are alternative endings indicate these, and give the meanings of the words so formed.

2. Write a paragraph on "The Kindly Fruits of the Earth," weaving the names of as many as possible of the various fruits into your writing.

3. Find one word that will do the work of each of the following phrases :

- (i) To make that which is old appear new.
- (ii) One who foretells that which may happen in the future.
- (iii) That on which the walls are based.
- (iv) One who practises the arts of witchcraft.
- (v) A temporary dwelling used as a place of worship.
- (vi) To receive property by right of succession.

4. Explain each of the following phrases and use in an appropriate sentence : war to the death, death-duties, death feud, in at the death, tired to death, death-warrant, pale as death, Black Death.

5. What evidence can you find in the extract that the Jews were not good sailors.

6. Write an essay on one of the following subjects :

- (i) The Future.
- (ii) A Conjectural Portrait of myself Twenty Years hence.
- (iii) The Ideal City.

THE NEW JERUSALEM

COMPARATIVE READING

Of Utopias:

PLATO: *Republic*.

SIR THOMAS MORE: *Utopia*.

Isaiah lx: The Song of Zion Redeemed.

H. G. WELLS: *A Modern Utopia*.

WILLIAM MORRIS: *News from Nowhere*.

SAMUEL BUTLER: *Erewhon*.

FRANCIS BACON: *The New Atlantis*.

GENERAL EXERCISES

1. Give a single word to express each of the following :

- (i) One who compiles a dictionary.
- (ii) One who writes a diary.
- (iii) One who writes the life of another.
- (iv) One who collects postage stamps. *philatelist*
- (v) One who collects coins.
- (vi) One who collects books.
- (vii) One who is a rigid disciplinarian. *autocrat*
- (viii) A place where bees are kept.
- (ix) A place where birds are kept.
- (x) A place where animals are kept. *zoological garden*

2. Distinguish between the following pairs of words : complexion, complexity ; illusion, allusion ; conscience, consciousness ; legible, eligible ; effect, affect ; inflexion, inflexible ; duel, dual ; principle, principal ; stationary, stationery.

3. Substitute better words for the words or phrases in italics :

- (i) What was the cause of the *mix-up* ?
- (ii) He had a *sort of a taste* for engineering.
- (iii) The river continued its *in and out* course.
- (iv) The houses on the other side were not very *easy to get at*.
- (v) The musician *who travelled about from place to place* was given a copper to go away.
- (vi) It is one thing *to make out* that you are a genius : it is quite another thing to be one.

4. Give examples of the correct and incorrect use of the following words : blooming, jolly, nice, decent, some, individual, mutual, aggravating, absolutely, unique.

5. Show how the meaning of each of the following words changes with a variation in accent : rebel, pervert, concert, refuse, alternate, protest, compound, project, attribute, incense, desert.

GENERAL EXERCISES

6. In the following phrases the verbs have all been misplaced. Rewrite the sentence, restoring them to their proper places:

It was in vain that he tried to quell the fears, to dispel the uproar, to promote the pain, to solve distress, to alleviate welfare, and to soothe all problems: he merely succeeded in obstructing all beauty, and in destroying the view.

7. Make sentences showing clearly the distinction between the various members of the following groups or words: alter, altar, halter; sufficient, efficient, proficient, deficient; transmit, transept, transpose, transfer; later, latter; formerly, formally.

8. Give two illustrations drawn from the extracts in this book of each of the following terms: simile, metaphor, personification, hyperbole, antithesis, and contrast.

9. Punctuate the following passages:

(i) O yes said she if you cross the hills for about five miles you will find yourself upon a road which will take you straight to Bala is there any one here said I who will guide me over the hills provided I pay him for his trouble o yes said she I know one who will be happy to guide you whether you pay him or not

(ii) What need I say more this fine spun scheme had the usual fate of all exquisite policy but the original plan of the duties and the mode of executing that plan both arose singly and solely from a love of our applause

(iii) The senses absolutely give and take reciprocally can you tell pork from veal in the dark or distinguish Sherris from pure Malaga take away the candle from the smoking man by the glimmering of the left ashes he knows that he is still smoking but he knows it only by an inference till the restored light coming in aid of the olfactories reveals to both senses the full aroma

When you have finished check your versions by the originals on pp. 75, 126, 170.

10. Rewrite the following sentences, altering the phrases in *italics* without changing the meaning:

(i) Smith and he did not *see eye to eye* in all things.

(ii) "That is *all my eye*," he rudely interrupted.

(iii) The boy was requested to *give an eye* to the horse.

(iv) The skater was told to *mind his eye* as he approached the corner.

(v) I haven't *clapped eyes on* him for years.

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

(vi) I can see it all in *the mind's eye*.

(vii) If you *had half an eye* you would see it too.

(viii) *In the eyes of the law* you are still an infant.

11. Add to each of the following words the prefix that reverses its meaning: adorned, apt, capable, courteous, manly, possible, continued, exact.

12. Distinguish between the following groups of synonyms: accidental, incidental, casual, fortuitous, adventitious, contingent; adorn, ornament, decorate, embellish, deck; trace, record, vestige, scar, track, relic, remains; view, look, vision, sight, glance, ken.

13. Rewrite the following passage in modern diction:

And then he mounted upon his horse and rode into a forest, and held no highway. And as he looked afore him he saw a fair plain, and beside that a fair castle, and afore the castle were many pavilions of silk and of divers hue. And him seemed that he saw there five hundred knights riding on horseback, and there were two parties; they that were of the castle were all on black horses, and their trappings black. And they that were without were all on white horses and trappings: and every each hurtled to other, that it marvelled Sir Lancelot.

14. Which of the following passages do you prefer, and why?

My story is left as it was originally written. I have made no attempt to improve it. I have taken nothing off and put nothing on. I know that it has defects. I am not ashamed of defects. I know that it has virtues. I am not proud of virtues.

HORACE TRAUBEL

I have given the reader just so much of my history and character, as to let him see that I am not altogether unqualified for the business I have undertaken. As for other particulars in my life and adventures, I shall insert them in following papers as I shall see occasion. In the meantime, when I consider how much I have seen, read, and heard, I begin to blame my own taciturnity; and since I have neither time nor inclination to communicate the fulness of my heart in speech, I am resolved to do it in writing, and to print myself out, if possible, before I die.

JOSEPH ADDISON

15. Which prose extract and which poem in this collection gave you most pleasure in reading? Give what reasons you can for your preference.

GENERAL EXERCISES

16. Give good opening sentences and effective conclusions for essays on the following subjects :

- (i) Is Education a Curse ?
- (ii) Famous Buildings.
- (iii) On making the Best of a Bad Job
- (iv) Unemployment.

17. Complete the following story :

"Now," said the doctor, "my part is done, and I may say, with some vanity, well done. It remains only to get you out of this cold and poisonous city, and to give you two months of a pure air and an easy conscience. The last is your affair. To the first I think I can help you. It falls, indeed, rather oddly ; it was but the other day the Padre came in from the country ; and as he and I are old friends, although of contrary professions, he applied to me in a matter of distress among some of his parishioners. This was a family . . .

18. Write a story ending with the following words : "You may be sure he never went there again."

19. Put in dramatic form the story of Alfred and the cakes or that of Nelson at Copenhagen.

20. Give as many synonyms as you can for each of these words : degrade, resign, able, cancel, steep, temperance.

21. Point out the phrases in the following sentences that are trite and hackneyed, and suggest improvements :

- (i) As he looked steadfastly at the retreating train his heart was too full for utterance.
- (ii) Strange to say, no one saw him as he came out of the building.
- (iii) He was endowed with other good qualities too numerous to mention.
- (iv) My worthy opponent does me the honour of thinking I am sincere, though mistaken.
- (v) As pale as death, he confronted the terrible monster.
- (vi) It is delightful to see such a large and appreciative audience on an evening like this.
- (vii) Active opposition was conspicuous by its absence.
- (viii) The banquet was a great success, and our hero did full justice to the occasion.

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

22. Distinguish between the literal and figurative uses of each of the following words, illustrating each separate use by a sentence: post, winter, war, treacle, tie, snow.

23. Make a list of six descriptive words that would be useful to you in giving a word-picture of a sunset.

24. Comment on each of the following passages, pointing out those qualities of style that seem to you to be admirable:

(i) O eloquent, just, and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world has flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised; thou hast drawn together all the far stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered it over with these two narrow words, *Hic jacet*.

RALEIGH

(ii) And with that the tragedy was at an end. The strong ship, with all her gear, and the lamp perhaps still burning in the cabin, the lives of so many men, precious surely to others, dear, at least, as heaven to themselves, had all, in that one moment, gone down into the surging waters. They were gone like a dream. And the wind still ran and shouted, and the senseless waters in the Roost still leaped and tumbled as before.

STEVENSON

(iii) It is not easy to contemplate the fate of Montezuma without feelings of the strongest compassion;—to see him thus borne along the tide of events beyond his power to avert or control, to see him, like some stately tree, the pride of his own Indian forests, towering aloft in the pomp and majesty of its branches, by its very eminence a mark for the thunderbolt, the first victim to the tempest which was to sweep over its native hills! When the wise king of Tezcuco addressed his royal relative at his coronation, he exclaimed, "Happy the empire which is now in the meridian of its prosperity, for the sceptre is given to one whom the Almighty hath in his keeping; and the nations shall hold him in reverence!" Alas! the subject of this auspicious invocation lived to see his empire melt away like the winter's wreath; to see a strange race drop, as it were, from the clouds on his land; to find himself a prisoner in the palace of his fathers, the companion of those who were the enemies of his gods and his people; to be insulted, reviled, trodden in the

GENERAL EXERCISES

dust, by the meanest of his subjects, by those who, a few months previous, had trembled at his glance ; drawing his last breath in the halls of the stranger,—a lonely outcast in the heart of his own capital ! He was the sad victim of destiny,—a destiny as dark and irresistible in its march as that which broods over the mythic legends of antiquity !

PRESCOTT

PASSAGES FOR PRÉCIS-WRITING

SUMMARIZE the following passages, furnishing each with an appropriate and expressive title. In square brackets after each extract is shown the number of words which you are to use, as nearly as you can, in your précis.

I

All the long swift while, without power of thought, I clung to her crest and shoulders, and dug my nails into her creases, and my toes into her flank-part—and was proud of holding on so long, though sure of being beaten. Then in her fury at feeling me still, she rushed at another device for it, and leaped the wide water-trough sideways across, to and fro, till no breath was left in me. The hazel-boughs took me too hard in the face, and the tall dog-briars got hold of me, and the ache of my back was like crimping a fish ; till I longed to give it up, thoroughly beaten, and lie there and die in the cresses. But there came a shrill whistle from up the home-hill, where the people had hurried to watch us ; and the mare stopped as if with a bullet ; then set off for home with the speed of a swallow, and going as smoothly and silently. I never had dreamed of such delicate motion, fluent, and graceful, and ambient, soft as the breeze flitting over the flowers, but swift as the summer lightning. I sat up again, but my strength was all spent, and no time left to recover it ; and at last, as she rose at our gate like a bird, I tumbled off into the mixen. [80]

R. D. BLACKMORE

II

We lay there (for the banks hid us), drank again and again, bathed our chests, let our wrists trail in the running water till they ached with the chill ; and at last, being wonderfully renewed, we got out the meal-bag and made drammach in the iron pan. This, though it is but cold water mingled with oatmeal, yet makes a good enough dish for a hungry man ; and where there are no means of making a fire, or (as in our case) good reason for not making one, it is the chief standby of those who have taken to the heather.

PASSAGES FOR PRÉCIS-WRITING

As soon as the shadow of the night had fallen, we set forth again at first with the same caution, but presently with more boldness, standing out full height and stepping out at a good pace of walking. The way was very intricate, lying up the steep sides of mountains and along the brows of cliffs; clouds had come in with the sunset, and the night was dark and cool; so that I walked without much fatigue, but in continual fear of falling and rolling down the mountains, and with no guess at our direction.

The moon rose at last and found us still on the road; it was in its last quarter, and was long beset with clouds; but after a while it shone out and showed me many dark heads of mountains, and was reflected far underneath us on the narrow arm of a sea-loch. [80]

R. L. STEVENSON

III

The passengers were huddled together round the mast, some sitting, some kneeling, some lying prostrate, and grasping the bulwarks as the vessel rolled and pitched in the mighty waves. One comely young man, whose ashy cheek, but compressed lips, showed how hard terror was battling in him with self-respect, stood a little apart, holding tight by a shroud, and wincing at each sea. It was the ill-fated Gerard. Meantime prayers and vows rose from the trembling throng amid-ships, and to hear them, it seemed there were almost as many gods about as men and women. The sailors, indeed, relied on a single goddess. They varied her titles only, calling on her as "Queen of Heaven," "Star of the Sea," "Mistress of the World," "Haven of Safety." But among the landsmen Polytheism raged. Even those who by some strange chance hit on the same divinity did not hit on the same edition of that divinity. An English merchant vowed a heap of gold to our lady of Walsingham. But a Genoese merchant vowed a silver collar of four pounds to our lady of Loretto; and a Tuscan noble promised ten pounds of wax lights to our lady of Ravenna; and with a similar rage for diversity they pledged themselves, not on the true Cross, but on the true Cross in this, that, or the other modern city. [70]

CHARLES READE

IV

The city was Paris; the saint was Geneviève the shepherdess; the king was Clovis the Frank. The Roman power was gone. Only a small part of Gaul south of the Somme remained under the rule of a

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

dying Empire. Two hundred years of strength and magnificence had been followed by two hundred more of internal decay and external pressure of barbarian invasions. Pride and patriotism were gone, and the subjects of Imperial Rome, in Italy as well as in the colonies, crushed with taxes, deprived by selfish despotism of the wish or the means to defend themselves, had fallen an easy prey to the armed hordes that swarmed across the mountains and the Rhine. All the Roman world went down before them; the glory and grandeur, the beauty, luxury, and culture. Ruin was everywhere: Goths, Vandals, Visigoths, Burgundians, Franks, either as enemies or auxiliaries of the Empire, overran Gaul, and through the chaos of the time we can see that great country, toward the end of the fifth century, broken up north, south, east, and west into separate dominions ruled by independent kings, having little in common with Rome or with the older world she had conquered. [70]

ELEANOR C. PRICE

V

The first time Andy was admitted into the mysteries of the dining-room, great was his wonder. The butler took him in to give him some previous instructions, and Andy was so lost in admiration at the sight of the assembled glass and plate, that he stood with his mouth and eyes wide open, and scarcely heard a word that was said to him. After the head man had been dinning his instructions into him for some time, he said he might go, until his attendance was required. But Andy moved not; he stood with his eyes fixed by a sort of fascination on some object that seemed to rivet them with the same unaccountable influence which the rattle-snake exercises over its victim.

"What are you looking at?" said the butler.

"Them things, sir," said Andy, pointing to some silver forks.

"Is it the forks?" said the butler.

"Oh, no, sir! I know what forks is very well; but I never seen them things afore."

"What things do you mean?"

"These things, sir," said Andy, taking up one of the silver forks, and turning it round and round in his hand in utter astonishment, while the butler grinned at his ignorance, and enjoyed his own superior knowledge.

"Well!" said Andy, after a long pause, "the devil be from me if ever I seen a silver spoon split that way before!" [60]

SAMUEL LOVER

PASSAGES FOR PRÉCIS-WRITING

VI

The romantic daring of Drake's voyage, and the vastness of the spoil, roused a general enthusiasm throughout England; but the welcome he received from Elizabeth on his return was accepted by Philip as an outrage which could only be expiated by war. The personal wrong was embittered in the year which followed by the persecution of the Jesuits, and by the outcry of the Catholic world against the King's selfish reluctance to avenge the blood of its martyrs. Sluggish as it was, his blood was fired at last by the defiance with which Elizabeth received all prayers for redress. She met his demand for Drake's surrender by knighting the freebooter, and by wearing in her crown the jewels he had offered her as a present. When the Spanish ambassador threatened that "matters would come to the cannon," she replied "quietly, in her most natural voice, as if she were telling a common story," wrote Mendoza, "that if I used threats of that kind she would fling me into a dungeon." It was in the same spirit that she rejected Philip's intercession on behalf of the Catholics, and for the relaxation of the oppressive laws against their worship. Outraged as he was, she believed that with Flanders still in revolt, and France longing for her alliance to enable it to seize the Low Countries, the King could not afford to quarrel with her; and her trust in his inactivity seemed justified by the jealousy with which he regarded, and succeeded in foiling, the project for a Catholic revolt which was to have followed a descent of the Guises on the English coast. [80]

J. R. GREEN

VII

When they had travelled slowly forward for some short distance, Nell ventured to steal a look round the caravan and observe it more closely. One half of it—that moiety in which the comfortable proprietress was then seated—was carpeted, and so partitioned off at the further end as to accommodate a sleeping place, constructed after the fashion of a berth on board ship, which was shaded, like the little windows, with fair white curtains, and looked comfortable enough, though by what kind of gymnastic exercise the lady of the caravan ever contrived to get into it, was an unfathomable mystery. The other half served for a kitchen, and was fitted up with a stove whose small chimney passed through the roof. It held also a closet or larder, several chests, a great pitcher of water, and a few cooking-utensils and articles of crockery. These latter necessities hung upon the walls,

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

which, in that portion of the establishment devoted to the lady of the caravan, were ornamented with such gayer and lighter decorations as a triangle and a couple of well-thumbed tambourines. [60]

CHARLES DICKENS

VIII

The night had closed in before the conflict at the boom began ; but the flash of the guns was seen, and the noise heard, by the lean and ghastly multitude which covered the walls of the city. When the *Mountjoy* grounded, and when the shout of triumph rose from the Irish on both sides of the river, the hearts of the besieged died within them. One who endured the unutterable anguish of that moment has told us that they looked fearfully livid in each other's eyes. Even after the barricade had been passed, there was a terrible half-hour of suspense. It was ten o'clock before the ships arrived at the quay. The whole population was there to welcome them. A screen made of casks filled with earth was hastily thrown up to protect the landing place from the batteries on the other side of the river ; and then the work of unloading began.

First was rolled on shore barrels containing six thousand bushels of meal. Then came great cheeses, casks of beef, flitches of bacon, kegs of butter, sacks of pease and biscuit, ankers of brandy. Not many hours before, half a pound of tallow and three-quarters of a pound of salted hide had been weighed out with niggardly care to every fighting man. The ration which each now received was three pounds of flour, two pounds of beef, and a pint of pease. It is easy to imagine with what tears grace was said over the suppers of that evening. [70]

LORD MACAULAY

IX

Out upon the angry wind ! how from sighing, it began to bluster round the merry forge, banging at the wicket, and grumbling in the chimney, as if it bullied the jolly bellows for doing anything to order. And what an impotent swaggerer it was too, for all its noise : for if it had influence on that hoarse companion, it was but to make him roar his cheerful song the louder, and by consequence to make the fire burn the brighter, and the sparks to dance more gaily yet : at length, they whizzed so madly round and round, that it was too much for such a surly wind to bear : so off it flew with a howl : giving the old sign before the ale-house door such a cuff as it went, that the Blue

PASSAGES FOR PRECIS-WRITING

Dragon was more rampant than usual ever afterwards, and indeed, before Christmas, reared clean out of its crazy frame.

It was small tyranny for a respectable wind to go wreaking its vengeance on such poor creatures as the fallen leaves, but this wind happening to come up with a great heap of them just after venting its numour on the insulted Dragon, did so disperse and scatter them that they fled away, pell-mell, some here, some there, rolling over each other, whirling round and round upon their thin edges, taking frantic flights into the air, and playing all manner of extraordinary gambols in the extremity of their distress. Nor was this enough for its malicious fury: for not content with driving them abroad, it charged small parties of them and hunted them into the wheelwright's saw-pit, and below the planks and timbers in the yard, and, scattering the sawdust in the air, it looked for them underneath, and when it did meet with any, whew! how it drove them on and followed at their heels! [80]

CHARLES DICKENS

X

As the sun is descending, it is enchanting to glance back from this place in the direction of the city; the prospect is inexpressibly beautiful. Yonder in the distance, high and enormous, stands the Golden Tower, now used as a toll-house, but the principal bulwark of the city in the time of the Moors. It stands on the shore of the river, like a giant keeping watch, and is the first edifice which attracts the eye of the voyager as he moves up the stream to Seville. On the other side, opposite the tower, stands the noble Augustine convent, the ornament of the faubourg of Triana, whilst between the two edifices rolls the broad Guadalquivir, bearing on its bosom a flotilla of barks from Catalonia and Valencia. Farther up is seen the bridge of boats, which traverses the water.

The principal object of this prospect, however, is the Golden Tower, where the beams of the setting sun seem to be concentrated as in a focus, so that it appears built of pure gold, and probably from that circumstance received the name which it now bears. Cold, cold must the heart be which can remain insensible to the beauties of this magic scene, to do justice to which the pencil of Claude himself were barely equal. Often have I shed tears of rapture whilst I beheld it, and listened to the thrush and the nightingale piping forth their melodious songs in the woods, and inhaled the breeze laden with the perfume of the thousand orange gardens of Seville. [70]

GEORGE BORROW

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

XI

The able-bodied men of the village were at work, the children were at school singing the multiplication-table lullaby, while the wives and mothers at home nursed the baby with one hand and did the housework with the other. At the end of the village an old man past work sat at a rough deal table under the creaking signboard of the "Cauliflower," gratefully drinking from a mug of ale supplied by a chance traveller who sat opposite him.

The shade of the elms was pleasant and the ale good. The traveller filled his pipe and, glancing at the dusty hedges and the white road baking in the sun, called for the mugs to be refilled, and pushed his pouch towards his companion. After which he paid a compliment to the appearance of the village.

"It ain't what it was when I was a boy," quavered the old man, filling his pipe with trembling fingers. "I mind when the grindstone was stuck just outside the winder o' the forge instead o' being one side as it now is; and as for the shop winder—it's twice the size it was when I was a young 'un."

He lit his pipe with the scientific accuracy of a smoker of sixty years' standing, and shook his head solemnly as he regarded his altered birthplace. [70]

W. W. JACOBS

XII

The King of England possessed so much wealth, and so many means of raising soldiers, that he sent army after army into the poor oppressed country of Scotland, and obliged all its nobles and great men, one after another, to submit themselves once more to his yoke. Sir William Wallace, alone, or with a very small band of followers, refused either to acknowledge the usurper Edward, or to lay down his arms. He continued to maintain himself among the woods and mountains of his native country for no less than seven years after his defeat at Falkirk, and for more than one year after all the other defenders of Scottish liberty had laid down their arms. Many proclamations were sent out against him by the English, and a great reward was set upon his head; for Edward did not think he could have any secure possession of his usurped kingdom of Scotland while Wallace lived. At length he was taken prisoner; and, shame it is to say, a Scotsman, called Sir John Menteith, was the person by whom he was made prisoner at Robroyston, near Glasgow; and the tradi-

PASSAGES FOR PRÉCIS-WRITING

tion of the country bears, that the signal made for rushing upon him and taking him at unawares, was, when one of his pretended friends, who betrayed him, should turn a loaf, which was placed upon the table, with its bottom or flat side uppermost. And in after times it was reckoned ill-breeding to turn a loaf in that manner, if there was a person named Menteith in company ; since it was as much as to remind him, that his namesake had betrayed Sir William Wallace, the Champion of Scotland. [80]

SIR WALTER SCOTT

XIII

The endless sands yield nothing but small stunted shrubs ; even these fail after the first two or three days, and from that time you pass over broad plains—you pass over newly-reared hills—you pass through valleys dug out by the last week's storm,—and the hills and the valleys are sand, sand, sand, still sand, and only sand, and sand, and sand again. The earth is so samely that your eyes turn towards heaven—towards heaven, I mean, in sense of sky. You look to the sun, for he is your taskmaster, and by him you know the measure of the work that you have done, and the measure of the work that remains for you to do. He comes when you strike your tent in the early morning, and then, for the first hour of the day, as you move forward on your camel, he stands at your near side, and makes you know that the whole day's toil is before you ; then for a while, and a long while, you see him no more, for you are veiled and shrouded, and dare not look upon the greatness of his glory, but you know where he strides overhead by the touch of his flaming sword. No words are spoken, but your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, your skin glows, your shoulders ache, and for sights you see the pattern and the web of the silk that veils your eyes, and the glare of the outer light. [70]

A. W. KINGLAKE

XIV

Boys have generally excellent appetites. Oliver Twist and his companions suffered the tortures of slow starvation for three months : at last they got so voracious and wild with hunger, that one boy, who was tall for his age, and hadn't been used to that sort of thing (for his father had kept a small cook-shop), hinted darkly to his companions, that unless he had another basin of gruel *per diem*, he was afraid he might some night happen to eat the boy who slept next

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

him, who happened to be a weakly youth of tender age. He had a wild, hungry eye ; and they implicitly believed him. A council was held ; lots were cast who should walk up to the master after supper that evening, and ask for more ; and it fell to Oliver Twist.

The evening arrived ; the boys took their places. The master, in his cook's uniform, stationed himself at the copper ; his pauper assistants ranged themselves behind them ; the gruel was served out ; and a long grace was said over the short commons. The gruel disappeared ; the boys whispered to each other, and winked at Oliver, while his next neighbours nudged him. Child as he was, he was desperate with hunger, and reckless with misery. He rose from the table ; and advancing to the master, basin and spoon in hand, said : somewhat alarmed at his own temerity :

“ Please, sir, I want some more.” [80]

CHARLES DICKENS

XV

Saturday morning was come and all the summer world was bright and fresh, and brimming with life. There was a song in every heart ; and if the heart was young the music issued at the lips. There was cheer in every face, and a spring in every step. The locust trees were in bloom, and the fragrance of the blossoms filled the air.

Cardiff Hill, beyond the village and above it, was green with vegetation, and it lay just far enough away to seem a Delectable Land, dreamy, reposeful, and inviting.

Tom appeared on the side-walk with a bucket of whitewash and a long-handled brush. He surveyed the fence, and the gladness went out of nature, and a deep melancholy settled down upon his spirit. Thirty yards of broad fence nine feet high ! It seemed to him that life was hollow, and existence but a burden. Sighing he dipped his brush and passed it along the topmost plank ; repeated the operation ; did it again ; compared the insignificant whitewashed streak with the far-reaching continent of unwhitewashed fence, and sat down on a tree-box discouraged. Jim came skipping out at the gate with a tin pail, and singing *Buffalo Gals*. Bringing water from the town pump had always been hateful work in Tom's eyes before, but now it did not strike him so. He remembered that there was company at the pump. White, mulatto, and negro boys and girls were always there waiting their turns, resting, trading playthings, quarrelling, fighting, skylarking. [80]

MARK TWAIN

PASSAGES FOR PRÉCIS-WRITING

XVI

The captain stood on the carronade: "First lieutenant," says he,
"Send all my merry men aft here, for they must list to me ;
I haven't the gift of the gab, my sons—because I'm bred to the sea ;
That ship there is a Frenchman, who means to fight with *we*.
And odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—but I've gained the victory !

"That ship there is a Frenchman, and if we don't take *she*,
'Tis a thousand bullets to one, that she will capture *we* :
I haven't the gift of the gab, my boys ; so each man to his gun ;
If she's not mine in half an hour, I'll flog each mother's son.
For odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've gained the victory ! "

We fought for twenty minutes, when the Frenchman had enough ;
"I little thought," said he, "that your men were of such stuff " ;
The captain took the Frenchman's sword, a low bow made to *he* :
"I haven't the gift of the gab, monsieur, but polite I wish to be.
And odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long as I've been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've gained the victory ! "

Our captain sent for all of us : "My merry men," said he,
"I haven't the gift of the gab, my lads, but yet I thankful be :
You've done your duty handsomely, each man stood to his gun ;
If you hadn't, you villains, as sure as day, I'd have flogged each
mother's son.

For odds bobs, hammer and tongs, as long as I'm at sea,
I'll fight 'gainst every odds—and I'll gain the victory ! " [80]

CAPTAIN MARRYAT

Y

XVII

Achilles was now close at hand, with the mighty Pelian ash swaying on his right shoulder, and his armour blazing like the light of the rising sun. When Hector saw him advancing, like an incarnate spirit of vengeance, all his heroic resolves forsook him, and seized with sudden terror he turned and fled. And as a falcon swoops down on a hare, and pounces, and pounces again as his victim leaps and doubles to escape from the fatal clutch, so Achilles darted after Hector, following all the turns and windings of his flight. Past a low hill they went, whence the Trojan scout had espied the advance of the Greeks

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

not many days before, and past the wild fig-tree, following a beaten road which led to two fair springs, the double source of eddying Scamander. One of the springs is of hot water, and a cloud of steam hangs over it, like the smoke of a burning fire ; but the other is cold as ice. Here were broad washing-pits, lined with stone, in which the wives and daughters were wont to tread the clothes in the old peaceful days before ever the Greeks had landed on the shores of Troy. Leaving these behind them, they sped on, and still on, pursuer and pursued. Noble was the quarry, but the hunter was nobler far, and never before had he run in so keen a chase. Like mettled steeds which strive for the mastery where the prize is a vessel of gold or of silver they flew ; but here they were running for a far higher stake, even the very life of Troy's bravest son. [70]

H. L. HAVELL

XVIII

There lay upon the ocean's shore
What once a tortoise served to cover ;
A year and more, with rush and roar,
The surf had rolled it over,
Had played with it, and flung it by,
As wind and weather might decide it,
Then tossed it high where sand-drifts dry
Cheap burial might provide it.

It rested there to bleach or tan,
The rains had soaked, the sun had burned it ;
With many a ban the fisherman
Had stumbled o'er and spurned it ;
And there the fisher-girl would stay,
Conjecturing with her brother
How in their play the poor estray
Might serve some use or other.

So there it lay, through wet and dry,
As empty as the last new sonnet,
Till by and by came Mercury,
And, having mused upon it,
" Why, here," cried he, " the thing of things
In shape, material, and dimension !
Give it but strings, and, lo, it sings,
A wonderful invention ! "

PASSAGES FOR PRÉCIS-WRITING

So said, so done ; the chords he strained,
And, as his fingers o'er them hovered,
The shell disdained a soul had gained,
The lyre had been discovered.
O empty world that round us lies,
Dead shell, of soul and thought forsaken,
Brought we but eyes like Mercury's,
In thee what songs should waken ! [70]

J. R. LOWELL

XIX

"But come," said Squeers, interrupting the progress of some thoughts to this effect in the mind of his usher, "let's go to the schoolroom ; and lend me a hand with my school coat, will you ?"

Nicholas assisted his master to put on an old fustian shooting-jacket, which he took down from a peg in the passage ; and Squeers, arming himself with his cane, led the way across a yard, to a door in the rear of the house.

"There," said the schoolmaster as they stepped in together, "this is our shop, Nickleby !"

It was such a crowded scene, and there were so many objects to attract attention, that, at first, Nicholas stared about him, really without seeing anything at all. By degrees, however, the place resolved itself into a bare and dirty room, with a couple of windows, whereof a tenth part might be of glass, the remainder being stopped up with old copybooks and paper. There were a couple of long old rickety desks, cut and notched, and inked, and damaged, in every possible way ; two or three forms ; a detached desk for Squeers ; and another for his assistant. The ceiling was supported, like that of a barn, by cross-beams and rafters ; and the walls were so stained and discoloured that it was impossible to tell whether they had ever been touched with paint or whitewash. [70]

CHARLES DICKENS

XX

Of Nelson and the North,
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

And her arms along the deep proudly shone ;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.—

Like leviathans afloat,
Lay their bulwarks on the brine ;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line :
It was ten of April morn by the chime ;
As they drifted on their path,
There was silence deep as death ;
And the boldest held his breath,
For a time.—

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene ;
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
“ Hearts of oak ! ” our captains cried ; when
each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again ! again ! again !
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back ;—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom :—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shattered sail ;
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.—

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave :
“ Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
And we conquer but to save ;—

PASSAGES FOR PRÉCIS-WRITING

So peace instead of death let us bring ;
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King."—

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose ;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, Old England, raise !
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light ;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore !

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,
With the gallant good Riou ;
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave !
While the billow mournful rolls,
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave ! [70]

THOMAS CAMPBELL

XXI

As for Lucy, she was just as pretty and neat as she had been yesterday. No accidents ever happened to her clothes, and she was never uncomfortable in them, so that she looked with wondering

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

pity at Maggie pouting and writhing under the exasperating tucker. Maggie would certainly have torn it off, if she had not been checked by the remembrance of her recent humiliation about her hair. As it was, she confined herself to fretting and twisting, and behaving peevishly about the card-houses which they were allowed to build till dinner, as a suitable amusement for boys and girls in their best clothes. Tom could build perfect pyramids of houses, but Maggie's would never bear the laying on of the roof. It was always so with the things that Maggie made; and Tom had deduced the conclusion that no girls could ever make anything. But it happened that Lucy proved wonderfully clever at building; she handled the cards so lightly, and moved so gently, that Tom condescended to admire her houses as well as his own—the more readily because she had asked him to teach her. Maggie, too, would have admired Lucy's houses, and would have given up her own unsuccessful building to contemplate them, without ill temper, if her tucker had not made her peevish, and if Tom had not inconsiderately laughed when her houses fell, and told her she was “a stupid.”

“Don't laugh at me, Tom!” she burst out angrily. “I'm not a stupid. I know a great many things you don't.” [70]

GEORGE ELIOT

XXII

The mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter;
We therefore deemed it meet
To carry off the latter.
We made an expedition;
We met an host and quelled it!
We forced a strong position,
And killed the men who held it.

On Dyfed's richest valley
Where herds of kine were browsing,
We made a mighty sally,
To furnish our carousing.
Fierce warriors rushed to meet us;
We met them, and o'erthrew them;
They struggled hard to beat us;
But we conquered them, and slew them.

PASSAGES FOR PRÉCIS-WRITING

As we drove our prize at leisure,
The King marched forth to catch us ;
His rage surpassed all measure,
But his people could not match us.
He fled to his hall-pillars ;
And, ere our force we led off,
Some sacked his house and cellars,
While others cut his head off.

We there, in strife bewildering,
Spilt blood enough to swim in,
We orphaned many children,
And widowed many women.
The eagles and the ravens
We glutted with our foemen,
The heroes and the cravens,
The spearsmen and the bowmen

We brought away from battle,
And much their land bemoaned them,
Two thousand head of cattle,
And the head of him who owned them :
Ednyfed, King of Dyfed,
His head was borne before us ;
His wine and beasts supplied our feasts,
And his overthrow, our chorus. [50]
T. L. PEACOCK

XXIII

A shout ! Another ! Another yet, though few knew why, or what it meant. But those around the gate had seen it slowly yield and drop from its topmost hinge. It hung on that side by but one, but it was upright still, because of the bar, and its having sunk of its own weight into the heap of ashes at its foot. There was now a gap at the top of the doorway, through which could be descried a gloomy passage, cavernous and dark. Pile up the fire !

It burnt fiercely. The door was red-hot, and the gap wider. They vainly tried to shield their faces with their hands, and standing as if in readiness for a spring, watched the place. Dark figures, some crawling on their hands and knees, some carried in the arms of others, were seen to pass along the roof. It was plain the jail could hold out

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

no longer. The keeper, and his officers and their wives and children, were escaping. Pile up the fire!

The door sank down again: it settled deeper in the cinders—tottered—yielded—was down!

As they shouted again, they fell back for a moment, and left a clear space about the fire that lay between them and the jail entry. Hugh leaped upon the blazing heap, and, scattering a train of sparks into the air, and making the dark lobby glitter with those that hung upon his dress, dashed into the jail. [60]

CHARLES DICKENS

XXIV

TO SIR ARTHUR HASELRIG, GOVERNOR OF NEWCASTLE: THESE

DUNBAR, *2nd September, 1650*

DEAR SIR,—We are upon an Engagement very difficult. The Enemy hath blocked up our way at the Pass at Copperspath, through which we cannot get without almost a miracle. He lieth so upon the Hills that we know not how to come that way without great difficulty; and our lying here daily consumeth our men, who fall sick beyond imagination.

I perceive, your forces are not in a capacity for present release. Wherefore, whatever becomes of us, it will be well for you to get what forces you can together; and the South to help what they can. The business nearly concerneth all Good People. If your forces had been in a readiness to have fallen upon the back of Copperspath, it might have occasioned supplies to have come for us. But the only wise God knows what is best. All shall work for Good. Our spirits are comfortable, praised be the Lord—though our present condition be as it is. And indeed we have much hope in the Lord; of whose mercy we have had large experience.

Indeed do you get together what forces you can against them. Send to friends in the South to help with more. Let H. Vane know what I write. I would not make it public, lest danger should accrue thereby. You know what use to make hereof. Let me hear from you. I rest, your servant,

[60]

OLIVER CROMWELL

XXV

The besieged city was at its last gasp. The burghers had been in a state of uncertainty for many days; being aware that the fleet had

PASSAGES FOR PRÉCIS-WRITING

set forth for their relief, but knowing full well the thousand obstacles which it had to surmount. They had guessed its progress by the illumination from the blazing villages ; they had heard its salvos of artillery on its arrival at North Aa ; but since then, all had been dark and mournful again, hope and fear, in sickening alternation, distracting every breast. They knew that the wind was unfavourable, and, at the dawn of each day, every eye was turned wistfully to the vanes of the steeples. So long as the easterly breeze prevailed, they felt, as they anxiously stood on towers and house-tops, that they must look in vain for the welcome ocean. Yet, while thus patiently waiting, they were literally starving ; for even the misery endured at Harlem had not reached that depth and intensity of agony to which Leyden was now reduced. Bread, malt-cake, horse-flesh, had entirely disappeared ; dogs, cats, rats, and other vermin, were esteemed luxuries. A small number of cows, kept as long as possible for their milk, still remained ; but a few were killed from day to day, and distributed in minute proportions, hardly sufficient to support life among the famishing population. Starving wretches swarmed daily around the shambles where these cattle were slaughtered, contending for any morsel which might fall, and lapping eagerly the blood as it ran along the pavement ; while the hides, chopped and boiled, were greedily devoured. [70]

J. L. MOTLEY

XXVI

The shop of a London tradesman at that time, as it may be supposed, was something very different from those we now see in the same locality. The goods were exposed for sale in cases, only defended from the weather by a covering of canvas, and the whole resembled the stalls and booths now erected for the temporary accommodation of dealers at a country fair, rather than the established emporium of a respectable citizen. But most of the shopkeepers of note, and David Ramsay amongst others, had their booth connected with a small apartment which opened backward from it, and bore the same resemblance to the front shop that Robinson Crusoe's cavern did to the tent which he erected before it. To this Master Ramsay was often accustomed to retreat to the labour of his abstruse calculations ; for he aimed at improvements and discoveries in his own art, and sometimes pushed his researches, like Napier, and other mathematicians of the period, into abstract science. When thus engaged, he left the outer posts of his commercial establishment to be maintained by two stout-bodied and strong-voiced apprentices, who

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

kept up the cry of, "What d'ye lack? What d'ye lack?" accompanied with the appropriate recommendations of the articles in which they dealt. [60]

SIR WALTER SCOTT

XXVII

The day was exceedingly still and sultry, and with nothing special to engage them, the *Pequod's* crew could hardly resist the spell of sleep induced by such a vacant sea. For this part of the Indian Ocean through which we were then voyaging is not what whalers call a likely ground; that is, it affords fewer glimpses of porpoises, dolphins, flying-fish, and other vivacious denizens of more stirring waters, than those off the Rio de la Plata, or the inshore ground off Peru.

It was my turn to stand at the foremast head; and with my shoulders leaning against the slackened royal shrouds, to and fro I idly swayed in what seemed an enchanted air. No resolution could withstand it; in that dreamy mood losing all consciousness, at last my soul went out of my body, though my body still continued to sway as a pendulum will, long after the power which first moved it is withdrawn.

Ere forgetfulness altogether came over me, I had noticed that the seamen at the main and mizzen mastheads were already drowsy. So that at last all three of us lifelessly swung from the spars, and for every swing that we made there was a nod from below from the slumbering helmsman. The waves, too, nodded their indolent crests; and across the wide traces of the sea, east nodded to west, and the sun over all.

Suddenly bubbles seemed bursting beneath my closed eyes; like vices my hands grasped the shrouds; some invisible, gracious agency preserved me; with a shock I came back to life. And lo! close under our lee, not forty fathoms off, a gigantic sperm whale lay rolling in the water. [80]

HERMAN MELVILLE

XXVIII

I cannot tell whether I was more pleased or mortified to observe, in those solitary walks, that the smaller birds did not appear to be at all afraid of me, but would hop about within a yard's distance, looking for worms and other food, with as much indifference and security as if no creature at all were near them. I remember a thrush had the confidence to snatch out of my hand with his bill a piece of cake that Glumdalclitch had just given me for my breakfast. When I attempted to catch any of these birds they would boldly turn

PASSAGES FOR PRÉCIS-WRITING

against me, endeavouring to peck my fingers, which I durst not venture within their reach ; and then they would hop back unconcerned, to hunt for worms or snails, as they did before. But one day I took a thick cudgel, and threw it with all my strength so luckily at a linnet that I knocked him down, and seizing him by the neck with both my hands, ran with him in triumph to my nurse. However, the bird, who had been only stunned, recovering himself, gave me so many boxes with his wings on both sides of my head and body, though I held him at arm's length, and was out of the reach of his claws, that I was twenty times thinking to let him go. But I was soon relieved by one of our servants, who wrung off the bird's neck, and I had him next day for dinner, by the queen's command. This linnet, as near as I can remember, seemed to be somewhat larger than an English swan. [70]

JONATHAN SWIFT

XXIX

The speeches of the two candidates, though differing in every other respect, afforded a beautiful tribute to the merit and high worth of the electors of Eatanswill. Both expressed their opinion that a more independent, a more enlightened, a more public-spirited, a more noble-minded, a more disinterested set of men than those who had promised to vote for him, never existed on earth ; each darkly hinted his suspicions that the electors in the opposite interest had certain swinish and besotted infirmities which rendered them unfit for the exercise of the important duties they were called upon to discharge. Fizkin expressed his readiness to do anything he was wanted ; Slumkey, his determination to do nothing that was asked of him. Both said that the trade, the manufactures, the commerce, the prosperity of Eatanswill, would ever be dearer to their hearts than any earthly object ; and each had it in his power to state, with the utmost confidence, that he was the man who would eventually be returned.

There was a show of hands ; the Mayor decided in favour of the honourable Samuel Slumkey, of Slumkey Hall. Horatio Fizkin, Esquire, of Fizkin Lodge, demanded a poll, and a poll was fixed accordingly. Then a vote of thanks was moved to the Mayor for his able conduct in the chair ; and the Mayor devoutly wishing that he had had a chair to display his able conduct in (for he had been standing during the whole proceedings), returned thanks. The processions reformed, the carriages rolled slowly through the crowd, and its members screeched and shouted after them as their feelings or caprice dictated.

[70]

CHARLES DICKENS

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

XXX

HUNSFORD, NEAR WESTERHAM, KENT, 15th October

DEAR SIR,—The disagreement subsisting between yourself and my late honoured father always gave me much uneasiness ; and, since I have had the misfortune to lose him, I have frequently wished to heal the breach : but, for some time, I was kept back by my own doubts, fearing lest it might seem disrespectful to his memory for me to be on good terms with anyone with whom it had always pleased him to be at variance. My mind, however, is now made up on the subject ; for, having received ordination at Easter, I have been so fortunate as to be distinguished by the patronage of the Right Honourable Lady Catherine de Bourg, widow of Sir Lewis de Bourg, whose bounty and beneficence has preferred me to the valuable rectory of this parish, where it shall be my earnest endeavour to demean myself with grateful respect towards her Ladyship, and be ever ready to perform those rites and ceremonies which are instituted by the Church of England. As a clergyman, moreover, I feel it my duty to promote and establish the blessing of peace in all families within the reach of my influence ; and on these grounds I flatter myself that my present overtures of good-will are highly commendable, and that the circumstance of my being next in the entail of Longbourn estate will be kindly overlooked on your side, and not lead you to reject the offered olive branch. I cannot be otherwise than concerned at being the means of injuring your amiable daughters, and beg leave to apologize for it, as well as to assure you of my readiness to make them every possible amends ; but of this hereafter. If you should have no objection to receive me into your house, I propose myself the satisfaction of waiting on you and your family, Monday, 18th November, by four o'clock, and shall probably trespass on your hospitality till the Saturday se'nnight following, which I can do without any inconvenience, as Lady Catherine is far from objecting to my occasional absence on a Sunday, provided that some other clergyman is engaged to do the duty of the day. I remain, dear sir, with respectful compliments to your lady and daughters, your well-wisher and friend,

WILLIAM COLLINS

[80]

JANE AUSTEN

BOOKS FOR THE CLASS LIBRARY

(A) WORKS OF REFERENCE

- BARTHOLOMEW, JOHN. *New World Atlas* (Harrap).
BREWER, E. COBHAM. *Reader's Handbook* (Chatto and Windus).
Dictionary of Phrase and Fable (Cassell).
FOWLER, H. W. and F. G. *Concise Oxford Dictionary* (Clarendon Press).
ROGET, P. M. *Thesaurus of English Words and Phrases* (Longmans).
'Nelson' or 'Everyman' Encyclopædia.

(B) HANDBOOKS

- ALBERT, EDWARD. *A Practical Course in Intermediate English, A History of English Literature* (Harrap).
LAMBORN, E. A. GREENING. *The Rudiments of Criticism* (Clarendon Press).
LANG, ANDREW. *History of English Literature* (Longmans).
PRITCHARD, F. H. *Studies in Literature, Training in Literary Appreciation* (Harrap).
TOMKINSON, W. S. *The Teaching of English: A New Approach* (Clarendon Press).

(C) ANTHOLOGIES

- EDGAR, M. G. *A Treasury of Verse* (Harrap). [TV]
HENLEY, W. E. *Lyra Heroica* (Golden Treasury Edition). [LH]
LEE, F. H. *The Lure of the Sea* (Harrap).
MARRIOTT, J. W. *One-Act Plays of To-day, Short Stories of To-day* (Harrap).
METHUEN, SIR A. *Anthology of Modern Verse* (Methuen).
PALGRAVE, F. T. *Golden Treasury* (World's Classics Edition). [GT]
PRITCHARD, F. H. *Essays of To-day* (Harrap).

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- QUILLER-COUCH, SIR A. *Oxford Book of Verse, Oxford Book of Victorian Verse* (Clarendon Press).
SAMPSON, GEORGE. *Cambridge Readings in Literature* (Cambridge Press).
SOMERVELL, DAVID. *Companion to the Golden Treasury* (Grant Richards).
WALTERS, L. D'O. *An Anthology of Recent Poetry* (Harrap).
Poems of To-day (Sidgwick and Jackson).
"Poetry and Life" series (Harrap).

(D) GENERAL READING

- ADDISON, JOSEPH. *The Spectator, Poems* (Bohn's Library).
ANSTEY, F. *Vice Versa* (Murray).
ARNOLD, MATTHEW. *Poems* (Macmillan).
AYTOUN, W. E. *Lays of Scottish Cavaliers* (Routledge's Pocket Library).
BACON, FRANCIS. *The New Atlantis* (Macmillan).
BARRIE, SIR JAMES. *The Little White Bird* (Hodder and Stoughton).
BELLOC, H. *The Four Men, The Path to Rome* (Nelson).
BENSON, A. C. *The Thread of Gold* (Murray).
BESANT, SIR WALTER. *The World Went Very Well Then* (Chatto and Windus).
BIRMINGHAM, G. A. *Spanish Gold* (Methuen).
BLACKMORE, R. D. *Lorna Doone* (Everyman's Library).
BORROW, GEORGE. *Lavengro, The Romany Rye, Wild Wales, The Bible in Spain* (Everyman's Library).
BRIDGES, ROBERT. *Poems* (Oxford Poets).
BROWNING, ROBERT. *Poems* (Oxford Poets).
BURKE, EDMUND. *Speeches on America* (Everyman's Library).
BUTLER, SAMUEL. *Alps and Sanctuaries, Erewhon* (Cape).
BYRON, LORD. *Childe Harold* (Macmillan).
CARLYLE, THOMAS. *The French Revolution* (Everyman's Library).
Life of John Sterling (World's Classics). *Letters and Speeches of Oliver Cromwell* (Chapman and Hall).
CARROLL, LEWIS. *Alice in Wonderland* (Macmillan).
CHAPMAN, GEORGE. *Homer's Iliad and Odyssey* (Chatto and Windus).
CHAUCER, GEOFFREY. *Canterbury Tales* (Everyman's Library).

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- COLERIDGE, S. T. *Poems* (Oxford Poets). *Table Talk* (Bohn's Library).
- CONRAD, JOSEPH. *Youth* (Kings' Treasuries, Dent).
- DE QUINCEY, THOMAS. *The Confessions of an English Opium-eater* (Everyman's Library).
- DEFOE, DANIEL. *Journal of the Plague Year* (Everyman's Library).
- DICKENS, CHARLES. *A Tale of Two Cities, Barnaby Rudge, Oliver Twist, Great Expectations, The Pickwick Papers, Martin Chuzzlewit, David Copperfield, The Old Curiosity Shop, Christmas Books* (Everyman's Library).
- DOBSON, AUSTIN. *Collected Poems* (Kegan Paul).
- DRINKWATER, JOHN. *Pawns* (Sidgwick and Jackson).
- DUMAS, ALEXANDRE. *The Count of Monte Cristo* (Everyman's Library).
- ELIOT, GEORGE. *The Mill on the Floss, Adam Bede* (Everyman's Library).
- EVELYN, JOHN. *Diary* (Everyman's Library).
- GALSWORTHY, JOHN. *The Inn of Tranquillity* (Heinemann).
- HARDY, THOMAS. *Far from the Madding Crowd* (Macmillan).
- HARRIS, J. C. *Uncle Remus* (Routledge).
- HAVELL, H. L. *Stories from the Odyssey* (Harrap).
- HAZLITT, WILLIAM. *Essays* (Scott Library).
- HUNT, LEIGH. *Essays* (Scott Library).
- HUTCHINSON, MRS. *Memoirs of Colonel Hutchinson* (Everyman's Library).
- JACOBS, W. W. *Light Freights* (Methuen).
- JEFFERIES, RICHARD. *Wild Life in a Southern County* (Nelson).
- KEATS, JOHN. *Poems* (Everyman's Library).
- KIPLING, RUDYARD. *Captains Courageous, Just-So Stories* (Macmillan).
- LAMB, CHARLES. *Essays of Elia, Letters* (Everyman's Library). *Adventures of Ulysses* (Blackie).
- LONDON, JACK. *The Call of the Wild* (Heinemann). *White Fang* (Methuen).
- LOVER, SAMUEL. *Handy Andy* (Everyman's Library).
- LUCAS, E. V. *The Gentlest Art, The Second Post, The Open Road* (Methuen).
- MACAULAY, LORD. *Essays, Lays of Ancient Rome* (Longmans).
- MASEFIELD, JOHN. *Collected Poems* (Heinemann).
- MELVILLE, HERMAN. *Moby Dick* (Everyman's Library).
- MEYNELL, ALICE. *Hearts of Controversy* (Burns, Oates and Washbourne).

INTERMEDIATE EXTRACTS AND EXERCISES

- MILTON, JOHN. *Poems* (Oxford Poets).
MORE, SIR THOMAS. *Utopia* (Everyman's Library).
MORRIS, WILLIAM. *News from Nowhere* (Longmans).
MOTLEY, J. L. *The Rise of the Dutch Republic* (Bohn's Library).
MOULTON, R. G. *The Modern Reader's Bible* (Macmillan).
NEWBOLT, SIR HENRY. *Collected Poems* (Nelson).
NICOLL, SIR W. ROBERTSON. *Letters on Life* (Hodder and Stoughton).
PEPYS, SAMUEL. *Diary* (Everyman's Library).
PLATO. *The Republic* (Everyman's Library).
POE, EDGAR ALLAN. *Tales* (Everyman's Library).
PRAED, WILLIAM MACKWORTH. *Selected Poems* (Oxford Press).
PRESCOTT, W. H. *The Conquest of Mexico* (Everyman's Library).
READE, CHARLES. *The Cloister and the Hearth* (Collins).
SCOTT, DIXON. *A Number of Things* (Foulis).
SCOTT, SIR WALTER. *Poems* (Oxford Poets). *Rob Roy, Woodstock* (Everyman's Library).
SETON, E. THOMPSON. *The Biography of a Silver Fox* (Constable).
SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM. *Works* (Globe Edition).
SHELLEY, P. B. *Selected Poems* (Golden Treasury Edition).
STEVENSON, R. L. *Vailima Letters* (Methuen). *The Silverado Squatters, Virginibus Puerisque, Travels with a Donkey, An Inland Voyage* (St Martin's Library, Chatto and Windus). *The Master of Ballantrae* (Cassell). (Also in Tusitala Edition, Heinemann.)
THURSTON, E. TEMPLE. *The Flower of Gloster* (Chapman and Hall).
TENNYSON, LORD. *Poems* (Macmillan).
TREVELYAN, G. O. *Life and Letters of Macaulay* (Longmans).
TWAIN, MARK. *Tom Sawyer* (Harrap).
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WELLS, H. G. *A Modern Utopia* (Nelson).
YEATS, W. B. *Poems* (Fisher Unwin).





